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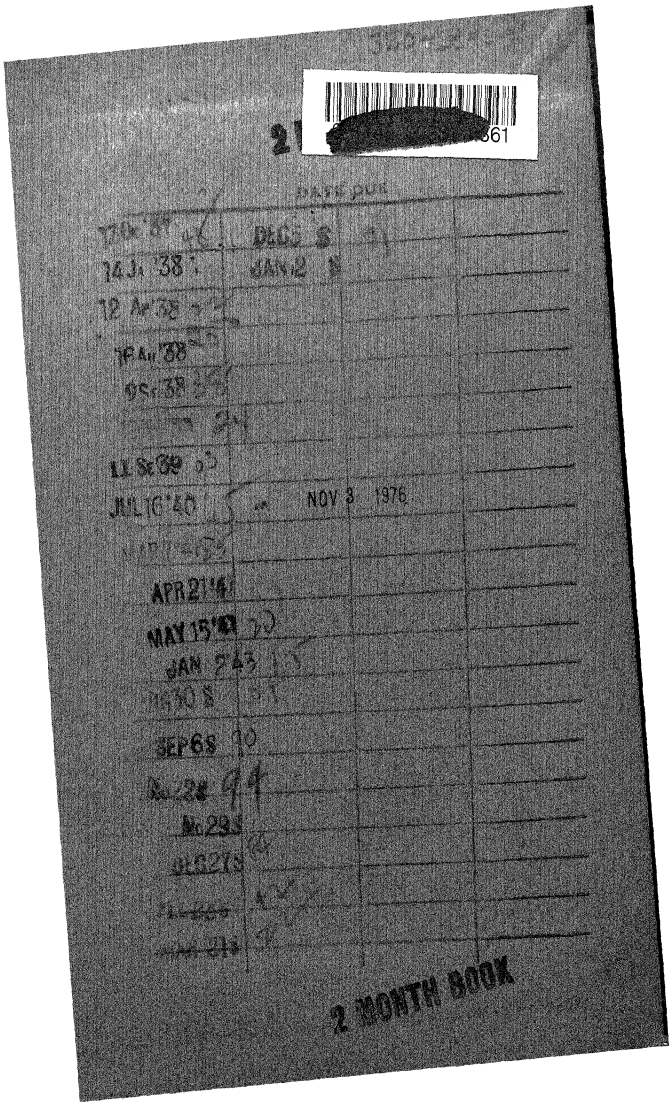
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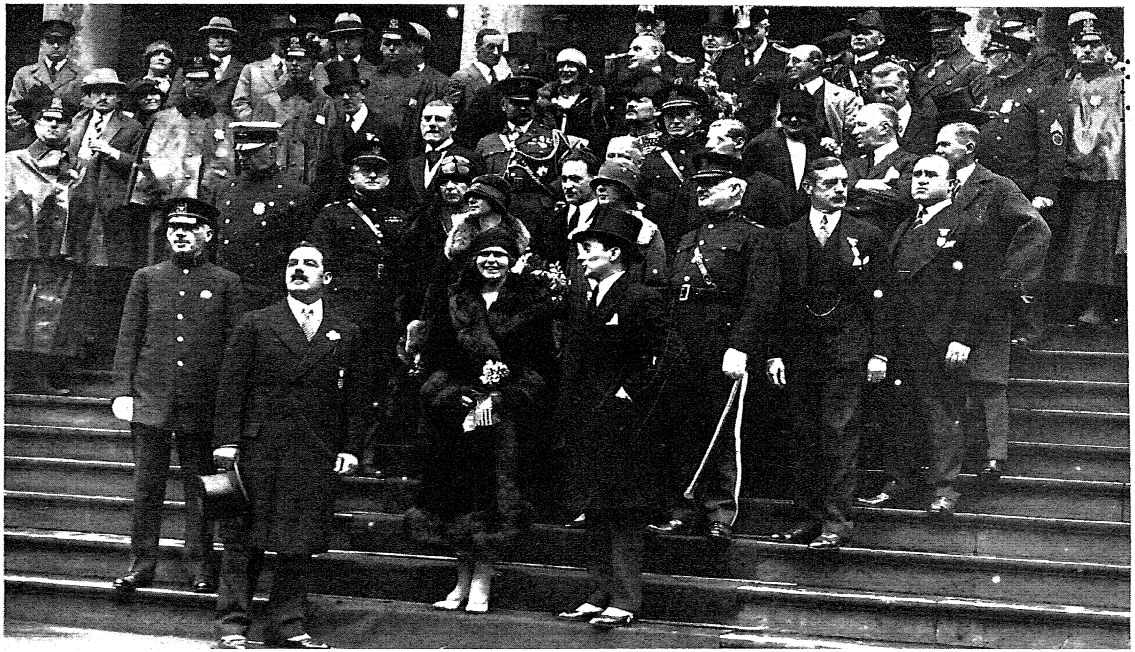
MRS. ASTOR'S HORSE



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IN THE GREAT DAYS

The welcoming of Queen Marie of Roumania at the City Hall in New York by Mayor James J. Walker. To the left of the uniformed man with the medals is Hector Fuller, the scroll writer, with his mouth open.

MRS. ASTOR'S HORSE

By STANLEY WALKER

Author of "City Editor,"
"The Night Club Era," etc.

With a Foreword by
NUNNALLY JOHNSON

With fifteen reproductions of photographs, and an Index

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FOREWORD

WHEN a man sets out to write about daffiness it goes without saying that he has hit on one of the richest deposits of literary pay dirt turned up since Gutenberg carved out his first font of type.

In the present study it has been Stanley Walker's humor to confine himself in locale and era to our United States of the 20's and 30's, possibly out of patriotism, but you and I and Walker all know that the spirit of the screwball is neither national nor mortal but transcends time itself and, like love's fragrant essence, is everywhere. Its seed was in Adam's, and when all of us are dust again (a comforting thought in this age of shifting values) that same spirit will still be marching on, and on, and on, eternally.

Few observers have combined as nicely as Walker the opportunity, the inclination, and the authority to ponder the phenomenon of this big parade of the wall-eyed. Since 1919 he has been a practicing newspaperman in New York, and it is one of the soundest of the verities that a newspaperman meets more than his share of human oddities. Nor was his faith in

mankind virgin when he reached the great city. As result of misuse at the hands of politicians in Texas, his regard for his fellows was already a little dubious, and his attitude toward the man in the street was that of a trusting lass who has been taken in once too often by honeyed words and a silken mustache.

During ten years he was, in the patois of the profession, on the street, in actual contact with Demos. Then, arrested in an editor's chair, his daily duty became in great measure the consideration of the lunatic fringe of existence. One day it would be Colonel Julian, the Black Lindbergh of Harlem, demanding $250,000 for defamation of character and settling for two tickets to the Polo Grounds; the next would see the rise of a new Messiah with a brilliant scheme for breaking the Depression through a scientifically worked out system of chain-letters calling on all right-thinking citizens to anoint the lobes of their wives' ears with the juice of the sassafras tree, thus priming the pump of commerce. That same afternoon would arrive a resident of Brooklyn Heights, notoriously a hotbed of inspiration, with a mysteriously empty cardboard suitcase and a shrewd plan for halting the extermination of the English linnet.

In Walker's own state a harassed candidate for governor fought like a Bengal tiger against a venomous charge that his home contained fourteen bathrooms, only to be assailed anew with further allegation that it was no uncommon thing for his whole family,

women included, to take an occasional whack at the insidious demi-tasse. In California a wife gets a divorce because her husband sat up all night turning the electric light on and off, exclaiming at intervals, "This is all a colossal farce." In Chicago the mayor wormed his way into his people's hearts with a courageous promise to take a smack at George V, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India, the minute they met. In Tennessee, agriculture and industry paused while a hill-billy magistrate with Chester Conklin whiskers determined whether the human race was descended from the blue-bottomed baboon, like Clarence Darrow, or aboriginal foot-washing Baptists, like William Jennings Bryan.

No thoughtful man, least of all a brooder like Walker, could contemplate this sort of thing over a period of years without coming to an interesting conclusion or two. One of his is that the glowing wonder of it all is not that such eggheads exist as individuals, for it is a generally acknowledged fact that the hand of the potter has no more steadiness than an aspen leaf, but that in so many cases they command a tremendous popular admiration and respect and are often elevated to handsome eminences.

This must be a troubling thought, for apparently it has led Walker to the gruesome corollary that a

good part of mankind proceeds through life with eyes sharp and nostrils aquiver for an opportunity to thrust straws in their hair and make public spectacles of themselves. They inhabit, to him, a kind of twilight zone of intelligence. In no particular danger, as yet, from the men with the net and straitjacket, they are nevertheless, by fairly civilized standards, just a trifle off-center. Left to themselves they may very well continue to the end of their days at nothing worse than the invention of new systems of bidding in contract bridge. But let a Daddy Browning come along, adopting Williamsburg débutantes, or an Aimee Semple McPherson, diving into an ocean and emerging in a desert, and then something snaps.

Another man, brought so close to the borderland of sanity, might fall to worrying over such a state of affairs, but Walker's attitude is that of a man who has been reliably tipped off that the earth is cooling at such speed that life will be impossible on it within, say, five million years. He takes it calmly. Screwballs and misbehaviorism are, to him, acts of God, about which there would be little point in putting up a beef. And as long as they are there, we might just as well consider them and draw what entertainment and edification we can from them. But there is no hurry. There will be more along in a minute.

NUNNALLY JOHNSON

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

IN THIS book I have attempted to bring together some of the more attractive examples of curiosa Americana, particularly in the field of the ornate and overstuffed. The material, of course, is endless. It would be a mistake to label all the actions described herein as being "in bad taste," for in large part they are merely the attempts of well-meaning persons to express their individuality and to escape from what might otherwise have been a humdrum and well-nigh unbearable world. If some of these persons, in deviating from the norm, have been jeered at by their fellows, what of it? Life in America has been made vastly more amusing by those who have thumbed their noses at the bogus decrees of the dull experts on "taste," and who have tried to wriggle loose from the straitjackets of convention. For these people I have a great affection, and probably a sort of spiritual kinship, for I like to wear tattersall waistcoats and ride in big red taxicabs. No hard feelings.

S. WALKER.

MRS. ASTOR'S HORSE

THE BON TON AND THE REVOLUTION

IN the late summer and early fall of 1935, which was a rare vintage year for foolishness in high places, the accredited observers of American social portents were unmistakably befuddled. Some, convinced that the revolution was at hand, cringed and kept silent; others, rich or broke, threw themselves with fine abandon into the business of having as much fun as possible before the smash-up at the barricades. But among them all there was a pathetic uncertainty.

Through the musings of all trend-finders, from Charles A. Beard, the philosopher, to Lucius Beebe, the peasant-baiter, ran this stream of doubt and groping. In Washington Franklin D. Roosevelt, the Great Obfuscator, was frightening the solvent with his program to "Tax the Rich," translated by the Bourbons into "Soak the Thrifty." In San Simeon William Randolph Hearst reaffirmed his allegiance to the Constitution of the United States. Walter Lippmann became so clear that he was actually hard to

read. H. L. Mencken finally was unmasked as a Tory. Reporters for *The Daily Worker* walked boldly into the better hotels. Arthur Brisbane, past seventy, still clung to his theories of the invincibility of the gorilla and the joy and duty of female fertility, but he added one rather startling suggestion to his program—he wanted motorists to carry Toggenburg goats in their automobiles so that fresh milk would be always at hand.

No one seemed to know the location of the real center of American society. No one held out for Newport any more. A suspicion existed that society really revolved around the former speakeasy in West Fifty-second Street, New York, an establishment known as "21" or "Jack and Charlie's," one of the owners of which, Jack Kriendler, became famous in the spring of 1935 upon the disclosure of his vocabulary of barnyard love-calls. It seems that in talking over the telephone to his lady love of the moment Mr. Kriendler would intersperse the ordinary sentimental banalities with bellowings of "Mooey! Mooey!" and "Gooch! Gooch!" This touch of nature made Mr. Kriendler one of the most popular men in New York, and brought vast numbers of society folk to his restaurant. Pleased, Mr. Kriendler arranged for portable telephones, so that customers could receive or make calls without leaving their tables.

For some time the increasing democratization of

society had been evident. All manner of strange people could be found not only in so-called café society but in the more formal gatherings in the penthouses of Park Avenue. For a time a great many people called their friends "palsy walsy" or simply "Toots." The caste system, already tottering from a plague of termites, was just about ended. The President, with his smile and his fireside radio chats, became everybody's big brother. The friendly, informal effect of all this is happily exemplified in a letter from Jack Dempsey, the ex-pugilist, sent to the President on the occasion of the opening of his new restaurant. Wrote the former champion:

"DEAR MR. ROOSEVELT: Your presence at my opening would make it. I can't begin to tell you how much I would like to have you come. If you can, will you please let me know so I can reserve your table.

Sincerely,

JACK DEMPSEY"

Notwithstanding this universal friendliness, and the deification of the Forgotten Man, a small group of men kept alive the remnants of the American Royalist Party. The movement for the crowning of an American King, and the creation of an American Royal Family, is scoffed at by many shallow thinkers,

but it is by no means as alien to American ideas, or as impossible of achievement, as it might appear at first glance.

In 1935 the two leading favorites of the Royalists were Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hearst. There was some consideration of J. P. Morgan, Vincent Astor and Huey P. Long, but the Squire of Hyde Park and the Lord of San Simeon remained far ahead on all counts —intellect, leadership, and, most important, large families of personable sons to carry on the name. The Vanderbilts, once powerful, may have to be ruled out because of the apparently congenital lack of zip on the male side of the family. It is betraying no particular secret to report that the most powerful element among the Royalist plotters inclines rather more to Mr. Hearst than to Roosevelt. For one thing, he has more of the regal manner; moreover, he has a sense of play in the grand manner which has always been a distinguishing characteristic of all really great monarchs.

Both men understand thoroughly not only the routine machinery of statecraft, but they could teach any Roman Emperor all manner of new dodges in the realm of bread and circuses. It may be that the Royalists, few though they are, will save the United States from revolution.

The time, certainly, was never more propitious. An examination of society, as it is known in New

York, Newport, Washington and Palm Beach, discloses that the whole texture has changed in the course of a relatively few years. There is still a strong, ingrained worship of foreign titles and foreign manners. Some commentators were angry at the American girls who married the Mdivani boys; these same thinkers cheered when Doris Duke, enormously rich, married James H. R. Cromwell, an American. Nevertheless, even the women who found they couldn't stand Mdivanis any more and obtained divorces, agree that the experience of being married to a Mdivani is something rather extraordinary and well worth all the trouble and money.

Revolution or no, it is clear that society has become much more diffused, and considerably louder and funnier. It is possible to describe its shifting outlines, but never with absolute exactness. New York society no longer consists of the 400 selected by the late Ward McAllister as being the only people who really mattered, the only ones worthy to attend the balls given by Mrs. Astor.

The "Social Register," that thick little black Bible of the climber, which makes an admirable sucker list for charity promoters, merchants, gyp artists and confidence men, contains more than 40,000 names. In theory, all these people, as well as many who do not appear in the book, belong to what is known as "society."

The change in formal society since the stock market collapse in 1929 has been striking. Holdings in railroad stocks and real estate depreciated in value; banks and brokerage houses either failed or became terribly shaky. Many old families found that it was unwise, even if it were practical, to go in for exclusiveness.

Probably, as some experts believe, the tastes of wealthy people have undergone a transition. Society in its usual meaning is predicated upon the existence of substantial quantities of money; pageantry and hospitality are costly. Many families have acquired money recently, and with it a higher social rating, but most of them appear to prefer fun to formality. They would rather be at a hilarious cocktail party than at a high-toned ball. On the other hand, many persons of high social standing have been forced to go to work. But they were still "social" even if running a shop and mingling with ordinary business and professional people of no social standing whatever. Thus the seepage has been in two directions—both in and out of what passes for formal society.

Students of such tony matters say that New York society may be divided roughly into four sets: the smart international set, probably the most desirable and amusing of the lot, led by Vincent Astor; the Newport group, last embattled remnants of the old 400, led more or less by the Vanderbilts; the fast but well-connected Long Island set who go in for horses,

women and an occasional cock-fight; and café society, an amazingly polyglot group which is willing to accept authors, motion picture stars and almost any one who wears good clothes and talks well. There are, of course, several exclusive suburban groups such as those at Greenwich, Far Hills, and Tuxedo Park, and many of these groups overlap.

In Washington, society may be based largely upon diplomatic or governmental rank; in Boston, on family, preferably with revolutionary antecedents; in Richmond and Charleston, on family magnificence and Southern hospitality. In New York the cornerstone is money, though family, of course, is important provided sufficient money has been inherited.

Newport, which yearly becomes of less social importance, has always been noted for the emphasis on both money and genealogy. A little wit and charm were not frowned on, but were far from necessary. Many of the old Newport clique have crawled off into their hideous rookeries to watch their arteries harden and await the revolution. And yet, to a few of the stiff-necked dowagers Newport is the only undefiled aristocratic watering place in America. It is doomed, but the old girls will face the end with their chins up. Newport is extraordinarily snooty, and always has been. The "best people" had little to do with Sir Thomas Lipton, who was a "designing trader." In 1934 T. O. M. Sopwith, challenger for

the America's Cup, was excluded from the more rarefied circles, though he probably didn't care. Newport is known for its feuds, its cliques and its almost terrifying rudeness. Probably this is because of the character of the women, who were cut from the same pattern as their piratical husbands. With few exceptions they were arrogant, ruthless, extravagant, supreme egotists who neither knew nor cared what the public thought.

In the grand old days the real queen of Newport was Mrs. William Astor, widow of the grandson of the first John Jacob Astor. She was known simply as "Mrs. Astor" and was the dominant figure in New York and Newport society until her death in 1908. Her annual ball in her home at 842 Fifth Avenue was, as they say at the Madison bar, something. It was in the late nineteenth century that the gilded, overstuffed magnificence of Mrs. Astor led the peasants to say of any one who was rather ostentatiously dolled up: "She is dressed up like Mrs. Astor's plush horse." Sometimes the phrase was "Mrs. Astor's pet horse."

One of the most astounding spectacles in America is Bellevue Avenue in Newport. Its mansions are nightmares of ugliness. Most of their counterparts on Fifth Avenue in New York have been torn down. The owners of the Newport mausoleums, some the size of palaces, refer to them as "cottages." Many experts contend that the Breakers, in Newport, prop-

erty of the late Mrs. Vanderbilt, is the most atrocious house there. It was the scene of many a party given in honor of Gertrude Vanderbilt, now the widow of Harry Payne Whitney, who in 1935 sued Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt for the custody of Mrs. Vanderbilt's small daughter, Gloria. When Mrs. Vanderbilt, the great dowager, died at the age of 89 in 1934, the Breakers became the property of her young daughter, the Countess Laszlo Szechenyi (Gladys Vanderbilt), who regards it as a white elephant. It was not one of the 118 houses opened in Newport for the season of 1935. The establishment of Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt, who died in 1935, likewise remained closed.

The highest ranking hostess in New York is Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, wife of the General. Realizing this, she sometimes sends invitations to visiting notables she has never met, provided they are persons of sufficient importance. Such invitations are considered a great honor and are never refused. If she is impressed with any one presented to her, she asks for a calling card to keep in her files.

The business of launching the socially ambitious is holding up very well in spite of the drums of revolt. Mrs. Adolph Ladenburg, old, not rich, but important in the Newport group, has launched into the best society several persons with money. Two other women of standing in the Newport group, who make

a business of springing the social yearners into select circles are Miss Juliana Cutting and Miss Jessie Fanshawe. They are stern authorities, quiet in their methods and never much publicized. They deal in débutantes and stag lines from the leading men's colleges. Each has an office, Miss Cutting at 598 Madison Avenue and Miss Fanshawe at No. 685. Any young woman not born an Astor or a Vanderbilt will find it helpful to consult one of these estimable women before making her début arrangements. It is said that Miss Cutting's secretary was once asked, "Do all débutantes come to you for advice?" Her jaw hardened as she said, "Well, they'd better."

The mother of a prospective débutante must seek an audience with Miss Cutting many months before her daughter is ready to be presented to society. Sometimes mama has a hard time of it, for Miss Cutting is not one to be trifled with. She is more than 60, blue-eyed, imperious and aristocratic. If the interview with the mother is satisfactory, Miss Cutting investigates the girl. Money is all right, but a certain dash of respectability is helpful. Attendance at the proper schools is important. The outstanding girls' schools are Foxcroft, Farmington, Miss Spence's and Miss Chapin's. The prep schools for boys are Groton, St. Mark's and St. Paul's. There is little to choose between Harvard, Yale and Princeton.

Miss Cutting has an A and B list of débutantes and

stag lines; the two lists rarely if ever meet. She will not burden the members of the A list with second-raters. Once Miss Cutting accepts the handling of a début everything is in her hands—florists, caterers, engravers, dressmakers and champagne salesmen. Each of her protégées is invited to every affair she controls, so that even an unknown girl manages to get around considerably in a season. Miss Cutting also handles weddings.

Notwithstanding her skill, some of Miss Cutting's débuts are not successful. The stags, many of whom look like children in tails and act like drunken roués of forty-five, often are blamed for a débâcle. The youngsters of the last few seasons have been as hard-boiled as mining camp dance-hall habitués. They have been known to walk out on a party if they feel the orchestra is incapable of "getting hot," the supply of champagne insufficient or the company boring.

International society is not always difficult to crash. To be the guest of the Prince of Wales at his country house, Fort Belvedere, is regarded as a high honor. Many of the members of what is known in New York as the "international set" are accepted in London, and shuttle back and forth between England and America. One of these transients is Mrs. Laura Corrigan, widow of "Jimmy" Corrigan, the steel man. She was once rebuffed at Newport. Later she was accepted by the British royal family, and now she

takes great pleasure in snubbing Newport. She has made good. She likes to send postcards to her friends from all the exclusive houses where she is entertained. When her husband died she presented identical souvenirs from his personal belongings to a dozen women of society with the explanation that Jim had wanted them to have something to remember him by.

Next to Mrs. Corrigan, Elsa Maxwell probably has caused more international excitement and squabbling than any one else. She isn't really what is known as "social." She is principally a professional party-giver, though she always goes with the best people at the proper seasons. It is said she once was retained by the Italian government, at large salary, to make the Lido the social mecca of Europe. Then, for a larger price, she helped popularize Monte Carlo. Two typical Elsa Maxwell creations were the "murder party" she arranged for Elsie de Wolfe at Miss de Wolfe's Villa Trianon in Versailles, and the "scavenger party" which she conducted in New York in 1933.

The scavenger party was supposed to be a benefit for a maternity charity backed by Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt. Participants in the hunt were required to go through New York and return at given time with all manner of curious trophies, such as hair from a distinguished politician's mustache, live animals, and Marilyn Miller's underpanties. The party received

much publicity, and was great fun, but it was not financially successful.

Another member of the international group is Mrs. Harrison Williams, the delight of the dressmakers, sometimes referred to as "the best-dressed woman in the world." She and her husband rank close to Vincent Astor in social prominence. Mr. Astor has varied interests. He takes the President for cruises on his yacht *Nourmahal.* He keeps a toy railroad, big enough for a person to ride in, at his estate near Rhinebeck, New York. A dachshund and a chimpanzee are his favorite pets. He owns the St. Regis Hotel in New York, but usually he and his friends may be seen in the Persian Room of the Plaza. His close associates are his brother-in-law, Prince Serge Obolensky, Lytle Hull, William Rhinelander Stewart and Bertram Taylor. It is one of the curious traits of Mr. Astor's set that it is not difficult to crash. It is not exclusive in the Newport sense. Even spongers and relatively penniless persons are welcome if they are amusing. However, the set is rather difficult to marry into.

Scandal, no matter how shocking, has little effect on the social standing of the international group. They do about as they please. It is probable that Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt, who went in for the bohemian fringe of the international group, is just as popular as she was before Mrs. Whitney dragged the

servants into court to try to prove Mrs. Vanderbilt unfit to keep her child.

For a time the Russians were part of the international clique, but their popularity is declining. Russians have simply gone out of style. It is still the practice, however, of a few climbers to curtsy to the Grand Duchess Marie when they meet her at parties. Most of the Russians have had to go into trade. A good many American women in the international set also have taken jobs. Mary Taylor went in for modeling; Lady Furness and her sister, Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt, joined a dress shop, and one of the prettiest of the lot, Jane Wyatt, was tossed out of the "Social Register" for going on the stage. The "Social Register" can assume a very cantankerous attitude, especially toward actresses and women who marry pugilists.

For good or evil some of the most important changes in the customs of society, and particularly in the news of society doings, may be traced to Walter Winchell, whose columns of news and gossip forced a revision of the entire scheme of society publicity. Winchell was not primarily interested in society people, but he printed news of them as often as possible, and some of it was of a much more startling nature than anything attempted by the racketeering, blackmailing society-scandal magazines. For example, Winchell predicted, and accurately, that the wife of one

of the Vanderbilts was going to become the mother of twins. This news beat marked one of the greatest advances in journalism since the first transatlantic cable. It was impossible for a magazine of the type of Col. William D'Alton Mann's *Town Topics,* or the later *Tatler* of evil memory, to compete with such a system.

Thus, the gossip magazines died. Virtually every newspaper departed from the formal, cut and dried society news and began to offer news of feuds, brawls, pregnancy and all that array of detail which makes the society information in most of the up-to-date journals such a lively mess of curiosa. The old-time society editors hang on, but the trend is toward gossip and personality. One of the best of the fairly recent additions to society writing is Miss Molly Cogswell Thayer, who writes under the name of "Mme. Flutterbye" in Hearst's New York *Evening Journal.* Maury Paul ("Cholly Knickerbocker") is still going strong. Then there is the dashing Mrs. Henry Field, niece of the Countess of Sandwich, who bossed the society pages of the Chicago *Herald-Examiner.* All these people must be reckoned with by people of society; it is extremely dangerous to snub them. Even the gentle Howard Shelley ("Barclay Beekman") who writes of society for the New York *Daily Mirror,* can be very stern when he suspects some one of not treating him quite right. He was much put out when

James H. R. Cromwell declined to wireless from shipboard a full story of his life with his bride, Doris Duke, whom he had married the day before.

News photographers, notably those armed with candid cameras, are extremely important, especially in café society. The feeling against photographers has been broken down in large part, and such men as Bill Plankington and Jerome Zerbe roam the night clubs and smart restaurants, where they are almost always welcome. True, some groups still are elusive to photographers, the very wealthy because they fear kidnaping. At Seal Harbor, Maine, where the Rockefellers have summer homes, no photographer, it is said, has ever been permitted on the clubhouse grounds. J. P. Morgan once dodged cameramen, as did his father, but since the day his picture was taken with a midget sitting on his lap in Washington he has submitted to many news pictures.

Long Island society is of many sorts. One group is made up of Jewish financiers. Most of them live on the North Shore, principally in the general neighborhood of Sands Point, where Huey Long was slugged in the celebrated washroom battle. They make excursions to Florida and Europe, live well and generally quietly, and often marry into Gentile families.

Also on Long Island is the horsey sporting set led by Mrs. Payne Whitney and her son, John Hay Whitney. Motion picture stars, such as Miriam Hopkins,

Kay Francis and Gary Cooper are entirely acceptable to this group, which gets a vast amount of fun out of life. This acceptance of actors, writers and artists may be traced to the pioneering of Condé Nast. His parties, which slowed up for a time after 1929, then became more brilliant than ever. For sheer size, all around impressiveness, and cosmopolitan guests, his party in honor of the opening of Grace Moore's "One Night of Love" remains easily among the important episodes of history.

Many of Mr. Nast's A and B guest lists, a good number of the international and sporting groups, and some of the Newport group make up the ever-growing membership of café society. It is a motley crew. For example, on one night in El Morocco, New York night club, in the winter of 1934, one might see the whole gamut from Max Baer to the Grand Duchess Marie, including Marion Cooley, George Vanderbilt, the Princess Paley, Noel Coward, Delos Chappell, Lois Long, Rudy Vallee, James Donahue, Teddy Ryan, Leslie Howard, Myrna Loy, Marion Tiffany Saportas, Prince George of Greece, Mrs. Sigourney Thayer, Frank Crowninshield, Otis Chatfield Taylor and John Hay Whitney. Along with them might be champagne salesmen, hall-room boys, homosexuals, astrologers and Yale undergraduates.

The Beaux Arts Ball in New York brings them out, too, even persons no one but the janitor ever saw

before. A fine sight at the ball usually is Mrs. S. Stanwood Menken. She has appeared in get-ups of ostrich plumes, pearls, turkey wings, birds' nests and taffeta. Her dress for the George Washington ball was supposed to have cost her $5,000.

The Opera Ball is still dominated principally by the best names. It was started in 1933 by Lucrezia Bori as part of the "Save the Opera" campaign. When the late Otto H. Kahn (known sometimes as "a flyleaf between the Old and the New Testaments") ceased to be the financial angel of the Metropolitan Opera, few of the rich bondholders came to the aid of the institution. Indeed, they sold the broadcasting rights to a mouthwash manufacturer. Nevertheless, the Opera Ball was a jolly affair.

What is happening to society, and what has happened since the crash, may be all for the best. Certainly a lot of stuffiness and snobbery is gone. Every one seems less inhibited, less afraid of making a mistake or of being seen with the wrong people. The evolution of a new social set-up has produced some genuinely amusing characters, who should be appreciated as affording pleasant spectacles in a world which often appears unutterably drab and dispiriting. There is, it must be, hope for a country which can produce such a fabulous man as the genial George Marshall, once publisher of the Washington *Herald*. He owns laundries, and has been known jovially to

solicit the wash of the hostess at whose house he is visiting. His latest Christmas card shows a picture of him climbing into the upper story of a very social-looking mansion. No matter what these jocular newcomers to society do to established conventions, things can't be much worse than they were during the gilded age, which produced an abnormal number of bores, ignoramuses and snobs. Off with the shackles. The telephone directory always was better reading matter than the "Social Register."

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER YOU BY

MOST Americans—that is, the Americans who make up the big crowds at almost any spectacle—are happy only if they can carry away some souvenir. They steal Pullman towels, hotel silverware and restaurant linen. They also like to collect such things as a lock of Max Baer's hair, a spoon that once belonged to Texas Guinan, seating lists from big dinners, autographs of Babe Ruth and Walter Winchell, cloth from Colonel Lindbergh's airplane, the silk stockings of Mrs. Ruth Snyder, and the teeth of a Negro who has been lynched (top price for last item, $5).

Perhaps the most popular big attraction in recent years was the steamship *Morro Castle,* of the Ward line, which burned on September 8, 1934, off the coast of New Jersey. The beautiful ship was ruined and 137 persons lost their lives. From four o'clock in the morning until long after nightfall, residents of communities along the shore dropped their normal occupations to aid in rescue work.

The burning hulk, known to contain many charred bodies, broke loose from the cutter that was towing her at 6:30 in the evening and wallowed to a shallow berth less than forty yards from the Convention Hall

Photo by Acme Newspictures, Inc.

A DEMOCRATIC BLUEBLOOD

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., who did so much to share the wealth by sinking a fortune into a chain of newspapers, shown arriving on the steamship *Aquitania* from Europe, where he had sized up the situation and found it grave.

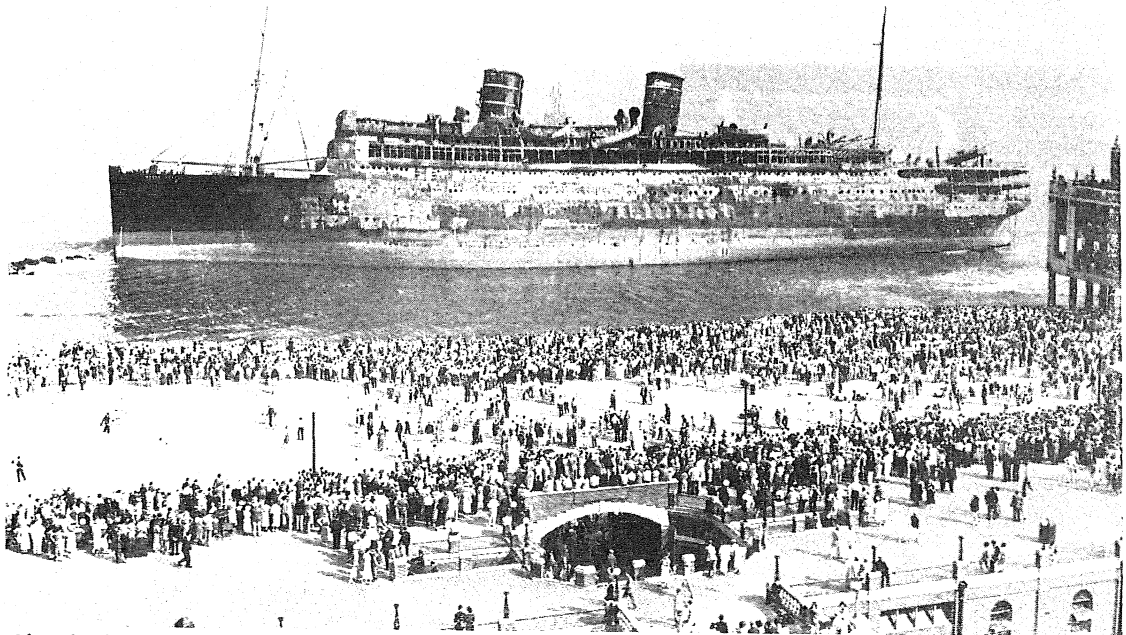


Photo by Acme Newspictures, Inc.

CARNIVAL AT THE CHARNEL SHIP.

Crowds watching the burned hulk of the steamship *Morro Castle* on the beach at Asbury Park, New Jersey.

at Asbury Park. The regular Saturday night dance in the hall went on as scheduled. Along the shore one could hear the crashing thunder of waves breaking over the decks of the liner, and then would come the blare of the saxophones.

The next day, Sunday, crowds estimated at from 125,000 to 250,000 flocked to Asbury Park to see the burning ship. The majority came by automobile, jamming traffic in almost endless snarls. In New York 2,038 persons took advantage of the special half-price, one-day excursion run offered by the Pennsylvania Railroad. From various parts of New Jersey the Central Railroad hauled an additional 1,058 sightseers to Asbury Park at bargain rates. Philadelphia also sent excursion trains.

It was the largest crowd in any one day in the history of the resort. Local business men, from hot dog venders to hotel proprietors, saw their chances for money. The beach where the smoldering liner lay was, of course, the center of interest. Porches and terraces of beach front hotels were filled. Some gapers put out to the hulk in small boats. Others flew over it in rented planes. The crowd on the sands was so dense that the front rows were pushed into the water, but they didn't mind getting wet, as many wore bathing suits and the day was mild.

Some of the spectators were silent. One man cried out, "It looks dead drunk." Shouts would go up

when a spurt of flame shot from the liner. Many seemed to share the opinion of a fat woman who, after sitting for hours on the damp sand, explained to the girl beside her, "Yeah, I'm tired all right, but I ain't going to see nothing like this for a long time." Boys with baskets of soda pop, hamburgers and pretzels pushed through the crowds. Salesmen hawked photographs of the ship, some of them realistically tinted red to indicate the fire. New York newspapers were in demand because of their excellent aërial pictures of the fire-scarred ship.

On the boardwalk the man with the telescope, who usually made a bare living charging ten cents to look at the moon or passing vessels, did a thriving business in views of the *Morro Castle* at twenty-five cents a look. A tinkling merry-go-round was full of excursionists. Salt water taffy stands were crowded. The bars of the hotels along the boardwalk, particularly at the Berkeley-Carteret, where many of the victims' families stayed while they searched for their dead, were packed, and lively with the tune of cash registers and cocktail shakers.

Even the 101 dead laid out on army cots in the temporary morgue at Sea Girt, a few miles from Asbury Park, were not immune from sightseers. More than 10,000 persons, who admitted that they had had neither friends nor relatives aboard the *Morro Castle,* tried to gain admission. Some explained that

"since it was a fine day" they thought it would "be interesting to take a look at the morgue."

A *Morro Castle* lifeboat which came up on the beach near Asbury Park was stripped of every piece of equipment. In New York a sailor from the ship tried to sell his life preserver as a souvenir for five dollars. Days later, at Coney Island's annual baby parade, a *Morro Castle* float designed by a mother to glorify her child was barred by the judges. They were doubtful of its taste.

Soon the officials of Asbury Park realized that they had stumbled on pay dirt. Very early a project was on foot to rope off the beach and boardwalk for one hundred yards to the north and south of the Convention Hall, and to charge twenty-five cents for the privilege of a good look. This idea was abandoned for a better one. The Convention Hall, which extends some distance out over the water, offered the best view of all. At the suggestion of James J. Digney, city councilman, a box office was set up in the hall and an admission fee of twenty-five cents a person was charged for a perfect view. An inaccurate sign proclaimed that the proceeds would go "for the benefit of the dead families."

On the Sunday of September 16, eight days after the disaster, 15,000 persons purchased the right to hang out of the Convention Hall's second-story win-

dows and gaze at the distorted, red-hot insides of the ship and its three twisted, flame-licked lifeboats.

Concessionaires inside the hall carried on a lively business. A man at a stamping machine put copper caps on pennies with the head of Lincoln on one side and the inscription "*Morro Castle* Fire, September, 1934, Asbury Park" on the other. Postcard sellers in the hall disposed of 150,000 pictures of the burning ship during the first few days after the disaster. As soon as they came off the press, heart-rending poems and ballads about the fire were hawked about.

The crowd also witnessed a fine row. Frank B. Conover, local correspondent of the New York Board of Underwriters, tried to take charge of the hulk. Carl Bischoff, City Manager of Asbury Park and a noted business booster, decided that he was entitled to assume command of the vessel, as well as of the salvaging process. He wanted to be the first to go aboard. Soon he was threatening Conover with arrest for disorderly conduct, attempted unlawful entry and insubordination. This was too much for Conover. He called out the Coast Guard, and Bischoff was left ashore. Bischoff waited to be invited over to the vessel, and an hour or so later Conover relented and sent word that Bischoff could come aboard provided he wrote a little note saying he was sorry he had threatened the underwriter with arrest.

Bischoff complied and triumphantly mounted the

breeches buoy and rode out to the wreck, where he directed firemen for an hour. On returning to the shore he told reporters asking about bodies, "I can't make any comment on that. I promised Mr. Conover." Then he gave a detailed statement of everything he had seen, even down to abandoned vanity cases near the ship's rail. An hour later Bischoff wrote a signed story for the Associated Press in which the high point was this description: "We saw the body of a man lying on the promenade deck. His face was not burned, but the back of his head had been burned badly. A piece of his shirt still clung to his chest."

A little later Bischoff, perspiring and in his shirt sleeves, sat down at a microphone to broadcast his impressions of the interior of the *Morro Castle* on a nationwide radio hookup. To his chagrin the local station was unable to transmit his speech to New York and the broadcast was a fizzle.

By Monday, September 10, there were stories around that there had been looting on the *Morro Castle,* and the Governor sent 200 soldiers from Fort Hancock. They were immediately put to work by Asbury Park officials directing traffic. Among the loot from the ship were supposed to have been purses, wallets, jewelry, luggage and passengers' clothing.

On Monday afternoon the City Council of Asbury Park by a vote of three to one decided to take over the *Morro Castle* as a permanent tourist attraction,

and, as soon as she had cooled out sufficiently, to charge admission to the hulk itself. A bill was passed to appoint a Jersey City man as City Solicitor at $4,000 a year to press Asbury Park's claim to the wreck. The City Council was jubilant; some one suggested that City Manager Bischoff ride out to the hulk and seize it in the name of the city. This gesture was abandoned because no one could find a city flag to plant on the ship. They disclosed to the press that the ship-claiming project was "just a happy addition to a great city improvement plan." One councilman explained that, with such an attraction as the *Morro Castle,* Asbury Park should be able to "push Atlantic City off the map."

On Tuesday business still boomed, and the councilmen were hurt and surprised when a committee of women citizens timidly protested that the *Morro Castle* was "too much of a tragedy to make an entertainment of it." On Thursday Dr. Max Silverstein, a councilman who had been absent when the city voted to take over the hulk, introduced a resolution denouncing the city's conduct and suggesting that the other councilmen apologize to the families of the dead. The motion was lost in a tie vote.

On Sunday, September 16, a crowd estimated at 200,000 came to see the derelict. On the following Sunday the city decided to make a gesture of respect (or whatever it was) toward the men and women

who had died on the ship. A monster memorial service was arranged with a coast-to-coast radio hookup, massed prayers, and singing by all the local choirs. It was held in the Convention Hall, so that vistors bored with the services might look out upon the blackened wreck.

But there was an unforeseen joker in the "happy improvement plan." When the city fathers claimed the *Morro Castle* they did not know that she carried a cargo of green hides. When the wind blew in from the sea, the stench of scorched and rotting hides nauseated the citizens. Even the boardwalk concessionaires, known as men of exceptionally strong stomachs, turned a bit queasy and went around with pained, baffled expressions. Soon the whole town was tired of the *Morro Castle*. Mr. Bischoff, however, still had faith. He sent squads of men aboard the ship to remove the cause of the odor, but not all of his policemen and firemen and all their chloride of lime could stop that all-pervading odor.

The city officials and the Chamber of Commerce, panicky now, begged the salvagers to take the nasty thing away. But the perverse ship remained stuck in the sands for many months. It was not until one chilly morning in March, 1935, that the salvage tugs gently nosed the old hulk into deep water and started her on her last voyage to New York and the scrap heap. She had made many people very, very happy.

The American custom of lynching black men who have raped white women, or been accused of raping them, has been a God-send to many crowds which otherwise might have gone through life without ever having experienced a genuine lift of the emotions. There have been slightly more than 5,000 lynchings in the United States since fairly accurate records first began in 1882. A large part of these have resulted in big shows, and for some of them special excursion trains have been run. In 1925 the passengers on a train passing near Excelsior Springs, Missouri, had a rare piece of good fortune when the train stopped for a lynching going on beside the tracks.

Souvenirs of lynchings always have rated highly. The rope is valuable, and usually is cut into many pieces. Fingers, shin-bones, locks of hair and ears also have been kept. There is a story of one man who took a large piece of skin from a Negro's back, had it tanned and treated, and then used it as a binding for one of his valuable books.

One of the most entertaining of the legal hangings in recent years was in Smithland, Kentucky, early in 1935. William De Boe, a 22-year-old country bumpkin, with a gift of gab, had been convicted of robbing and attacking Mrs. Marjorie Johnson. Men, women and children came from miles around to see the hanging. The sheriff, who had promised the young man to do his best job, allowed the doomed man to harangue

the crowd, which he did at great length. Among those in the crowd was Mrs. Johnson, the victim.

Finally, in his peroration, De Boe shouted that for $500 he could have repaired whatever loss Mrs. Johnson may have suffered. The lady lost her restraint.

"No," she shouted, "not for $1,000!"

Assisting in the hanging of De Boe was a curious and charming character, Phil Hanna, who is to the Jerking-to-Jesus racket what the Mayo Brothers are to American surgery. He is a gentleman farmer of Illinois, who never sprang a trap but who had assisted at, to the best of his recollection, about 65 hangings. Years ago he saw a revolting spectacle of strangulation because of an incorrectly tied noose. Now, if there is one thing Mr. Hanna knew it was how to tie knots. Later he offered his superior skill in rope-tying to the sheriff of White County, Illinois. So far as is known he has never accepted any money, not even for expenses, and his nooses have always worked. He asks for, and usually receives, the weapon with which the crime was committed, and in this way he has been able to build up a splendid arsenal in his home. He is glad to receive callers and show them his collection. The last execution by hanging in Illinois was that of Charlie Birger in 1928. The electric chair is now used in that state. Mr. Hanna tied the noose on Birger, gangster and murderer, first asking and receiving Birger's forgiveness for what he was doing.

Birger shook hands with Hanna, but wouldn't shake with the sheriff who was to spring the trap.

The most elegant place to be put to death in the electric chair, probably, is at Sing Sing in New York state, where Warden Lewis E. Lawes has been in charge for many years. Robert Elliott, who serves for a fee as a touring executioner throughout the East, always pulls the switch. Of recent years, when a woman is put to death in the chair at Sing Sing, matrons usually stand in front of her and shield her with their skirts from the gaze of the few formal witnesses allowed in the chamber. No such embarrassing exchange of repartee as occurred at the hanging of De Boe could possibly take place at Sing Sing. The guests never include a complaining witness. There are no favors, no souvenirs.

WELCOME TO THE CITY

IT is probable that New York City will never again be as amusing, as full of unexpected belly laughs, as replete with startling spectacles, as during the administration of James J. Walker as Mayor. Certainly one of the grandest sights of those days, the City Hall reception for distinguished visitors, is seen no more, at least not in its perfect flower.

These affairs were held in the plaza in front of City Hall and on the steps leading to the entrance of that distinguished old building. Jimmy was always in the center of the picture, and seemed to enjoy it. The visitor might be really distinguished, somewhat notorious, or merely in tow of an alert press agent. All sorts of persons were thus honored—kings, prime ministers, Olympic swimming champions, channel swimmers and stars of the radio, motion pictures and the stage.

The fact that it apparently made little difference whether the guest being honored was the Prime Minister of England or a butcher's daughter who swam the English Channel, each receiving the same sort of reception, finally led to sneers from critics that New York was deficient in dignity and taste. Thus, in November, 1931, when Dino Grandi, Italian Foreign

Minister, came to the United States on an important mission, the State Department officials in Washington decided not to expose him to a New York reception. Instead they took him off a steamship down the bay, ferried him over to New Jersey and put him on a train for Washington. Later he was permitted to come back for a city reception.

Details of these receptions were arranged by the Mayor's Committee on Reception to Distinguished Guests, which was formed during the administration of Mayor John Francis Hylan, known to admirers as "Red Mike," who later became a Justice of Children's Court and sometimes decided cases after having recourse to astrology. As soon as the World War ended a succession of prominent foreigners headed for America. Hylan appointed the late Rodman Wanamaker chairman of the welcoming committee. The handsome Grover Whalen, sometimes called "The Black Hussar," who was then Commissioner of Plant and Structures, carried out most of the arrangements. These early affairs were all right, in their way, but were generally perfunctory, lacking both the glamour and the jolly horseplay of the receptions held after Walker became Mayor. Indeed, it is probable that Hylan, who had little imagination, was never quite the same after visiting the Hearst ranch in California. He returned from that hegira muttering about "a

thousand cows on a thousand hills," a spectacle which appeared to have floored him.

The keynote of the speeches at the receptions was the glory of New York City. They were usually extremely boastful, and caused resentment both in the United States and abroad. For example, Mr. Whalen, in announcing the jubilee celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the birth of Greater New York (the consolidation of the five boroughs), in April, 1922, referred to New York as "the largest, richest, most populous and the finest city that the earth has ever known."

The first really big reception in the grand manner was on August 27, 1926, in honor of Gertrude Ederle, daughter of Henry ("Pop") Ederle, an estimable Amsterdam Avenue butcher and sausage maker. A few weeks before, Miss Ederle had made better time swimming the English Channel than the five men who previously had crossed it. Grover Whalen headed the group which went down the bay on the *Macom,* the city's official "yacht," to take her off the *Berengaria* and bring her to the Battery for the parade up lower Broadway to City Hall.

Down the bay two airplanes circled the *Berengaria,* two hydroplanes skimmed along the water, and a harbor full of tugs, excursion steamers, cutters, launches, motor boats and sail boats joined in the welcome. Those having whistles tied them down. The din was

terrific. The Fire Department band was on another city boat, the *Riverside*. Forty-two Ederle relatives were on the *Macom* and the *Riverside*.

Massed at the Battery when Trudy landed was a crowd of 15,000. Police charged the crowd with horses to protect the heroine from souvenir hunters who grabbed at her. Several worshipers were knocked down. Two policemen on the running boards of the Ederle automobile had to push their feet against the chests of some of the mob as the car moved up Broadway. Ticker tape, telephone books and old records were tossed from the windows along Broadway. On later occasions not only this sort of débris but toilet paper as well was thrown upon visiting notables.

Back of the automobile bearing Trudy came a posse of Boy Scouts, representatives from German societies, delegations from the Amsterdam Avenue section, and the New York State Association of Butchers. Six persons were hurt painfully when a fence broke in City Hall Park, and a seventh, a girl, complained that a policeman's horse had stepped on her.

Grover Whalen had kissed Trudy when he met her down the bay. Mayor Walker, waiting at City Hall, was jokingly threatening to do likewise. In welcoming her the Mayor said:

"When history records the great crossings, they will speak of Moses crossing the Red Sea, Cæsar cross-

ing the Rubicon and Washington crossing the Delaware, but frankly, your crossing of the British Channel must take its place alongside of these.

"Of course," went on Jimmy, "the whole world has its eyes on you. I guess that is no exaggeration, but as the whole world is willing to pay you homage, you are after all just a New York City girl and an Amsterdam Avenue girl and that means more to us in New York City than anything that has ever been visited upon us."

When the party emerged from City Hall the crowd made another rush. A policeman had to pick up Trudy and carry her back to the hall, where she remained for thirty minutes until the crowd had thinned out.

Up in Amsterdam Avenue there was a rousing neighborhood celebration, with much bunting and speechmaking. Late that evening things became a bit thick for the swimmer. She collapsed. But that was not the end. Later the Mayor's Committee gave her a dinner at the Commodore at which Walker, Rear Admiral Charles P. Plunkett and Major General Charles P. Summerall were among the speakers. In the following February Miss Ederle was guest at a dinner of the Retail Meat Dealers of Detroit, where she was extolled as a good example of what meat-eating will do for one. Miss Ederle herself was a

sensible enough girl. In 1927, commenting upon Lindbergh's flight to Paris, she said:

"What I did of course does not compare with Captain Lindbergh's remarkable feat. Mine was nothing much more than a sporting proposition while his will be a help to humanity through the advancement of commercial aviation."

Prince Ludovic Spada Potenziani, Governor of Rome, was received at City Hall in May, 1928. He had received Mayor Walker and his party when the Mayor toured Europe the year before. The Prince brought over a statue of Romulus and Remus being suckled by a wolf. This work of art remained on public view in the rotunda of City Hall until F. H. LaGuardia, of Italian descent, became Mayor in 1934.

Following the City Hall reception Prince Potenziani was guest at a luncheon at the Advertising Club. There Hector Fuller, the Mayor's official scroll writer, presented to the Prince a de luxe edition of "Abroad With Mayor Walker," a curious volume which Fuller had written at the end of the Mayor's famous trip to Europe.

Hector Fuller, a former Indianapolis newspaper man, and at times a great press agent, drew European attention to New York's receptions by several slips of the tongue. In addition to writing and reading the scrolls, he used to act as master of ceremonies and in a sonorous voice announce the arrival in the alder-

manic chamber of distinguished guests. In announcing Pierre Laval, then Premier of France, who was accompanied by Paul Claudel, French Ambassador, Fuller intoned:

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, permit me to present Prime Minister Paul Claudel of France."

Earlier, on the occasion of the reception of Ramsay MacDonald at City Hall, Mr. Fuller was so carried away by the occasion that he announced the gentle MacDonald as "Prime Minister of the United States." Sir Esme Howard, British Ambassador, who was standing nearby, tried to correct Fuller by saying in a stage whisper, "Britain, old boy, Britain."

Fuller also introduced Queen Marie of Rumania as "Her Imperial Highness." The late New York *World* took him to task rather sharply, pointing out that Roumania was not an empire.

In later years, when Fuller was broke, along with many of the other hangers-on of the Walker administration, he disclosed that the scroll idea started with the first reception to Capt. George Fried, commanding the steamship *Roosevelt,* who rescued a crew of the British freighter *Antinoe* in 1926. Fuller, a British subject, was an imposing-looking man even when penniless and past seventy. He said of his great days a short time before he died:

"I was always a sucker for scrolls. It was my idea originally. Captain Fried was to be welcomed and

we didn't know what to do to make it special. I was on the reception committee. William H. Woodin, later Secretary of the Treasury, was chairman. That was before Whalen was chairman. We were all sitting around wondering what to do about Captain Fried.

" 'I've got it,' I yelled, and everybody looked at me. 'Give him a scroll,' " I said.

" 'Hector,' said Jimmy Walker, 'that's a swell idea.' And it was. I wrote the scroll right then and there. It was engraved and embossed and it cost $2,100, but what the hell! Listen, those scrolls gave the people what they wanted, didn't they? It was a good show, wasn't it? Do you remember Gertrude Ederle? The crowds? The enthusiasm? And Queen Marie! My God, what a welcome!"

Fuller, who always appeared at such functions attired in striped trousers, spats and cutaway, said the scrolls were not hard to write and that he had written about 100 of them. One who disagreed with Fuller's estimate of his excellence as a scroll writer was the City Comptroller, General Charles W. Berry, who on one occasion rejected some of the bills of the reception committee and said the scrolls were "written in bad English." To the last Fuller prized a letter from Prime Minister MacDonald in answer to a letter from Fuller apologizing for his slip at the reception. The letter from MacDonald said:

"I think that the comments made upon the delightfully human slip you made show a great lack of humor and an inability to appreciate the position in which you found yourself. It was the sort of slip of the tongue that every one of us has committed again and again when we found ourselves in stirring conditions, and so far from detracting from the efficient way you performed your duty, it only put a touch of delightfulness into the whole affair which enhanced its uniqueness."

Later, some unkind person suggested that the real reason the State Department didn't want Dino Grandi welcomed in New York was that Hector Fuller would be sure to confuse him with Mahatma Gandhi. Fuller was proud to the end, but a little worried. Late one afternoon in 1934 he went to a newspaper office to visit an editor whom he had known. He was nervous, but still carried his stick. His clothes were neat, his Homburg hat jaunty, his yellow gloves as clean as the day he bought them. He asked the editor for $5, and got it. That night the editor had to go to Washington. He picked up the New York papers the next morning and was shocked to see Fuller's picture on the first page. The great scroll writer had left the newspaper office, gone to his little apartment in Sunnyside, Queens, and turned on the gas. The police found him dead. His room was strewn with memen-

toes of the gaudy, devil-may-care days which seemed so long ago and so unreal.

Perhaps the most important reception in the era of Mayor Hylan was for King Albert and Queen Elizabeth of Belgium in October, 1919. They arrived on the transport *George Washington* and were welcomed at the pier by Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall and representatives of the State and Navy Departments. They proceeded to the Waldorf-Astoria and passed the day sightseeing. The next day, according to the plans of the Mayor's committee, Rodman Wanamaker, chairman, they were to "officially arrive," board a warship at Thirty-fourth Street, and be taken down to Pier A at the Battery to start the ride to City Hall. King Albert, however, balked at boarding the warship. He and his family were taken to the Battery in Mr. Wanamaker's yacht, *Noma.* On the parade up Broadway he appeared greatly amused by the local habit of throwing things from windows, a practice which was then in its infancy.

Mayor Hylan made the welcoming speech at City Hall. Mr. Wanamaker draped a silk American flag about the shoulders of the King, and the silk flag of the City of New York about the Queen's shoulders. Everything went off fairly well. Emerging out upon the steps of City Hall, the King and Queen and Prince Leopold (later King), faced the photographers. It

was there that a historic roorback started. Mrs. Hylan, in replying to some remark of Queen Elizabeth's, was reported to have said: "You said a mouthful, Queen." Mrs. Hylan was entirely innocent of this remark, though it was repeated as truth for many years.

The royal party then toured America. The Mayor of Milwaukee declared he would not invite the King to stop there, concluding his remarks with the words, "to hell with the King." However, the King drove a locomotive ten miles in Ohio, saw steel made in Pittsburgh, and accepted a blanket from Pete Prince, tribal judge of the Navajo Indians in New Mexico, and had an ice cream soda in Santa Barbara, California.

The reception for Captain Fried in 1926, at which the brave seaman received the scroll which Hector Fuller had dashed off, was historic largely because it marked the first appearance of a phrase which later was to be used over and over by Mayor Walker. That was his statement that New York was "the most cosmopolitan city in the world."

The visit of Queen Marie of Roumania in 1926 probably was more fun than any of the others. On October 15 the Queen, while on the *Leviathan* en route to New York, sent a wireless that she desired to continue up the bay on the *Leviathan* instead of being taken off by the "yacht" *Macom*. She thought

the view of the skyline would be better from the *Leviathan.* Mr. Whalen, who was running the show, insisted on the *Macom,* pointing out that the program had been fixed and was "official." Marie agreed to take the ride on the *Macom.*

The Queen was landed at the Battery by Grover Whalen on October 18. It had been raining and the crowd was not as noisy as might have been expected. One of the army of photographers, because of the grayness of the skies, had put a double portion of flashlight powder in the "gun." When he set it off it sounded like a volley from a dozen Capone shotguns. The Queen flinched, winced and ducked, but Mr. Whalen managed to get her to City Hall, where Jimmy Walker was waiting.

Loudspeakers of the municipal radio station WNYC had been rigged up outside the Hall so that the crowds in the park and the streets could hear what was being said in the aldermanic chamber. As the procession approached City Hall steps a radio announcer inside the building did his stuff.

"Here comes the Queen now," his voice roared out of the loudspeakers just as the Queen was getting out of the automobile. The Queen smiled wanly and appeared confused. "The Queen is smiling," blared the announcer. Once inside the hall, she was received by Mayor Walker and Hector Fuller. They gave her a gold medal of the city, the key to the city and a

vividly decorated scroll. Jimmy said in his speech:

"We have thousands of Roumanian stock in this world city, in this the most cosmopolitan city of the world, and to-day . . . may I not beg to assure you that the Roumanians have made as fine citizens as this country has within its borders? They have done much for the building of the city of New York." (Walker was always glad to say the same thing about Turks, Syrians, West Indians Armenians, Greeks, Serbs, Croats or Basques.)

Mayor Walker then climbed into the automobile with Queen Marie and sat beside her on the ride up to the Pennsylvania Station, where she was to take a train to Washington. On the way there was a lull in which, for a moment, neither of these extremely articulate persons had anything to say. A voice came from the crowd: "What's the matter, Jimmy? Can't you make her?" At another point there came a sudden gust of wind, and Jimmy leaned over and tucked a robe around the Queen's ankles. Another voice called out: "Pretty soft, Jimmy!" Both the Mayor and the Queen laughed at this sally.

Some of the crowds at the station were doubtful that the woman with Jimmy really was the Queen, and demanded loudly, "Well, where's her crown?" But they were easily mollified and the Queen departed. The fuss made over the Queen in New York and other parts of the United States caused much

comment abroad. For example, Sir John Foster Fraser wrote in Lord Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard* in London that "the United States should buy a King." He pointed out that 150 Americans had canceled their passages on other ships to go on the *Leviathan* so that they could be on the same ship with the Queen. Sir John went on: "Americans are nice people and do not repress their feelings like decadent Europeans. The Americans must really get a King and Queen of their own. They will never be happy until they do." An editorial in the same paper stated:

"We have not yet heard that by some marvel of engineering the Statue of Liberty has been made to curtsy as Marie passes but nothing else seems lacking to show how dearly a republic can adore a regular royal Queen."

The reaction of the United States was described as an acute "royal spasm." It was recalled by old-timers that when the late King Edward visited the United States as the Prince of Wales, New York women stormed his dressing room and bottled the water with which he washed his hands. The editorial writer went on to call Americans "the richest and least responsible people in the world" who were "all dressed up and no place to go."

The train on which the Queen started West was elaborate in the extreme. In addition to three Pullman sleepers for lesser members of the entourage, it

included the private car of Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore & Ohio; the dining car *Martha Washington,* frequently used to entertain the President and Mrs. Coolidge on their trips; the private car of Howard Elliott, chairman of the Northern Pacific, and the observation-salon car used on the North Coast Limited, crack train of the Northern Pacific from Chicago to Seattle. A powerful searchlight on the roof of the observation car enabled the Queen to see any of the Western scenery she cared to at night.

On the trip the Queen received a lawn mower and an ice machine as souvenirs. The city of Piqua, Ohio, gave her a silver shovel for use in her garden. Indianapolis wanted to give her a gold key but decided that the $25 remaining in the city treasury could not be used for such a purpose. In Seattle a paroled convict who posed as a Roumanian prevailed upon the Queen to attend a theatrical benefit he was giving for Roumanian children. This fellow pocketed $900, half the proceeds, out of which he paid back $45 he had borrowed to promote the benefit. He also paid the rent of his dinner clothes. At one stop the Queen was offered a cough drop, and, according to a newspaper report, "took it just like an American would."

While the train was in the Northwest a society woman of that region clamored to get aboard. The party was already having its trouble with Sam Hill, the nervous Northwestern host of the Queen, and

with Loie Fuller, dancer friend of the Queen who was accompanying the party. The society woman was denied a place.

"But I shall join the party," she shouted. "She is my guest."

Again she was told it was impossible. Then she cried: "Didn't I put up $100,000 to finance this tour?" Nevertheless, she didn't get on the train. There were other troubles. Sam Hill threatened to slap the face of Major Stanley Washburn, special aide of the Queen. Hill left the train at Seattle. Loie Fuller, fed up, quit the train at Denver on the way back East. J. B. Ayres, representative of the Ford Motor Company, was put off the train after he had been credited with making statements that Henry Ford was not only supplying the automobiles used at various stops but was lending money for current expenses. Later, in New York, Ayres was reinstated in the party at the request of Princess Ileana. Mr. Hill also rejoined the group in New York. At the end of the trip the Queen, remarking that she had "met a lot of lovely Mayors," went on:

"This time America has seen me. Next time I intend to see America. I had to do as the officials told me. If they said I should climb on top of a house I might say, 'But it is windy, I would rather be in the garden,' but I climbed on top of the house just the same. You see, I am a good soldier."

Something of the Queen's apparent feeling about American pomp was shared by the City Council of Minneapolis. An alderman introduced a resolution calling upon all members of the council to wear silk hats, morning coats and canes in honor of the Queen. He was howled down. One member described the Queen as "an international gold-digger bumming her way across the United States." He added that "Roumania is only about the size of Duluth, anyway."

Most of the New York welcomings, large and small, followed the same general pattern, but each had its little peculiarities. Admiral Richard Evelyn Byrd was received three times: after his flight over the North Pole; with Clarence Chamberlin in a combined celebration to mark their almost simultaneous flights across the Atlantic, and again after his first trip to the Antarctic.

In general, if a guest belonged to the upper flight of achievement there was the parade up Broadway from the Battery amid the shower of ticker tape, telephone books and old paper. At City Hall, no matter what the occasion, Jimmy Walker did his stuff with the grace of an accomplished actor. Most of the receptions were held at noon or a little afterward, because it was easy then to draw a crowd of thousands of persons in downtown New York who were out for lunch.

Sometimes Jimmy was late for a reception. He

was half an hour late when he received General Umberto Nobile in 1926. He explained that an injured knee was giving him trouble, and added: "There is a saying around town that if Mayor Walker is an hour late he is on time." On another occasion he kept Maria Jeritza, Lucrezia Bori and other Metropolitan Opera stars, who were on some charitable mission in which Jimmy was said to be interested, waiting for an hour. Jeritza didn't like it, but Jimmy's wisecracks soon put everybody in good humor.

Paul Whiteman, back from a trip to Europe, was received in July, 1926. Before entering the Hall he stopped by the pool around the statue of Civic Virtue and tossed coins to the boys splashing there. Gene Tunney was received in the fall of 1926 after he had won the heavyweight championship from Jack Dempsey in Philadelphia. In December of that year it was announced that, because of the heavy pressure of official business, guests would not be received except on Tuesdays and Fridays. This rule was not long observed. Later the Mayor welcomed some soccer players from Montevideo, Uruguay. In receiving the American Olympic skating team, back from St. Moritz, Switzerland, the Mayor remarked, "I had a skate on once myself." Another guest was Jimmy McLarnin, then a contender for the lightweight championship. Walter Hagen was received after he

had won the British open golf championship. Later Bobby Jones, after winning both the British open and amateur golf championships, was received with the whole works—fireboats squirting water, bands playing, falling ticker tape and toilet paper, and music and speeches at City Hall. At the reception in 1930 for Major James H. Doolittle, aviator, it was noted that seven members of the Sanitation Department Band were in pink shirt sleeves. To correct this sloppiness, the band was ordered to appear in gaudy uniforms of blue, white and orange. There was a terrible crush at the Hall in 1931 when the Mayor presented loving cups to Rudy Vallee, Kate Smith and other performers who had won popularity contests sponsored by a tabloid newspaper. Four women fainted from the heat.

The Mayor was surprised in 1927 when thirty-five Blackfeet Indians visited City Hall to make him Chief Many Rider. Jimmy was assured by Chief Little Dog of the Blackfeet that Many Rider was "a famous warrior and horse-stealer of our tribe a hundred years ago." The Mayor was almost, but not quite, nonplused one day when a 200-pound Swiss cheese was carried into City Hall with the compliments of the officials of Berne, Switzerland. Jimmy turned to an aide and said: "Go out and get me a cracker." The aide replied that there were no crackers, only the Mayor of Lancaster, England, waiting outside

to be received. The two Mayors had their pictures taken with the cheese.

The Mayor enjoyed receiving Andrew Joseph ("Bossy") Gillis, the Mayor of Newburyport, Mass., in 1928. Later he welcomed Raffaele Maiullari, a Bronx ice man who couldn't read or write but who had distinguished himself by going around the world in twenty-seven and a half days.

It was along in May, 1931, when the tomtoms of doom were already being heard for the Walker régime, that criticism began to be heard of the reception system. The New York Board of Trade, after thinking things over, adopted a resolution opposing the dumping of ticker tape and whatnot on the heads of visitors. Said the board: "It is a poor tribute to a great person to empty a waste basket over him." The board called upon business men to coöperate "in adopting a more suitable and dignified method of welcoming distinguished guests." The board even went so far as to suggest that some of the receptions had not been "in good taste." Robert de Beauplau, writing of New York receptions in *L'Illustration,* told of what he had seen in America. He said:

"The soul of a crowd is in large measure the soul of a race. Here one saw the American people replete with a facility of juvenile admiration, with a collec-

tive and docile infatuation for any one who can boast of having accomplished something."

The New York *World,* in one of its sarcastic editorials, once complained, when several weeks had elapsed without a reception:

"The time has come for a return to the good old days. We move you, Mr. Police Commissioner, that within the week, some visitor to these shores be given a rousing welcome and we don't care who he is. Let him be chosen at random from the lists of the *Bremen,* the *Berengaria,* the *Aquitania* or any reputable ship; let him be honored for whatever he has done, or if it turns out that he has done nothing, let him be honored for that. Whoever he is, let there be soldiers, boy scouts, representatives of fraternal organizations formed into a mammoth parade. Let there be cheers, wisecracks, pot hats, white spats, gardenias: above all, let there be music."

The first actual rebuff to the city welcoming committee was in June, 1929. Owen D. Young, Thomas W. Lamont and Thomas N. Perkins, the American delegation returning from the Paris conference to settle the German war debt, radioed and pleaded to be excused from a formal welcome. The city was also miffed, but not seriously, when President Coolidge insisted that Colonel Lindbergh land first at Washington after his flight to Paris. When the city once got its hands on Lindbergh it did itself proud.

It was the largest of all celebrations, and one of the few that was largely spontaneous.

The Prince of Wales, on his visits in 1919 and 1924, got off with little embarrassment. On the first trip he called on President Wilson in Washington, then was received at City Hall by Mayor Hylan, called by Rodman Wanamaker "John Faithful Hylan." On the second visit the Prince traveled incognito and remained pretty much on Long Island, at the estate of James A. Burden at Syosset. He may have heard of his grandfather and the women who collected water.

It was great fun while it lasted. It cost vast sums of money. The picture changed rather rapidly. Mayor Walker retired to Dorking, England. Grover Whalen is still around town, better dressed than ever, and talked of as the next Mayor. Christy Bohnsack, who did much of the actual work on the receptions, is working for the municipal radio station. The Sanitation Department Band has been abolished and its members set to following the horses. Hector Fuller is in heaven, writing pink scrolls a mile wide with a celestial paint gun. To-day, when the suggestion is made to Mayor LaGuardia that the city kick up its official heels in welcoming some one, the reply is more likely than not to be a simple, contemptuous "Nuts!"

WHEN A MUG DIES

THERE once was a tough picaroon in Chicago named Dion O'Bannion. He was a gangster. He ran a florist shop, advised with the feudal newspaper proprietors of that city on labor and circulation problems, and was connected with various rackets and intrigues. Then he was killed, shot down in his florist shop. His funeral was magnificent, and historically important, for it set the style in gangster funerals. From that time on, particularly up to the end of prohibition, the families, satraps and legionnaires of slain mob chieftains tried to outdo each other in giving splendiferous and costly funerals.

Chicago, as usual in matters concerning underworld customs, was several months ahead of New York. The first really grand funeral of an Eastern racket tycoon was that of Frankie Uale (usually spelled "Yale"), which was held in Brooklyn on July 5, 1927. It was said that Uale had read of the gorgeous obsequies of O'Bannion and had expressed the wish that when the time came for him—and he felt that sooner or later he would be murdered—he would be honored with a funeral just as good, or, if possible, better.

Frankie got his wish. He was buried in a silver

coffin reputed to have cost $15,000, although undertakers and the friends of slain mugs are notorious liars about figures. There was a five-mile funeral parade through the streets of Brooklyn, where Uale had been, if not the biggest shot, certainly one of the most powerful. His two widows rode in the procession. Thirty-eight automobiles were filled with flowers, tributes from friends, relatives and fellow-racketeers who had been "invited" by the Uale lieutenants to send floral pieces.

Historians of such matters believe that a curious manifestation of the reactions experienced by the family and associates of murdered gangsters made its first appearance at Uale's funeral, and thereafter became the usual thing. It was a floral clock, made of blue and white violets, with gold hands set at 4:10, the exact time at which Uale had been shot down on a Sunday afternoon while driving through a quiet Brooklyn street in his shiny new automobile. The clock style became part of the panoply of underworld funerals. Apparently a gangster's family and friends are inclined to be sentimental about the exact time he was shot down.

The flowers at Uale's funeral, it was estimated, cost $37,000. One small, oblong pillow of deep red roses bore a ribbon on which was inscribed the somewhat ominous message: "We'll See Them, Kid." Other pieces included a twenty-foot cross with a ribbon in-

scribed, "Sympathy, Friend." A ten-foot lyre was inscribed "Love, Pal." A twelve-foot tower of roses carried the words "Good-by, Old Timer." There also was a ponderous bleeding heart of pink roses, with the drops outlined in deep red roses and a dagger of lavender and white violets plunged into its center. On the pink ribbon tied to the handle of the dagger appeared the inscription, "From Your Wife and Little Girls."

The "wife" referred to was Uale's first wife, Maria, mother of his two small daughters, whom he had divorced a year before. The second widow at the funeral was Luceida Uale, who said he had married her in a civil ceremony. She drove up to the funeral parlors where Uale's body had been on view for several days in the company of "Little Augie" Pisano, an associate of Uale.

Another floral piece was an eighteen-foot tower of red and white roses inscribed merely with the initials "F. Y." Uale preferred the "Yale" spelling. A massive piece of roses and carnations was from "The Boys," which means it came from men who had been visited in hangouts and speakeasies and informed in a polite way that the chief's friends were thinking of getting some flowers for the funeral. The "boys" knew it was policy to come across with $150 or $200.

Uale's friends saw to it that he had a caisson to take his coffin to the church and the cemetery. A

touring car with a specially built wooden platform on it drove up outside the funeral parlor in Lafayette Street the morning of the funeral. A carpet of orchids and smilax hung down both sides of the improvised caisson and eleven professional pallbearers lugged the heavy coffin out and placed it on the platform. A blanket of roses was laid on the coffin.

As the funeral cortège moved off on the two-mile trip to St. Rosalia's Roman Catholic Church, through streets lined with thousands, Uale's divorced wife and his mother rode in the first automobile. A Harlem racketeer known as "The Wolf" rode in the second; "Little Augie" and Luceida Uale in the third.

At the church, where Uale was said to have been a generous contributor, a solemn requiem mass was said for the repose of his soul, and then the cortège moved off, traversing three miles to reach the grave in Holy Cross Cemetery. The mourners at the grave were restricted to the family and 112 selected men "mourners." To each of these a master of ceremonies gave a single bloom, saying, "Toss it in, buddy, when I give the signal." He gave the signal and the faithful 112 tossed their flowers on top of the coffin.

The coffin, which was described as being of 14-guage German silver, lined with copper, was said to have been paid for with fifteen $1,000 bills. Those who saw Uale's body in the coffin say that it was clad in a tuxedo suit and that he clutched a gold rosary

in one hand. With an ultimate bit of swank, he held a pair of gray suede gloves in the other hand. The "boys" were pleased. Frankie had outdone O'Bannion.

A few months later it was learned that Uale's first wife, who claimed his estate, had only $500 in the bank and was working from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M. in a clothing factory. Soon after Uale's death she had claimed at Brooklyn Police Headquarters a diamond ring valued at $3,000, a belt buckle set with seventy-five small diamonds valued at $3,000, a pearl stickpin worth $500 and about $2,000 in cash and checks which had been found on Uale's body. A final accounting of the estate showed that debts had reduced the estate to a little more than $3,000. The first wife's lawyer alleged that the second wife had got all the big money—if, indeed, Uale ever had any vast fortune. In any event it was a grand funeral.

The next gangster funeral of real impressiveness was that of Joseph Catania, known as "Joe the Baker," a Bronx racketeer, bootlegger, bookmaker and active figure in the wine-grape and policy industries. He was buried on February 7, 1931, four days after he had been shot and killed as he was coming out of a candy and tobacco store on Belmont Avenue, the Bronx.

Again it was said that his funeral outdid O'Bannion's. His coffin, it was said, cost $15,000, and was

of solid bronze with silver drop sides. His flowers slightly exceeded those of the Uale funeral in number, filling forty automobiles, beating the Uale mark by two cars. O'Bannion had only twenty-six automobiles.

"Yes," said Dominick Scocozza, the undertaker, "it was a much bigger funeral than O'Bannion's." It was the biggest funeral ever held in the Bronx and one of the biggest ever held in the city. It cost all of $40,000.

Police said 10,000 people were in and around Catania's apartment in Belmont Avenue the morning of the funeral. The flowers filled the home and three vacant apartments in the same building. Many of the larger pieces were hoisted to the roof and stored there.

A monolith of red roses with ribbon streamers was the contribution of the widow of Joe the Baker. There was a vacant chair five and a half feet high and five feet across made of red roses, with the legs in Japanese lilies and the arms outlined in white and red carnations. There were also a broken column of Easter lilies and roses nine feet high and a six-foot square pillow of Japanese lilies and roses. When the coffin was closed it was covered with a blanket of white carnations with a cross of red roses in the center and embroidery of orchids and sweet peas at the corners. Five funeral directors were kept busy, to-

gether with strong-arm men, to keep the crowds moving. Everybody wanted to linger and see if they could find the bullet holes, which had been concealed with great cleverness.

Ten men were needed to carry the coffin to the hearse. At the Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel in the Bronx a solemn requiem mass was said for Joe the Baker. His body was placed in a temporary grave; later it was removed to a $20,000 mausoleum which he had ordered built a short time before his death. Joe was a nephew of the extremely able Ciro Terranova, the "Artichoke King," who was once accused of making a contract to pay $20,000 for the murders of Uale and Frank Marlow, another racketeer, and then of arranging the robbery of a dinner party in an attempt to recover the contract.

Guiseppe Masseria, New York agent of Al Capone and a power in the Sicilian Union, was known as "Joe the Boss." He was shot and killed in a Coney Island speakeasy as he was playing cards with some friends on the afternoon of April 15, 1931. He ran a racing book, was part owner of a Third Avenue crap game, and with "Little Augie" Pisano was said to own twenty-one race horses. He also dabbled in the policy game. He had been an enemy of the "Artichoke King" for ten years. He was shot while his armored automobile, in which he always rode, was waiting outside the speakeasy.

The coffin of Joe the Boss, said to be of solid bronze, silver lined, cost $15,000, according to A. Provenzano, the undertaker. The police, suspicious, said the cost was nearer $3,000. Joe's funeral was held April 20, 1931. For some reason the family wanted the public to believe that he was being buried without a mass. The cortège left the apartment where he lived in West Eighty-first Street and headed in the direction of the lower East Side, from which section Joe originally had come. On the way down, however, it stopped at the Church of Mary, Help of Christians, in East Twelfth Street, and a funeral mass was said.

Joe's funeral was marred by the absence of many of his gangster friends, who probably expected trouble. However, sixteen automobiles of flowers were in the procession, including huge wreaths, ten-foot clocks of lilies and roses with the hands pointing to 3:20, the hour of the murder. There were twenty-four automobiles for mourners, but six of them were empty. Joe was buried in Calvary Cemetery.

Another gangster who achieved a certain high tone in death was Daniel J. Iamascia, Bronx beer runner and right hand man of the famous Dutch Schultz (Arthur Flegenheimer). Danny was shot and killed in June, 1931, by a detective as he was leaving Schultz's hideaway apartment at 1212 Fifth Avenue. Danny lay in a silver coffin which was supposed to have cost $15,000. The coffin glinted magnificently

in the sunlight as it was carried out by eight pall-bearers, who placed it in a white hearse under an enormous wreath sent by Dutch Schultz and Ciro Terranova. In the cortège were seventy-five hired automobiles, fifty private automobiles and thirty-five cars filled with flowers. Schultz and Terranova were not present, though the "Artichoke King" sent the largest floral piece there—a gate, fifteen feet high, made of lilies, roses and carnations. Dominick Scocozza, the undertaker, said it symbolized the gates of heaven.

Danny's mother contributed the inevitable clock, the hands made of rose stems and pointing to 6:10, the hour at which the detective's bullet mowed down her son. Schultz sent a large bouquet shaped like a diamond and also a cross of red roses with a white stuffed pigeon attached to the middle of the cross and the inscription, "Sympathy." Other inscriptions of flowers included "Dear Pal," "From His Loving Wife," "From the Boys," "From a Respectful Pal," "From Your Best Pal," and "Why Did It Have To Be You Danny?"

Admission to the Iamascia home in the Bronx was by card only. Fear of some of Danny's enemies may have been responsible for this precaution, because three young men occasionally pulled aside the curtains on a second-story window and carefully scrutinized the crowd of 6,000 herded in the street outside. The coffin lid was engraved with Iamascia's name in gold

letters and the body was taken to the Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Only a low mass was said, the officials of the archdiocese having become pretty tired of the solemn high requiem mass being said for slain gangsters. A few racketeers were at the funeral, but the more notorious friends of Danny, the family said, had been asked "in a nice way" not to attend. A detective at the funeral said one of the racketeer mourners told him a funny story.

"I asked him how his business was," said the detective, "and he said the racket was so bad it reminded him of the dead man who rose up in his casket and fired three of the pallbearers." Danny's body was taken to St. Raymond's Cemetery in the Bronx. The day before his death he had purchased twenty plots in the cemetery and ordered a $20,000 mausoleum erected for himself. Scocozza the undertaker said it was "the most perfectly planned gangster funeral" he had ever seen, being exceeded in magnificence only by his previous job, the burial of Joe the Baker.

Experts are inclined to doubt that all the coffins used in such funerals were really as costly as the family, friends and undertakers contended. They say that a gangster wouldn't want a solid bronze coffin because it isn't flashy enough. He wants one that glitters with a silver tone that is sprayed on like paint, or a silver plate. These cost from $400 to $3,000.

One explanation of the ornate funerals is that the

dead man and his friends often were of Italian descent, with the natural love of that race for display. Another reason is that most of them were rather powerful leaders who, although they made many enemies, also had many friends who remained loyal to death. The lone wolf, the selfish man, the man without an organization behind him, or the ordinary killer, rarely received more than a small quiet funeral. That was true of Arnold Rothstein, who was hated by most of the underworld; "Legs" Diamond, whose cruelty and meanness had made him both feared and hated; and Larry Fay, who, though a pleasant enough fellow, was for the most part a lone entrepreneur. After his death (he was killed by a drunken night club doorman) his wife, a former show girl from whom he was separated, had a funeral notice inserted in the papers. One line read: "Please omit flowers." The day of mortuary ostentation was over.

LIFE ON THE AIR

RADIO, which sometimes calls itself the Fifth Estate, is in some respects more important than the newspapers in molding public opinion and influencing the taste of the masses. Its position to-day is not altogether happy. The industry is bedeviled by most of the press, which realizes that radio in 1934 diverted about $77,000,000 worth of advertising from the newspapers and magazines.

Other troubles of the radio people include the persistent and often unreasonable squawks from depression-bitten commercial sponsors, the activity of the Federal Communications Commission which has the power to silence stations by revoking licenses, and fractious and highly articulate listeners who blame the radio for everything from children's nightmares to the dust storms in the Middle West. Thus the whole industry, reasonably enough, is touchy, and guilty of many inconsistencies.

One curious inconsistency, which many thoughtful students of such matters believe to exist, is that the radio people have an intense dislike for the listening public, even though they know that without listeners the industry would perish. Broadcasters are inclined to blame the public for most of their trou-

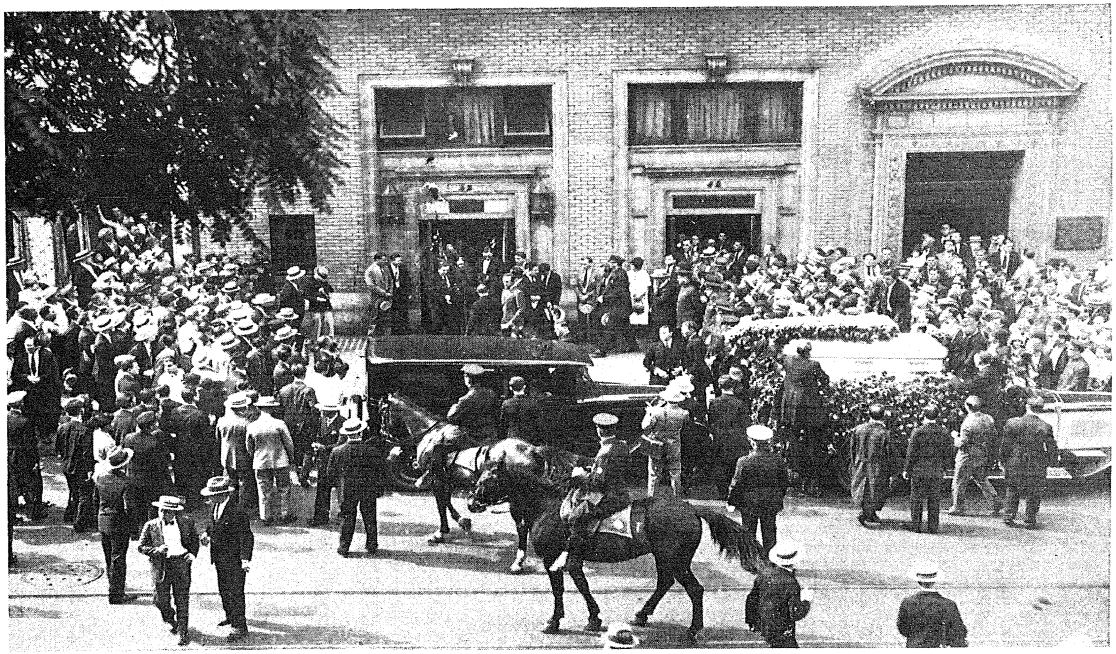


Photo by Acme Newspictures, Inc.

FUNERAL OF A BAD MAN

The ornate and costly coffin containing the body of Frankie Uale (Yale), murdered by rival mobsters, being carried from his home in Brooklyn, New York.

Photo © by International News Photos, Inc.

REUNION IN CLEVELAND

Rudy Vallee and his wife, Fay Webb, back together again after many weeks of separation. This reconciliation didn't last long.

bles, possibly the result of criticism from the Women's National Radio Committee and other groups of listeners.

This contempt for the customer afflicts the uniformed pages at the offices of the National Broadcasting Company, who herd visiting yokels at forty cents a head through a maze of studios and gadgets. It afflicts even Rudy Vallee, who writes in a publicity questionnaire: "The thing I like best about radio is that one is not forced at the time of work to listen to the approval or disapproval of the audience." Even the handsome hostesses, who for $20 a week sit on the second floor to direct messenger boys and announce callers, appear to regard the public with a peculiar malevolence. These girls will pop out at a visitor with a business-like but somewhat menacing, "Whom do you wish to see?"

Broadcasters have learned from numerous statistical surveys that the average mental age of radio audiences is thirteen years, and programs are built on this assumption. Complaints from this army of listeners usually get the suave run-around, and are acknowledged with one of twelve brief form letters filed with the head of the mail department. These letters ignore specific questions and never commit the company to definite statements of policy.

Fan mail from this same public, however, is prized highly, and is used as a convincer to get a sponsor

to sign. Technically, fan mail belongs to the artist to whom it is addressed, but once a commercial program is on the air, fan mail is sorted by residence districts and used by the sponsor to promote the sale of his product. Such mail often is of great value. In 1928 Cities Service wrote to NBC:

"Our securities department has felt the effect of our broadcasting in no uncertain manner. . . . A mailing list of over 10,000 names has been compiled from letters received from the radio audience asking for information about Cities Service Securities. While it is true that many of the letters praising Cities Service concerts were written by young people not in a position to buy our products, yet a large number are promising prospects for the future."

The sponsor is the real boss of broadcasting. He is interested in public reactions only in terms of sales curves. Radio may be described as "a public service and a public trust," but every broadcaster's aim is to get and please as many commercial sponsors as possible. One executive of a broadcasting company, speaking "off the record," said:

"Since the public doesn't pay for radio programs they ought to take what they can get and like it. No hard-headed business man is going to buy expensive time on the air unless he can be assured that it will increase his business. Listeners who write in

complaining about programs ought to be required to enclose box tops with their letters."

William S. Paley, the energetic and highly successful president of CBS, told the Federal Communications Commission in October, 1934:

"We have our esthetic ideals, and often we work with the enthusiasm that can only fill you when you feel you're engaged in a socially useful task that is larger even than yourself. Nevertheless we can never forget that radio broadcasting also involves an economic problem. That is, it must be self-supporting. It must render a service so important that some one at least must be willing to pay for it."

The Federal Communications Commission must be addressed in delicate language. The radio act states that broadcasting stations must be operated in the "public interest, convenience and necessity." Court decisions have stretched the definition of public interest to include service to listeners and protection against fraud, particularly patent medicine and health quacks. Since station licenses must be renewed every six months, the commission can exercise a pretty close censorship over broadcasting. It has the power to suspend licenses until questionable stations can prove that they are operating in the public interest.

The new chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, Anning S. Prall, already has terrified some of the vested radio interests. For example, in

May, 1935, the commission suspended the licenses of twenty-one stations and ordered them to appear and prove that their continued operation would be in the public interest. These stations carried an hour sponsored by Marmola, a dietless obesity cure composed almost entirely of thyroid extract. This product has been barred from the mails as a fraudulent and dangerous nostrum. Frightened by the action of the commission, sixteen stations canceled their Marmola contracts. They were forgiven and their licenses restored. The other five await a hearing.

Mr. Prall, in common with millions of other Americans, dislikes most medical continuities on the air, particularly the laxative programs. Both NBC and CBS contend they never wanted laxative accounts, but with the depression they had to take whatever advertising they could get. Thus, when a young couple switched on the radio for some dance music, they would receive a horrendous description of the havoc wrought by constipation, and what to do about it. Listeners were reminded by coy announcers, "If nature forgets, remember—"

The Ex-Lax programs were wonderful. Some genius invented "Madame X, the Ex-Lax Reporter," and put her on the air to convince the public that this laxative was just what they needed. She told the reactions of solid citizens before and after taking.

The radio is supposed to have sold forty million boxes of Ex-Lax in a year.

Other nostrums, notably Crazy Water Crystals and Fletcher's Castoria, were put on the air in programs that caused the public to wince. Broadcasters finally admitted that "complaints from listeners against unpleasant discussions of bodily symptoms have been steadily mounting." Then CBS made a heroic gesture. Mr. Paley, president, announced in May, 1935, that his company had "set higher standards than broadcasting has ever attempted before." They renounced their lucrative laxative accounts and stated that after June 30, "laxatives as such or laxative properties in any other product" would not be aired. Exceptions were made for existing contracts, some of which run until March, 1936.

The company further announced that it would permit no broadcast for any product which describes "graphically or repellently any internal bodily functions, symptomatic results of internal disturbances, or matters which are not generally considered acceptable topics in social groups."

The Ex-Lax people quit the Columbia network in a huff, although its contract lasted until February, 1936. The firm planned to do "spot" broadcasting over sixty stations east of the Rockies. Thus the public will still have to listen to the boosts for Ex-Lax, like it or not. NBC still carries more laxative ac-

counts than Columbia, and apparently does not intend to give them up. Fleischmann's Yeast, with the great Rudy Vallee, is really a laxative account. One yeast program had a romantic interlude with a boy and girl sitting close together in the moonlight, with the tag line, "Darling, if you're constipated, take Fleischmann's Yeast."

Broadcasters are particularly afraid of the use of the name of the Deity, off-color songs, and the more forthright aspects of sex. And yet sex is one of the mainstays of the industry. Columbia's Lysol program, "Rhythm at Eight," with Ethel Merman and Al Goodman's orchestra, presented a delicate problem. One program began with the dignified announcement that " 'Rhythm at Eight' is brought to you by the makers of Lysol." Then Miss Merman sang, "I've got rhythm! I've got my man! Who can ask for anything more?" The next commercial plug stressed the value of Lysol as a household disinfectant, and then Miss Merman sang, "Hurray for Love!" In the next plug listeners were advised to "use Lysol in spots where germs lurk."

Although neither of the large networks has yet accepted liquor accounts (Mr. Prall wouldn't like it), they are eager for advertisements of various frothy, bubbling drinks to correct "over-acidity resulting from excess." The Bromo-Seltzer hour with Nils T. Granlund (N. T. G.) is one of the flashiest of these

and illustrates an important point in the psychology of radio advertising. Next to repetition, the cardinal principle of designing profitable broadcasts is to design a program that ties in closely with the product in the public mind and reaches that section in the audience which are prospective customers. Obviously the Good Time Charlies of the night clubs are better Bromo-Seltzer prospects than the clodhoppers who listen to the National Farm and Home Hour.

Two commercial products, Haley's C T C and Kreml Hair Tonic, are co-sponsors for the amazingly popular Voice of Experience, which is heard for fifteen minutes over WABC (Columbia) every noon except Saturdays and Sundays. On Sunday evenings he again takes to the air. This Experience fellow is a great showman, combining the best features of Dorothy Dix, Emily Post, the Legal Aid Society, your favorite pastor, Sigmund Freud, Beatrice Fairfax and the mellower side of Arthur Brisbane. No human woe is too sordid, no human aspiration too sacred, no difficulty too insoluble, for him to discuss over the air. His delivery is better emotionally than Father Coughlin's, and equals Harry Emerson Fosdick's for practical briskness.

Mr. Experience doesn't mind slipping in testimonials between the most harrowing tear-jerkers. One day, after disposing of the problems of a downtrodden mother, he began another letter which ran

something like this: "Dear Voice of Experience: I asked my druggist what was good to take for acidity. He recommended Haley's C T C and I feel so good I had to write and tell you about it." This speaker writes booklets which he retails to his audience at ten cents each. One of the most popular is on the inferiority complex. The Voice's real name is M. Sayle Taylor. Before radio he was known around Broadway as "Doc" Taylor, and was associated with a producer of films to which some squeamish people objected. He also had differences of opinion with the American Medical Association.

Another popular philosopher, one Cheerio, whose real name is the most closely guarded official secret of NBC, which admits only that he is a close friend of former Secretary of the Navy Wilbur and Herbert Hoover, holds the world's record for unsolicited fan mail. He dishes out his stuff, mixed with music and singing birds, every morning except Sunday at 8:30. He is the sentimental favorite of early risers and other doltish and neurasthenic people.

Edgar A. Guest, the Detroit boy who is described by his sponsors as the "Poet of the People," is popular with the strange folk who like to stay home. This gentle bard, according to the advertising director of the Household Finance Corporation, a money-lending company, has done more than any other man in America to bring customers. The director, in describing

the infinite pains which went into the building of the program for the money-lending company, once said: "The striking thing about the entire program is that to the casual observer it contains not a trace of commercialism."

NBC once devised a program to sell a skin preparation called Ambrosia to the women of America. Scheduled for a late hour in the evening, it featured a soft-voiced pleading young tenor, who was known simply as "Your Lover." The broadcasting company refused to divulge the name of the dream man, on the plea that some women pictured their ideal lover as tall and blond, others as dark and passionate, and that it wouldn't be fair to disillusion any of them.

This genius actually made love over the microphone, and it was enormously effective in selling the skin preparation. "Your Lover" turned out to be Frank Luther, who used to be a street corner evangelist.

It has proved extremely difficult for radio to play up the essentially comic aspects of sex. For example, one of the brightest spots in "As Thousands Cheer" was Ethel Waters's "Heat Wave" song, with the immortal line about "making her seat wave to show that she still can can." On the air this became "making her feet wave." Nevertheless the straightforward song which runs "All through the night I held you

close" went on the air thousands of times, with no one suffering a twinge of conscience.

It is part of radio history that Ted Husing once described a football team as "putrid," which caused dreadful uproar. The word "lousy," for years part of the language of perhaps 90 per cent of Americans, was barred for a long time, but now it may be used sparingly. One of Beatrice Lillie's first broadcasts contained several references to "the old bach-elor" and other words somewhat similar to "bastard," which caused consternation among the more delicate bosses of radio.

The dressing-room remark of Max Baer after he lost the heavyweight championship of the world was another body blow at purity on the ether. Speaking of the new champion, James J. Braddock, Baer said: "Well, he's got a wife and children. Maybe I've got children, too, out over the country, only I don't know it." This remark, interpreted as an affront to virtually everything sacred, did more to make Baer unpopular with the masses than his lackadaisical showing in the ring. And yet, a large part of Baer's fan mail comes from women.

Edna Wallace Hopper, the eternal flapper, manages to cram a fair amount of sex into her breathless sales talks. She first used the deathless and effective phrase about "purging the pores."

Of course, the vast number of children who listen

in on the radio forces the broadcasters to be careful, and makes them the target of every down-at-heel reformer and parents' organization in the country. Programs for children are a terrific problem. Many radio executives admit frankly that they will not permit the children of their own families to listen to juvenile broadcasts. Others feel that most mothers ought to be grateful to radio because the late afternoon broadcasts keep the children quiet and out of the way while dinner is being prepared. On CBS eight themes are barred from children's programs. They are:

1. The exalting as modern heroes of gangsters, criminals and racketeers.

2. Disrespect for either parental or other proper authority.

3. Cruelty, greed and selfishness as worthy motivations.

4. Programs that arouse harmful nervous reactions in children.

5. Conceit, smugness, or an unwarranted sense of superiority over others less fortunate.

6. Recklessness and abandon falsely identified with the healthy spirit of adventure.

7. Unfair exploitation of others for personal gain.

8. Dishonesty or deceit made attractive to the child.

Political speeches couched in fiery phrases also cause

much worry. A copy of General Hugh S. Johnson's powerful attack on Father Coughlin and Huey Long was received at the office of NBC two hours before the General was due to deliver it. A man in the press department instantly recognized that it was live news, but probably dangerous. He took it up with the vice-president in charge, and after some discussion the vice-president decided that "the matter had not been officially brought to his attention," and that therefore he could not be held liable for it.

Radio has not been without its miracles. In the summer of 1934 the Rev. Harold L. Lindquist went on the air in Chicago and offered a five-minute prayer for rain. An hour later it rained. Mr. Lindquist came back the next day, said it hadn't rained quite enough, and offered to pray for more. The station, not too sure of its pull with God, declined to repeat the stunt.

There is something about the radio industry, like show business, and the motion pictures, which produces an eerie, unreal atmosphere and transforms men, ordinarily sensible, into charmingly goofy personalities. The sponsors probably are the strangest. An efficient clothespin manufacturer, who seeks to buy time on the air, will come to New York, inspect the magnificent studios, meet some of the stars, listen to flattery from the girls, and the first thing any one knows he insists on taking charge of the whole pro-

gram. More, he honestly fancies himself a Max Reinhardt, with overtones of Belasco and Jake Shubert. It is a common belief that the sponsor's wife, usually back home behaving herself, has a big hand in selecting the musical part of the programs.

Sponsors are extremely fussy over the way their sales messages are read over the air. There was trouble when John S. Young at NBC read the plug for an anti-freeze mixture as a "sure-freeze" mixture. Graham McNamee, plugging a gasoline, once called it "gasaloon." And back in the Hoover era, CBS was mortified because an announcer said: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States, Hubert Heever."

Broadcasting companies, like motion picture studios and newspaper offices, are troubled by visits from cranks and neurotics. There was the woman afflicted with sleeping sickness who crashed the office of Miss Ann Honeycutt at Columbia with a proposal for a bedtime story hour. She was carted away to Bellevue Hospital. There was the medium who offered to put the ghosts of the elder J. P. Morgan and Jay Gould on the air in connection with a program of financial advice. William J. Thomas at NBC tells of the representative of a nudist colony who wanted to do a descriptive broadcast for publicity purposes. He was advised to wait for television. An assistant at the Columbia School of Journalism was broke and needed

an appendicitis operation. He proposed to NBC that he take a local anesthetic and broadcast his sensations and experiences into a microphone suspended above the operating table. This proposal was seriously considered for a time, and then dropped on the ground that it might bring unfavorable publicity.

Perhaps the perfect example of the radio star is Rudy Vallee. Many men don't like him, but, even though he is not referred to any more as "The Vagabond Lover," women still follow him around in droves. Once a mild, respectable-looking little woman arrived at the studio hours early to hear the Vallee broadcast. Although standing at the head of the line of ticket holders she seemed afraid she might not get to see Rudy after all. She bent down and bit the hand of a doorman who was blocking her way.

There is nothing very remarkable about Vallee. He is a hard working young man, good looking, serious, who believes he has made a considerable success out of life. He was born in 1901 in Vermont and grew up in Westbrook, Maine, where his father had a drug store. Nothing unusual happened to him until he went to the University of Maine and bought a saxophone. The next year he went to Yale, where he passed four years, playing for dances. After graduation in 1928 he took his orchestra, which he called the Connecticut Yankees, and got a job playing late dance music at the Heigh Ho, a New York night club,

which was broadcast over WABC. Vallee sang the choruses in a soft voice. For the benefit of his visible audience he bought a megaphone and half-sang, half-whispered, the current songs. That's how crooning was born. Vallee says that one of the things he likes about radio is "the fact that it is not necessary for me to exert myself vocally."

Vallee's chief recreation is a rustic lodge on a lake near Portland, Maine. It is a comfortable layout capable of accommodating from fifteen to twenty persons. On the night table beside the bed of each guest is a little birch-bound volume entitled "Lodge Logic and Your Eccentric Host." It reads:

"It is a great deal to expect of an individual when through taking a shower to put the used towel in the hamper and then to reach into the closet for a new one, to put it on the towel rack for the next guest. But your host is just MAD enough to expect just that. . . . In this modern age of extreme laziness, it is difficult just what final caution to leave. . . . It used to be 'Do as you would at HOME!' But after seeing how untidy some people are in their homes, that is a bad injunction. PLEASE READ ON.

"FIRST GENERAL RULE: Kindly put back things where and as you find them. DON'T OVER-EAT, OVER-DRINK, OVER-EXERCISE.

"Don't throw large pieces of paper or bulky things into the toilet.

"DON'T TALK loudly early in the morning . . . as noise travels easily through thin walls . . . SOME ONE MIGHT WANT TO SLEEP.

"Incidentally the organ is a very delicate instrument. Don't learn on this one.

"SERVANTS ARE NOT HERE TO—Put caps and stoppers back on tubes of shaving cream, bottles of liquid vaseline, mouthwash, etc.—or to pull back and chain up shower curtains after you shower—or to pick up your cigar ends, chewing gum papers, strands of hair and hairpins.

"WALTER B. PITKIN SAYS LIFE BEGINS AT VACATION TIME. The supreme secret of vacationing is relaxation. DON'T TALK shop. At least twice a day STRETCH! Do it in bed—on the beach. Stretch as the cat does—as the dog does—but stretch. Try to take a siesta every afternoon. Stay limp when awake whenever possible. SO TO SUM UP, RELAX. STRETCH LIKE THE CAT DOES. . . . OFTEN AND COMPLETELY.

"FINAL GENERAL RULE: KINDLY PUT BACK THINGS WHERE AND AS YOU FIND THEM.

"OF COURSE, GENTLE READER, THE PRECEDING SUGGESTIONS WERE NOT INTENDED FOR YOU. I AM SURE YOU WOULD HAVE FOLLOWED THEM NATURALLY ANYWAY."

THE SWEETEST STORY EVER TOLD

MISS DORIS WARNER, tall and pretty, daughter of Harry M. Warner of the Warner Brothers clan, was married to Mervyn LeRoy, motion picture director, on January 2, 1934, at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, far from the lush scenes of Hollywood. However, the New York *Daily Mirror,* which is usually pretty accurate on that sort of thing, reported that they were married in a setting which "made even movie magnates gasp." This went contrary to the prediction of the *Morning Telegraph,* the Bible of the bangtails, which said on the morning of the wedding: "In contrast to the over-publicized weddings which seem Hollywood's idea of a start in matrimony, the Mervyn LeRoy-Doris Warner nuptials late this afternoon will be a most quiet and decorous affair."

What, as Pilate the incomparable wisecracker was wont to inquire, is truth? It probably lies somewhere between the *Mirror* and the *Telegraph.* But on with the dance. Certainly a number of innovations enlivened and embellished the traditional Jewish ceremony. Four of the Waldorf's largest connecting halls were rented by the bride's parents at a cost of about $5,000, a figure which includes rental, service

and catering, but not flowers, music and liquor. The wedding sort of overflowed from one hall to another.

The ceremony, which was performed by Rabbi Fineberg of Temple Mt. Semech at Mount Vernon, New York, took place on a dais in the room known as the Astor Gallery. All of the architectural details of the room were blocked out by decorations to give the effect of a sunken garden. The walls were masked with cedars, some of which, according to at least one captious observer, were fake. The floor was carpeted with artificial grass of a light green. Flanked by two arches of calla lilies, a white pergola (referred to by some of the hotel help as "pagoda") complete with columns and trellis stood on the grass-covered platform. Beneath the pergola stood a table covered with a long white damask cloth and decorated with two red candles. Behind the table a microphone sprouted from the grassy floor to the level of the bride's head.

The entire ceremony was picked up by this microphone and sent out over a private telephone wire to the home of the bride's paternal grandparents in Hollywood, where it was amplified by a sound projector. At the close of the service the grandparents, who also had a microphone, gave the bridal couple their blessing, which was heard through the amplifier in the Astor Gallery. The effect of this is said to have been so startling that one of the observers exclaimed, "What hath God wrought!"

In addition to the telephone engineers, a Vitaphone camera and sound crew were at work during the ceremony. According to the *Herald Tribune's* account, "The ceremony was accompanied at intervals by the music of three violins and a harp, the spluttering of floodlights, and the clicking of sound motion picture cameras. For a wedding present Mr. Warner is presenting to his daughter and her husband a complete sound film record of the ceremony."

It would have been next to useless to have attempted to disguise the activities of these technicians. The flood and spotlights, with "Vitaphone" stenciled over them in large white letters, were set up on each side of the room, and crackled and sizzled merrily while Rabbi Fineberg intoned the service. The Waldorf's patrician crystal chandeliers were not lighted at all. The motion picture lighting brought the figures of the bridal couple into sharp relief. The bride, a slender, vivid brunette, appeared considerably taller than the bridegroom, who is known by Hollywood gossip writers as "a great little guy on both camera coasts." All photographs of the couple were taken with a flight of stairs behind them and the bride's train covering the feet of the contracting parties.

The bride was dressed in flesh-colored sauvage velvet (a high quality transparent velvet). Her gown, cut on Grecian lines, boasted a double train five feet long in the same velvet. The bridal costume

was completed by velvet slippers, a coronet-type cap, over which the wedding veil of flesh-tint Brussels lace was draped, and gloves of the same lace. The cost of the gown, exclusive of the lace, was estimated by the New York *Times,* probably the world's greatest financial authority, to be $450. The bride carried a round bouquet of pink camellias. In addition to the pearls and her engagement ring, the bride wore a dozen diamond bracelets, described in the tabloid as "blazing."

The bride's trousseau, which was created by Mrs. Sonia Rosenberg, one of the genuinely great women of these times, at an estimated cost of $18,000, contained forty complete outfits, numerous negligées and pajamas, and hundreds of pieces of lingerie. The dominant color scheme of the trousseau was the same pink as the wedding gown. Mrs. Rosenberg, who used to dress Theda Bara and who in 1935 added Mrs. Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt, Lady Furness and a Polish Countess to her staff, remembers with particular fondness a striking brown net evening gown with gold crossbars, a light blue velvet negligée with duchesse lace appliqué, and a robe de nuit trimmed with Brussels lace from the same piece as the wedding veil, with "panties, bras and slip to match." Mrs. Rosenberg, who says that in her secret heart she would "rather dress blondes than brunettes, because some way the blondes look more virginal," told reporters after the wedding that Mrs. LeRoy's trousseau

was so well-planned that on her honeymoon (or "wedding trip," as the *Herald Tribune* insists), which was a four months' round the world cruise on the *Empress of Britain*, she could wear and discard, if whimsy made her choose, a new outfit every three days.

Miss Warner was attended by Miss Gwen Heller, her maid of honor, who wore a form-fitting princess gown of blue crystal velvet with a double train, a large diamond brooch, and a bouquet of deep pink camellias. Two children were the bride's only other attendants—seven-year-old Leta Warner, a cousin, the ring-bearer, who wore a blue taffeta period dress, and a thirteen-year-old sister, Betty, a flower bearer who wore blue point d'esprit and lace.

The bride's mother, who sat in the first row of the Waldorf's green and silver chairs, wore a white evening gown and cape-jacket completely covered with crystal beads. Two hundred guests crouched and sat in the rows on chairs roped off with white silk ribbons, suspended, according to one account, "in undulating arcs from white standards which were decked individually with dozens of white roses."

Among the guests the harried and punch-drunk reporters were able to recognize were Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Zukor, Mr. and Mrs. Will H. Hays, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Pearl, Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Cantor, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Muni, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Stebbins, Mr.

and Mrs. Al Lichtman, Mr. and Mrs. Moe Silver, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Sullivan, and Mr. and Mrs. George O'Brien.

The *Mirror* completed its account of the wedding with the observation that "later the bride and bridegroom went to their triple suite, where they will remain until they sail on the S.S. *Empress of Britain* on January 4 for a world cruise."

At the time of the marriage LeRoy gave his age as 33. The bride was 21. On June 30, 1932, LeRoy was divorced from Edna Murphy, actress, one of his former leading ladies. The first Mrs. LeRoy charged desertion, declaring that on May 25, 1931, LeRoy packed his clothes and told her he would never return. Miss Murphy was to get a generous cut of his salary of $1,750 a week. In December, 1932, Regina Carewe in the New York *American* described LeRoy as "bronzed, lithe, youthful . . . master of the megaphone . . . just a young feller trying to get along, he'd have you believe, willing to listen and anxious to learn."

After the wedding trip LeRoy was interviewed by the New York *Sun,* which said:

"That world cruise had a peculiar reaction on Mervyn LeRoy. That slim young man who's finally to outgrow the title of Hollywood's boy director admits most bashfully that he didn't get any thrill of surprise about visiting distant ports. 'They all

looked,' he explained, 'just like movie sets. Honest, you know, I'd seen them all before. We've made pictures of them so often. . . . I couldn't get a kick out of a street in China. It looked just like that to me, just a street in China. You know we're always building them.' "

Soon after March 5, 1935, many heavily water-marked blue envelopes were delivered by postmen in New York and Hollywood. They contained bulky, be-ribboned announcements, heralding in five pages of verse the arrival of a son at the household of the Mervyn LeRoys. Blue-inked wavering lines, in letters that resembled manuscript writing, and cartoon drawings of type completed the folder.

The first inside page showed a low-slung, drooping-eaved house slightly askew on its foundations, and a young man in his shirt sleeves. It was labeled:

"THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT MERV BUILT."

The second page contained a head of Doris Warner LeRoy with a madonnaesque expression, and the inscription:

"THIS IS THE GIRL THAT LIVES IN THE HOUSE THAT MERV BUILT."

Page three shows proud Papa LeRoy mouthing a cigar and declaring, "IT'S A BOY!", while the facts of life are explained below:

"AND THIS IS THE FATHER, BRAVE AND STRONG,
WHO WAITED AND WORRIED FOR EVER SO LONG,
WHILE HE LIVED WITH THE GIRL
WHO LIVES IN THE HOUSE THAT MERV BUILT."

Stout and short Mama and Papa Warner dance on the sidewalks of New York to the accompaniment of reeling skyscrapers. Papa, in tuxedo and opera hat, conveys the impression of wealth with a glittering diamond shirt stud, heroic size, and gold-headed cane. Mama sparkles beside him in a beaded dress. They are described as:

"THESE ARE THE GRANDPARENTS—WHO CAME FROM NEW YORK,
AND WORRIED AND WAITED AND WELCOMED THE STORK,
WHEN HE BROUGHT THE BABY—(BUT NOT FROM NEW YORK),
TO THE FOLKS IN THE HOUSE THAT MERV BUILT."

The blessed event, wrapped in swaddling clothes and attended by the stork, took the center of page five with the legend:

"AND THIS IS THE BABY, A BUNDLE OF JOY!
HIS NAME IS WARNER LEWIS LEROY—
HE ARRIVED MARCH 5TH—IF IT WERE ONLY JULOY,
WE'D HAVE A WORD THAT RHYMES WITH LEROY—
AND HE'LL LIVE WITH THE GIRL, WHO MARRIED THE MAN,
THAT LIVES IN THE HOUSE THAT MERV BUILT."

Ed Sullivan, columnist of the New York *Daily News,* the tabloid which has the largest circulation in America, received one of the folders. He gave it his accolade by calling it the "cutest of announcements."

TWILIGHT OF A GREAT GAME

THE testimonial business, or racket, received its worst set-back in 1935 because of an extremely unfortunate and embarrassing oversight. It seems that an advertising agency had approached a gentleman jockey of high social rating, and persuaded him to indorse a cigarette. The advertisement carried a picture showing the man in his racing silks, smoking. Apparently no one noticed, until too late, that the jockey was accidentally presented as being blessed with physical proportions of a most extraordinary nature.

As soon as the advertisement appeared in some of the slick-papered magazines, the fat was in the fire. The jockey was deprived of his standing in an exclusive amateur racers' club. He brought suit contending that the advertisement had made him the subject of "innumerable lewd and obscene remarks." Although many of these comments were of a not unflattering nature, he asked for $500,000 damages. The outcome of this suit might have had an important bearing on the future of paid indorsements; however, the case of the gentleman jockey against those who

had solicited his testimonial was dismissed by Federal Judge Patterson.

Already, before the jockey's misadventure, there were signs that the racket was not what it used to be. Harry Bull, editor of a society magazine and well versed in such matters, says that prices for indorsements have slumped because of the large number of persons, women particularly, who are clamoring for the opportunity to indorse anything from bust developers to motor cars. Many women of society, who would have been shocked at such an idea ten years ago, are eager to pose for commercial products—with an only slightly higher fee if the children are included in the group. They are a drug on the market. The dwindling power of paid indorsements was described in 1935 by Mrs. Anna Steese Richardson, who, in a speech before the advertising men and women of St. Louis, said:

"The day is past for selling cold cream, mattresses and cigarettes to the women of the 'sticks' on the testimony of Mrs. Astorbilt. Women laugh at testimonials and when a woman laughs, you look out for her. You may win her over if she is peeved or mad, but God help you if she laughs. Women are frankly bored with most of the drug and medical supply advertising. They are beginning to tire of what you might term seeing the most hygienic details of their lives pictured in advertising. They are tired of the

emphasis placed on sex attraction, lure and glamour. They have become interested in facts. Women want you to be specific in your advertising. If it is a puzzle they want it on the puzzle page. If it's information they want you to say it in words of one syllable."

Whether it is doomed or not, the racket was wonderful while it lasted. It was based upon sound enough psychology. The theory of the indorsement is explained as follows by Stanley Resor, veteran New York advertising man and thinker:

"We want to copy those whom we deem superior in taste, knowledge or experience. The desire to emulate is stronger in women than in men. Lombroso, the celebrated psychologist, explains it in terms of woman's ability to excite her imagination with external objects. It enables her to become a princess or movie queen by using the cold cream or toilet soap they recommend. Finally, people are eternally searching for authority. Democracy, even in name, is new. Royalty, aristocracy, feudalism, dominated the world for scores of centuries, instilling in the masses a sense of inferiority and an instinctive veneration for their betters. This respect for authority is so little discriminating that we listen to a motor maker's opinions of history, an inventor's dicta on religion and a theatrical producer's theories on education."

The precise beginnings of the indorsement racket lie buried in the mists of history. We do know that

Harriet Beecher Stowe indorsed a chocolate; that Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Washington Irving and former President Van Buren spoke highly of a certain asthma remedy; and that George Arliss, along with other actors, indorsed a cigarette as far back as 1905. Until the early 1920's most of the indorsers were professional people, mostly of the theater. Then a cold cream company, backed with plenty of money, went after the society people. It was tough going at first; a spy system had to be worked out to learn the personal whims of various individuals, as well as their financial standing. A woman in need of a little ready cash usually was easy prey. The women were rated at different prices. One of the first important signers was Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, who received $1,000. Mrs. Cornelia Biddle and Julia Hoyt were gathered into camp at a cost of $500 each. Then came the Duchesse de Richelieu, Lady Mountbatten and Mrs. Marshall Field, Sr.

Queen Marie of Rumania, to whom indorsing something was second nature, boosted the cold cream for $2,000 and some trinkets. She said she was going to give the money to a day nursery in Bucharest which needed funds. She was astonished when she learned that some of her admirers believed that she had lowered her dignity. The Queen of Spain is said to have cost $20,000, although much of this money was spent in paving the way, only a part of it finally reaching

the royal purse intact. Miss Anne Morgan signed because she wanted money for her French war charities. Others who signed were Mrs. Condé Nast, Mrs. Adrian Iselin II, Mrs. William E. Borah, Marjorie Oelrichs and all manner of foreign nobility. Curiously, the first families of Boston and Philadelphia were, for the most part, colder than the cream itself, and few indorsements came from these tradition-bound centers.

Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth was stubborn, but finally came through with an indorsement. She told the Associated Press that she had received $5,000 for the indorsement and that she was going to put it away at compound interest until her daughter Paulina came of age. This announcement enraged the advertising people because, incredible as it may seem, many people at that time believed that indorsements were given away. It was a shock to learn that it was all as commercial as selling goods over a counter. Moreover, Mrs. Longworth's statement was extremely costly to the business, since the advertising men could no longer swear to a balky society woman that $1,000 was positively the top price.

The champion of all indorsers, for sheer volume of business, is Constance Talmadge, the motion picture actress. Her manager, Emil Jensen, a man of infinite resource, was requested by Joseph M. Schenck to do something special for a forthcoming picture called

"Breakfast at Sunrise," in which Miss Talmadge was the star. He conceived the idea of getting national advertisers to pay for the promotion of Miss Talmadge's picture; he sent out a notice that she was ready to indorse anything, provided the advertisement would say a few kind words about her. Time was short; the picture was coming out soon; Miss Talmadge herself was on her way to Europe and would be in New York only one day. But Jensen made this one day count.

Into the Talmadge rooms at the Hotel Ambassador in New York came Jensen and his staff of photographers and technicians. All day long the furious indorsing and picture-taking went on. It was an amazing day. Among the items indorsed, with photographs, were candies, beds, wardrobe trunks, soap, creams, electrical apparatus, hosiery, bedroom slippers, corsets, opera cloaks, pianos, radio sets, alarm clocks and waffle irons. Jensen got busy with the developed photographs the next day. In one issue of a national magazine Miss Talmadge appeared in advertisements as indorsing and using eight different products. It was a high spot in history.

In the early days of indorsing, when an actor signed a testimonial for a cigarette, or a famous author boosted a certain make of typewriter, it was better than an even money bet that the signer actually used the product. Later on this hidebound ethical attitude

became rare. One exception was Gene Tunney, when he was heavyweight champion of the world, who declined to indorse a famous iron tonic on the almost unheard-of grounds that he didn't use it. Nor would he indorse cigarettes, and for the same reason. He did indorse an oil laxative of which he was a user. Other indorsers were not so squeamish. In 1921 "Irene Castle's boudoir," which the dancer had never seen, was reproduced in photographs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., author of many farewells to the *bon ton*, received $1,000 for indorsing a cigarette. He doesn't like to smoke, and was seized with a coughing spell while posing with a cigarette for his testimonial photograph. Lady Diana Manners indorsed a cold cream, and then gave out an interview in which she said that her beauty was due to fresh air, exercise and plenty of ordinary soap and water. Mme. Schumann-Heink, who never smoked, indorsed a cigarette. So did the late Tex Rickard, who smoked fine cigars almost incessantly.

The ethics of the medical profession are so strict that it is difficult for advertisers to corral an American physician or surgeon of any standing. A yeast company once signed up Dr. Ira L. Hill of New York and Dr. H. H. Rusby, professor of pharmacology at Columbia. Both men were brought up on charges by medical societies, were rebuked privately, and saved from expulsion only when they promised to

behave in the future. Most of the medical indorsers have been solemn-looking old boys from France, Germany or Austria, with strange names and splendid whiskers, who may or may not amount to much. Another yeast indorser was Magistrate Jean Norris, a former city magistrate, who was criticized in a court decision for thus "exploiting her judicial position."

The Federal Trade Commission looks with a fishy eye upon many testimonial advertisements, and has had several companies on the carpet, with the result that trade practices have become a shade more sensible since 1930. Moreover, some experts say that a photograph of a beautiful professional model smoking a cigarette, or using a bed, is just as effective as some one from the "Social Register."

The game, so diverting for a time, is clearly in the doldrums. Sports figures such as James J. Braddock, Max Baer, Joe Louis and Babe Didrikson appear to be as much in demand as ever, but plugs from men and women of society mean little. The cream is gone, the effect a little ludicrous. It is even a little saddening to see Dudley Field Malone indorsing an ale.

THE COCKROACH KING

IT is a fairly common spectacle for a petulant vixen to shoot her husband, be acquitted by a sappy jury, and then appear in vaudeville or burlesque, to be gaped at by earthbound peasants. The widow or sweetheart or father of a slain gangster is also likely as not to be presented on the boards in "personal appearances," saying a few words explaining their experiences with the late Public Enemy and usually expressing the opinion that, way down underneath, once you could probe the secret places of his soul, he was not such a bad sort of mugg after all.

Precisely how these Bernhardts of the half-world get on the stage has long puzzled the more academic American historians. Long ago such attractions faded from the motion pictures and the legitimate theater, but there is still a place for them in the mildewed, smelly halls of cheap vaudeville and burlesque. These people, who by appearing in newspaper headlines in connection with sordid, violent or cheaply romantic cases, have lifted themselves to the rank of public figures, are sought out with great eagerness by various agents who, like sharp-eyed and ever-hopeful desert rats, hope some day to find a gold mine.

These lads are part of the horde of fly-by-night

promoters who roam the white desert of Broadway hoping somehow to make a living without working too hard. They live always in the hope of landing something big. They dream of putting another Evelyn Thaw before the public, of capturing another young Nan Patterson, of bagging a live Jesse James. They would give a right arm for a percentage of the profits which would accrue from exhibiting the Dionne quintuplets in a honkytonk, a peep show or a cultural display.

The most active prospector for the gold of sensationalism is an eager young man who calls himself "Samuel J. Burger, Entrepreneur of Demi-Monde Attractions." This inscription is in gold lettering on the huge black leather bound scrapbook which he keeps on his desk in a small office on the fourth floor of the Roseland Dance Hall Building at 1658 Broadway. Like most of his fellows, he is almost pathetically eager for publicity, of any sort. Members of this quaint brotherhood have been known to swell with pride when referred to by a columnist in the most uncomplimentary terms. They say it is all "such wonderful publicity!"

Burger is a slightly built man of forty-two, with thinning black hair, small waxed mustache, quick movements and a frank, ingratiating manner of speech. He has been known to sign up a woman,

on trial for murder, before the jury had returned its verdict. He is versatile.

If a theatrical manager wants anything from a monkey to an elephant, he will get it. If you should happen to want one or more of those lads who walk on stilts, Burger can fix that too. He says, "No matter what it is in the crazy line, I can supply it."

Burger once called himself "The Cockroach King" after an unfortunate experience with these engaging little creatures. A rich jewelry designer had a collection of tropical birds and assigned to Burger the task of collecting live cockroaches for bird-fodder. The deal was not quite closed, but Burger went ahead and rounded up 500 cockroaches anyhow, only to find that the bird owner had gone off on a long trip. What to do? He prepared to stage a cockroach race as part of the entertainment at a party to be given by a society girl. He had a runway built and was going to have some of the larger roaches, with numbers painted on their backs, race along the runway. The guests could bet on the winner. At the last moment, however, he got to thinking things over and decided that the stunt wouldn't be particularly appetizing. Indeed, he feared that the more squeamish might regard it as being "in questionable taste." His collection of kitchen whippets was put to death. Burger said: "Most roaches are lopers. Mine were trotters."

Among the persons Burger has had under contract at one time or another to appear in vaudeville on the burlesque circuit were Mildred Harris Chaplin, first wife of Charlie Chaplin; Peggy Rich and Jack DeRuyter, the couple who became involved in a New York divorce scandal; "Kiki" Roberts (Marion Strasmick), the dark sweetheart of Jack ("Legs") Diamond; Mrs. Alice Diamond, wife of the old clay pigeon; Mrs. Jessie Costello, who was tried in Massachusetts in 1933 for the murder of her husband and whose trial, which was the biggest news in Boston since the Tea Party, was enlivened by the confessions of the "Kiss and Tell Cop"; John W. Dillinger, the soil-tilling sire of the Public Enemy who was killed in Chicago, and Miss Elaine Russell, a Southern girl who had won the title of Miss American Legion at a beauty pageant. He tried to corral the celebrated Edwin C. ("Alabama") Pitts, the athletic ex-robber who was released from Sing Sing last summer. While organized baseball was debating Pitts's case, Burger offered him $200 a week to play semi-pro baseball and football. The deal collapsed when the Albany club was permitted to add Pitts to its roster.

Burger is essentially a dreamer, a man of quick enthusiasms, and he also can lose interest in a proposition very quickly. Most of his ventures have been failures, but he keeps on trying. He is bitter about the failure of the Jessie Costello deal. He had started

negotiations to hire the Academy of Music in Fourteenth Street. All seemed favorable when, according to his version, "The Skouras Brothers, owners of the place, got saintly all of a sudden and refused to permit the act to be shown." The truth is that not only the Skouras Brothers but the principal booking agencies refused to accept the act.

The young man was one of many who sought to make money out of the trial of Bruno Richard Hauptmann for the murder of the Lindbergh baby. He visited Flemington, New Jersey, and tried to sign up the jurors for a vaudeville tour. The jurors were for the most part agreeable. As the foreman put it, "We sure can use the money." However, this dream vanished when the booking agencies and principal theater chains turned down the proposal because of fear of riots.

Burger remembers Alice Diamond, who was later found murdered in her apartment in Brooklyn, as the biggest money-maker. "She was the best of the bunch. Even if she was a gangster's wife she always paid me what she owed me and made no fuss about it. While I had her I did pretty good. Most of the others refused to pay me after I had spent lots of money on them, advancing them funds for carfare, room rent and food. But Mrs. Diamond was all right. She paid up." He had her for four months and collected twenty-five per cent of her earnings. She received

$2,400 for three weeks' appearance with the Minsky Brothers burlesque shows.

Like many other promoters, Burger longs for the old days. He believes that if he had lived in the days of Oscar Hammerstein he would have been the peer of them all. "Then," he explains, "all a woman had to do was to murder somebody to get a contract to appear on the stage. Now the religious bodies don't seem to approve of such things and put stumbling blocks in the way of a person making an honest living. I've been the outstanding figure in this kind of game for the last five years. I don't think anybody will deny that. But I don't think anybody can make money out of it any more. Public sentiment is too much against that sort of thing now."

Still he won't give up. He keeps looking for the big "strike." He dodges process servers and bill collectors, and life is pretty generally a headache. Sometimes he gets in small jams. There was the time he was afraid he was going to jail. The Princess Nadja, who did a dance with a snake, was stopping at the Park Central Hotel. Burger conceived the idea of having her snake, a good-sized python, lost in the hotel. The snake actually was hidden in a taxicab but Burger announced that it was still somewhere on the premises. The police arrived and Burger wilted and confessed.

Another time he was managing a girl who was

supposed to do a dance in which she wore only a covering of paint. Neither Burger nor the girl had any money. The special chemicals ordinarily used to make such paint were expensive. Burger went to a store and bought some ordinary gold paint. It worked all right, but they found they couldn't get it off. He finally had to scrub it off.

"She was sore as hell and broke up the partnership," he recalls, without rancor.

At one time he was the manager of a troupe of women prizefighters. Some of them put on exhibition bouts at Roseland. Paul Gallico, sports writer, wrote about the "fights" and charged that the she-boxers were "phonies." None of the women, he said, could stay in the ring for a minute with Babe Didrikson. Burger offered to bet $100 that either Dot Reid or Tarzan Lee, of his stable, could beat Miss Didrikson in three rounds. Nothing came of this interchange, but Burger is still proud of the publicity.

In 1934 Burger was banquet manager for the Congress Cabaret, a Broadway night club. One hundred male and female nudists gathered there one night to see the show and Miss Rosina Royce in her bubble dance. Burger, who had expected the nudists to take their clothes off, had tipped off two detectives who expected to arrest the crowd. Burger recalls:

"Were those dicks wild when they saw the clothes! I suggested that they pinch the bubble dancer any-

way as long as they were there, but they wouldn't do a thing for me. And they'd been eating off the cuff for an hour."

Burger once was manager for Princess White Wing, an alleged Cherokee Indian, who under the name of Billie Joyce had been doing a strip act in a Chicago burlesque house. While under Burger's management she did a dance in which her costume was principally made up of two feathers. Burger said:

"The Princess does a ritual dance. It is like a strip number but it is part of her religion."

In 1934 Burger thought he had stumbled upon a profitable racket. He banded the proprietors of sixteen dance halls together in the Five Borough Ballroom Owners Association. At that time Gen. John F. O'Ryan, Police Commissioner, was harassing the halls with new regulations, one of which forbade hostesses to sit out dances with men patrons. Burger opposed all this, pointing out that dance halls could be "just as moral as the Ritz-Carlton or the Mayfair Club." He also insisted that the stranger in New York needed a dance hall, or he might wind up in a clip joint. A little later, asked whether the dance hall organization was still in existence, he replied: "Well, yes and no."

Burger was born on the East Side of New York and for several years was in the cloak and suit business. He was making, he recalls, from $100 to $200 a week.

"Then I got mixed up with some mind readers and

began managing them. After being with them a while I grew a beard and went into the mind reading business myself. I saw it was easy and said to myself, 'Why should they make all the money?' From mind reading it was only a step into the freak business.

"It is an uncertain, risky business, and I haven't collected much except debts. But I've had a lot of fun. In this business we live in hope and die in despair. I guess the real reason I stay in it is that I get a thrill out of seeing my name in print."

While the G-men were hunting Dillinger, Burger wrote to Papa Dillinger offering to put him on tour. The old man replied:

"I received your letter yesterday. I hardly know what to say in regard to your proposition. It is right at harvest time and I am living here with my two girls and they could not stay alone and I suppose the expenses at New York would be too much to take them along. How much would my expenses be per day? I am just a common farmer and would not care for any place expensive. However, I will think it over and see what I can do in regard to making arrangements but will not say anything definite until I think it over more."

Burger didn't answer the letter. His enthusiasm always wilts if the first negotiations do not produce immediate results. However, after young Dillinger

had been killed Burger returned to the wars and signed up the Dillinger family to appear in New York. The idea was abandoned when Paul Moss, License Commissioner in New York, refused to permit the act to come to New York.

Meanwhile a mid-Western counterpart of Burger had signed up the Dillingers for appearances in that section. The old man, after celebrating his seventieth birthday, said he was going on the stage to pay his son's funeral expenses. He, his son Hubert (half-brother of the slain terror), Mrs. Audrey Hancock, the gangster's sister, and her husband, Emmett, appeared in a family group on the stage of the Lyric Theater in Indianapolis. Thousands flocked to hear what they had to say. W. C. Gilbert, a professional entertainer, led the various members of the group with questions. The scene opened with an explanation of the proper way to pronounce the name Dillinger. The old man said the "dill" was pronounced as in "dill pickle," the "ing" as in "wing" and the "er" as the last syllable in "ever." The aged man, asked why they were thus publicly parading their relationship with the dead gangster, said: "We didn't have enough money to pay for John's burial and decided this was the best way to get it." The audience applauded.

"Was John's death a terrible shock to you, Mr. Dillinger?" asked the interlocutor.

"It was, but I'd been expecting it. Of course, I didn't like the way it happened."

This statement also brought much applause. For the five days the troupe played at the Lyric Theater, sharing the bill with a motion picture, "I Give My Love," the theater grossed $5,000, which is pretty good for Indianapolis. The troupe was barred from Akron, Ohio. Criticism mounted. Almost a year later the old man wrote a letter to the Indianapolis *News* explaining why he had decided to take the family on a tour with a carnival company. He said:

"I would like to explain the criticism that I am capitalizing John's misfortune. I went away a couple of times and barely made enough money to pay John's funeral expenses. Last fall when my barn burned, I had no feed and scarcely enough tools left to do anything with, so I rented my ground because I did not have any money to buy the things I needed. Then the carnival people asked me to make a trip with them, so if I can earn probably $300 or $400 to get some tools and things I need, I don't think it is anything wrong.

"The newspapers capitalized a great deal more than I did. They charged John with things he never did and kicked him down instead of giving him a square deal. I have friends all over the country and they advised me to go. I want people to know how I feel about it."

At the grave of the bandit crowds, hunting souvenirs, wore away all the sod. Many tons of cement were poured into the ground around the coffin to protect it from admirers—and from those who would have liked to exhibit the body at so much a peep.

HOLLYWOOD'S DREAM CHILDREN

HOLLYWOOD, from all the evidence, is a gorgeous bowl filled with Siamese fighting fish, biting off each other's tails. It is an enervating land of lotus-eaters. It is something that the late Winsor McCay's "Little Nemo" might have dreamed after supper of rarebit and champagne. It is Dubuque with its weekly income trebled and then trebled again. It is the real originator of American fashions, manners and jokes.

There is something irresistible about Hollywood. It seems to affect every one who goes there. These people, almost without exception, appear to lose their old habits of mind and almost at once to begin living in a bizarre new world. A plain, down-at-heel New York reporter, gone to Hollywood as a writer, will be wearing slacks and a beret and driving a low-bellied car inside of a month. The performers themselves undergo appalling transmogrifications. Why? Perhaps it is partly the climate, in which no one really wants to do any work. Then the peculiar nature of the business makes it exempt from all the ordinary rules of sense, efficiency and normally-patterned life. All this, somehow gives the inhabitants of Hollywood

Photo by Acme Newspictures, Inc.

A GANGSTER'S FAMILY

John W. Dillinger, Sr., father of the notorious slain robber, shown with his family in front of the Lyric Theater in Indianapolis, where they opened a vaudeville tour.

Photo by Acme Newspictures, Inc.

PLAYTIME IN THE FILM COLONY

Marlene Dietrich and Claudette Colbert as they appeared at a party given by Carole Lombard at the "Fun House" in Venice, California.

a certain touch of immaturity which is amusing or saddening, depending on the point of view.

William Morris, the agent, who spends as much time in New York as on the West Coast, and thus has not had his philosophical powers parboiled in the California sun, describes the people of the film colony this way:

"They are a pathetic group of poorly educated children, driven by forces incomprehensible to them, seeking diversion and the security of their spot in the firmament. And yet it can be explained and understood. If you'd never had anything but a wardrobe trunk and a lousy second-rate hotel room to call home, you might spread yourself too."

All competent observers of life there—and the colony supports the greatest collection of gossip and fan magazine writers to be found anywhere—agree that life goes on with gusto unabated, even with the occasional flare-ups of the Legion of Decency. The sense of elemental fun is strong. Although picture making is less haphazard and much harder work than in the days of the silent films, when everybody from the star to the script girl took a hand in writing the scenario, the collective intelligence of the colony still oscillates around fifteen or sixteen years—which, come to think of it, is fairly high.

The practical joke is still rampant. No actor can afford to cherish what is known as a highly urbane

sense of humor. If he did, he would be unnerved every time he faced a camera or a recording machine. The incongruities of Hollywood life pile up so fast, and with such bewildering complexity, that a newcomer's sensibilities soon become dulled and he finds himself inexorably "going Hollywood" like any ham.

Even ordinarily staid bankers, who now control the industry, go to Hollywood and after being guided around the studios by one of a producer's brightest girl friends, find themselves lapsing into the curious patois of that goofy oasis. They begin describing things as "colossal," "terrific" and "stupendous." The most withering comment one person can say about another is that "he's not big."

An example of this attitude is an experience of Charles Laughton, the British actor. A short time after his arrival in Hollywood Laughton bought a small car and had a pleasant time driving himself to and from work. Paramount officials intervened.

"What do you mean driving a little car like that?" one of the officials asked. "You're letting Paramount down. Do you want people to think we're not paying you anything? Get a Rolls-Royce and a chauffeur."

The passion for being "big" extends to entertaining in Hollywood. It is a common custom to meet visitors at the railroad station with a brass band—the more oompahs the better. When a visitor departs,

or when a Hollywood resident starts East, he is showered with bon voyage gifts delivered at the train, many of them in crates. The bigger and more unwieldy the gift the more appropriate. Live ducks quacking in their crates often add a neat touch. It is still more fun to give a basket of reptiles, or anything that is calculated to scare hell out of the recipient.

Presents of live stock, birds and various strange fauna are not confined to travelers alone. Carole Lombard, who has reached stardom through much brain effort on the parts of the Paramount publicity force, sent her director, Norman Taurog, a 200-pound bear on his last birthday. She arranged to have the bear delivered at 7 o'clock in the morning. Taurog got even by sending the bear to the zoo with instructions that the feed bill should be sent to Miss Lombard.

The two men given the bulk of the credit for giving the practical joke its high place in the Hollywood cultural pattern are Sid Grauman, the theater owner, and the late Wilson Mizner. The great Mizner, who had been a gambler, prospector, hotel keeper and manager of Stanley Ketchel, the famous middleweight, was known from his boyhood as a jester, and when he went to Hollywood to pass his closing years he found the place tailored exactly to suit his fancy. His epigrams and insults were regarded as the ultimate in American humor; indeed, already, so soon after his

death, he is regarded as an almost legendary figure who combined the phrase-making ability of Elbert Hubbard with the carnival streak in the more modern Gene Fowler.

Grauman figures in many jokes. There is the story about the time a man was introduced to him as a gangster. The supposed underworld terror was a meek little chap whose eyes didn't focus. Nevertheless, Grauman accepted him as a blown-in-the-bottle killer who was resting in Hollywood between murders. Grauman devoted most of the evening to the alleged murderer. A few days later the little man telephoned Grauman, explained that he had got into a jam with the police, and unless he could prove he had a regular job and was going straight it would be too bad for every one concerned, including Grauman. The panicky Grauman, without attempting to check the story, instructed the cashier of his theater to hire the man at a large salary. It was several weeks before Grauman was disillusioned and fired the bogus gunman.

One of the best Hollywood jokes was perpetrated when Ida Lupino invited a group of guests in their best evening clothes to come out and look at her new swimming pool. After luring them to the edge, she pushed them into the water, laughing boisterously the while. A Hollywood dinner party, if done right, should have a gold dinner service, with a footman

behind each chair. Such parties often are enlivened by the presence of Vince Barnett, who some years ago left New York, where he had long made his living as professional practical joker. Barnett, with an inscrutable face, appears as a waiter who has had a few drinks. He misplaces the silver, mutters sly and embarrassing remarks as he serves the guests, and as a climax spills hot soup or coffee down the neck of the guest of honor.

Another highly effective trick, particularly at large parties, is done with a beautiful blonde girl dummy and a bed as props. This stunt originated about the time Mack Sennett's comedy cops took up the hurling of custard pies, but it is still good. It was one of the stunts at a party given in Hollywood in the summer of 1935 for Mark Hellinger, the Broadway O. Henry. The dummy is put to bed in a room with low lights. After the first few rounds of drinks, the host takes his more gullible men guests up to the bedroom for one glimpse of the blonde.

"See that girl who has just passed out?" says the host. "God, but she's wonderful. Unique. No other woman in Hollywood like her. No, don't bother her now. We'll take care of you later." After each sales talk the victims are led away and fed more drinks. Soon they begin slinking out of the room. The fun begins when the men, somewhat foxed with booze, try to seduce the dummy.

A variant of this trick was played by Peter Lorre, a young foreign actor who plays child murderers, maniacs and other creepy malefactors. In one of his scripts he was supposed to be a mad surgeon. His director thought it would be a good idea if they both witnessed an operation before shooting the scene. At the first cut the director was taken ill and ran out of the operating room. Lorre stayed. After the operation he bought a dummy, stuffed it with the intestines of an animal and a bladder of blood. On a pretense Lorre got the director to come close to the dummy. Whereupon Lorre stabbed it, and laughed heartily as the mannequin's innards gushed out.

It is said of Darryl Zanuck, the Napoleon of Hollywood, that he has a stooge with an extraordinary weak stomach. Even a small piece of cheese will cause the poor creature to go into a Gargantuan retching. Zanuck likes to hide a bit of highly odorous cheese in the stooge's ice cream. The result is always great fun.

Many of the Hollywood parties, with or without practical jokes, are boring to the judicious. This is particularly true of the stand-up suppers which usually are referred to as "continental buffet repasts." Nevertheless, attendance at the right parties is more or less a professional obligation for featured players and rising stars. Once they obtain first rank impor-

tance it is all right, even preferable, that they emulate Greta Garbo and go into seclusion.

Costume parties are a fetching variation to the round of caviar, gossip and liquor. After working all day in costumes and grease paint there is nothing quite so much fun as to come home, put on more costumes and make-up, and go to some one's house to celebrate. A typical Hollywood costume party was Kay Francis's barn dance in 1933. A café had been changed into a barnyard. It was stocked with real pigs, cows, geese, chickens and all the other delightful animals commonly seen around such a place. By way of diversion, a greased pig was captured by Richard Barthelmess. Gloria Swanson wore old overalls and was barefoot. She sat in a haystack squirting water over the other guests with a squirt gun, and only desisted from this pastime when some one hurled a glass of water at her.

The Will Hays office, which causes Hollywood to shudder, probably is responsible for cutting down much of the rowdy and downright dangerous behavior which used to be seen at film people's parties. Brawls such as the one given by the late Fatty Arbuckle, at which Virginia Rapp was fatally hurt, are all but unknown. Indeed, it is news all over the country when a Peter Arno or a Walter Winchell becomes mixed in fisticuffs while visiting Hollywood. The film folk are supposed to behave more circum-

spectly than society people. There is the story of a party given by Marion Davies at which two youths of high social standing started slugging each other. After they had been separated Miss Davies said: "That's what you get for inviting society."

Far from being vicious, most of the boys and girls who make their living in Hollywood are essentially romantic. Some observers have attributed Hollywood's numerous marriages, quickly followed by divorces, to the fact that most of the motion picture stars come from small-town, conventional homes. In their hearts they are not sinners, but instead are eager to please God and the neighbors. It is very difficult to get away with much private sinning in Hollywood. Not only gossip writers, but some of the most accomplished blackmailers in America, swarm over the colony, watching for what they may find. It is difficult for a man to take a girl out to dinner without being described in somebody's column the next day as being "that way" about her. Even such a hardened bachelor as Richard Watts, Jr., the New York motion picture critic, who even blushes while talking to a woman on the telephone, was embarrassed on a trip to California by just such a reference.

Hollywood weddings are great sport. At one, Jean Harlow, a guest, almost broke up the proceedings by announcing at the most solemn part of the ceremony that she was leaving her husband the next day. In-

stantly a dozen friends nearby turned and exclaimed, "You don't say!" The Los Angeles *Times* of April 24, 1934, had an account of the wedding of Raquel Torres and Stephen Ames, who were married aboard the Matson liner *Lurline* just before they sailed for Hawaii. The report said that "Raquel and Steve had stopped their Rolls-Royce at a hot dog stand for lunch on the way to the steamer." The account described the cocktail party after the wedding as follows: "Raquel dancing, (a very refined hula), pausing only to kiss her husband a couple of times. The hula was said to represent 'invitation to the dance.' Maybe it did! . . . Bernie Toplitsky brought that little melodeon aboard to play the wedding march, but they wouldn't let him."

Most actors anywhere, it seems, are suckers for mysticism and various superstitions, cults and religions. When they live in California this predilection appears to become even more pronounced. Bright, pretty young extras often rush off to a numerologist to spend their first day's pay. A lucky piece or a fetish of some sort is carried by most cautious actors. It is said that when John Beal was working on the filming of "The Little Minister" he was struck by an extra's sword in a vein just at the right of one eye. Beal, according to the story, keeps the stitches taken from the wound in a gold locket which he carries with him constantly. Thus he is able to ward off further injuries.

Producers and directors add to the gayety of the scene. Cecil B. DeMille lives with the same zest that he puts into his extravagant, near-sexy pictures. He also believes firmly in the great moral lessons these pictures are supposed to teach. Josef von Sternberg is another director who does things in a big way. Sam Jaffe says that during the filming of "The Scarlet Empress," von Sternberg ordered one scene shot eighty-nine times. When the tired cameraman asked if shot Number 90 would be required, the director said: "No. That will be all for to-day. We'll print the fourth take."

Greta Garbo is one of the few stars who can make a director forget his own temperament and force him to cater to her whims. Other players on the set are asked to turn their backs when Miss Garbo concentrates or goes into a tremendous emotional close-up. Love scenes are always done behind screens to protect her privacy. Several sequences in "The Painted Veil" called for rain, which Miss Garbo did not like. Finally the director ordered all the "rain" that fell on her heated to the exact temperature of a nice tepid bath.

Among the big executives, Samuel Goldwyn is not only one of the shrewdest but one of the most unfailingly comic. He enjoys dramatizing his own amusing possibilities, and likes to hear stories about himself, many of which are pure fiction. His favorite phrase in conference is, "Boys, I can't tell you what it should

be, but I'll know it when you get it." Goldwyn's clothes are also highly individual, though there is nothing remarkable about that, as the men of Hollywood dress almost as extravagantly as the women. A reporter who interviewed Darryl Zanuck in a New York hotel described him as "Napoleon in a vermilion bathrobe with polo ponies painted on it." In a sketch of Bing Crosby, Sidney Skolsky (once known as "The Little Black Mouse of Broadway" and now the ablest gossip writer in Hollywood), referred to the crooner's wardrobe as follows:

"When it comes to dressing, his favorite outfit is a canary color sweater, rose shirt, and a paisley scarf tucked beneath a navy blue suit."

In all truth both the men and women, with all their strange creations, look exceptionally well in them. They have led other Americans to emulate them, which is all for the best. Clothes have steadily got away from drab conventionality. Even Marlene Dietrich's trousers probably have had a salutary effect upon the women of New York and Washington.

Jewels, of course, are another form of Hollywood ostentation, although fewer of them are being worn now because of the fear of kidnaping and robbery. Lupe Velez wears a ring that her husband, Johnny Weismuller, gave her before they started exchanging punches and going into tantrums in public. The ring

has the word "Dearest" spelled out in diamonds, emeralds, amethysts, rubies, sapphires and topazes.

Real estate is a great Hollywood passion. Although an experienced hand at the motion picture business will tell any one that the box office life of a star rarely exceeds seven years, most of them buy huge estates. One of the largest is Harold Lloyd's Benedict Canyon mansion, which contains twenty-seven telephones. There is a story about a horse named Agnes, which Lloyd was to use in a picture. Agnes had a manner sweet enough, but her face was harsh, so the make-up man did things to her eyes, lifted the muscles of her face, and drew back her ears. Tom Mix had a fantastic house with a huge sunken bathtub, and with machine guns, rifles and saddles for living-room decoration. Mix wore purple dinner clothes, new white kid gloves, and a belt buckle with T. M. outlined in diamonds.

The house of the late Lilyan Tashman was one of the wonders of Hollywood. The drawing-room had white walls, salmon pink chairs, and divans with ermine upholstery. The piano was painted white, with a frieze of satyrs chasing some nymphs. In glass shelves on the wall near the stairs was a collection of porcelain, china, glass and jade hands all pointing upward toward Miss Tashman's black and white bedroom. A slipper cabinet, white moire bed, fur rugs, and a white screen with a huge black and white zebra

prancing across it were outstanding pieces in the bedroom. The Tashman piano had a telling effect upon Hollywood decoration. Soon after Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., were married, the young husband gave his wife a beautiful imported piano with a case of fine inlaid wood. Miss Crawford, in the midst of redecorating her house, said, "Oh, lovely! We'll paint it white." The new white piano outdid Miss Tashman's. It bore pictures of a Greek temple, warriors setting out for battle, Pegasus, wreaths and other classical touches.

The largest bed in Hollywood, designed for Carole Lombard by Bill Haines, is the most arresting object in Miss Lombard's pink-walled sleeping room. It is built like an over-sized Empire couch, with a high back and curving side padded with satin. Spies have reported that it has a seat cover that may be removed at night to display lace-trimmed pillows and satin sheets. On either side of the bed, which stands on a pale pinkish-beige carpet with a thick cream-colored lapin rug in front of it, are three-tiered mirror screens.

Hollywood's almost child-like love for make-believe, so well expressed in Colleen Moore's doll house which was taken on a tour of the world in 1935, is apparent in Mary Brian's house. One room is dedicated to old romances. It contains mementoes of past

"dates," empty candy boxes, old dance programs and long-legged dolls.

The climate, or something, also produces a magnificent prose style among the journalists. The prize for 1935 goes to W. R. Wilkerson, writing in a motion picture trade paper published in Hollywood. It seems that Frank Joyce, member of the firm of Joyce and Selznick, agents, had died. Mr. Wilkerson's comment, which will appeal to all who have a weakness for great thoughts gloriously expressed, follows:

"God has lifted His option on Frank Joyce.

"The Supreme Manager, in that great industry above, has called one of His representatives to reward him for his services here on earth.

"Frank has been given a new assignment. He now becomes an angel in Heaven for the purpose of representing those of us here who were made better by his advice, counsel, tenderness and generosity.

"He has been advanced from this quickie world to join hands with the greatest stars of all time to further their contentment by that same advice, counsel, tenderness and generosity.

"Who is more deserving of such advancement?

"There never lived a finer man, a more loyal friend, as devoted a father or a better husband than Frank Joyce. In the history of his life here, now bound together with silken cords, there is not a page blemished by a red mark, for he never, knowingly, did a wrong.

"Those of us who knew Frank and all those so unfortunate not to have met, worked and played with him, sustain a great loss because of this new appointment, for there will never be another Frank Joyce; there could not be one so perfect.

"Good-by, Frank."

Visitors, almost without exception, come back from Hollywood a little dazed, so that not even the most articulate of them are able to give more than the vaguest notion of what they have seen. Many who have worked there for a few months, or a few years, insist that they hate the place and would like to get away from it. Much of this agony is pure affectation. Nunnally Johnson, the former New York newspaper man who became an important writer for the films, and who is known affectionately as "Rubber Legs," summed up his attitude while on a visit East:

"They are damn fools to squawk. Most of them would starve to death anywhere else. I can imagine better places to live, for my own tastes, but you don't hear me kicking, do you? I like the place. They pay me."

THE PALATE-TEASING RACKET

WITH the repeal of prohibition there began a steady improvement in the eating habits of Americans. Millions took up the study of wines. Such men as G. Selmer ("Baron") Fougner, Julian Street and the highly sensible Frank Schoonmaker became popular guides to the right thing in drinking and eating—the Emily Posts of the wine-cellar. Sheila Hibben's excellent works and comments on food, although deserving far wider circulation, were all on the side of simplicity, clarity and good taste.

And yet, anyhow, there continued to be evident one peculiarly American trait: that is, the tendency to take a perfectly honest dish, hallowed perhaps by centuries, and ruin it by adding frills which not only make it sound and look ridiculous but which were no aid to the taste. It is as if many had forgotten that the primary purpose of food is that it is to be eaten.

The fault for this foolishness, which consists of trying to make a lamb chop look like anything except a lamb chop, probably lies partly with the women who either do the cooking or superintend the preparation of meals, and partly with the manufacturers and promoters of various brands of foodstuffs. To increase

the consumption of their stuff, these tycoons seduce the better instincts of cooking experts, hiring them to devise outlandish new dishes and menus—usually holding out the mirage that these concoctions will "tempt the palate" of some man who, if he had his way, would rather be down at the corner back room eating steak and potatoes.

It is difficult to see why any one in his right mind should demand more than five or six kinds of bread; now we have hundreds, many known by synthetic names, and they come in all the colors of the spectrum. What man, or woman either, really wants to eat a loaf of green or pink bread?

American eating is of all sorts, and, as every one knows, dishes common to various sections have their admirable qualities. It ranges from Maryland fried chicken down to the cornpone and fried pork swimming in grease, relished by the hillbillies, and, even worse, to the diet of bananas and skim milk with which Hollywood actresses seek to reduce.

At its best, as exemplified in the better restaurants and hotels (too many hotels rely on the steam tables), the cooking in the United States is marvelous. Most of the better clubs also serve very good food. A lifetime of satisfactory eating may be passed in New York at such diverse but admirable places as the Lafayette, Dinty Moore's, C. A. Moneta's, down in Mulberry Street; Jack and Charlie's, the Caviar,

Robert's, the Voisin, and such hotels as the Madison and the Ritz-Carlton.

Often real connoisseurs are shocked. The amiable Jean Barrere, manager of the Brevoort in New York, admits that on the whole Americans eat very well, particularly since repeal, but he still encounters atrocities which wound him. He recalls the visit to the Brevoort of an uptown hotel proprietor who wanted to learn more about French cooking, and who ordered filet of sole bonne femme and then called for a bottle of ketchup. In this crisis Barrere snatched the bottle from the table and demanded, "What do you want to do? Spoil our beautiful fish with that horrid ketchup?" Men like M. Barrere are bitter about the American habit of trying to season all food at the table. They hate iced drinks, even ice water, and to them iced coffee with cream is something beyond understanding. They even look with distrust upon cold jellied consommé as being too cold for the stomach.

The prohibition habit of drinking gin or whisky with almost everything, including fish, oysters and lobster, still hangs on in many places. Oyster stew and salad with vinegar dressing is a common combination which, though not immediately fatal will bring down a man over the course of the years. The worst amalgam of foods, possibly, consists of seafood, salad dressed with vinegar, ice cream with strawber-

ries, and iced coffee. This is a favorite American combination, and little can be done about it.

Many critics deplore the spread of eating at drug store lunch counters, but the custom has much to be said for it. A drug store, in many stretches of New York, is the only place where one can get a cup of coffee for breakfast that is fit to drink. Certainly the drug store sandwich, with a glass of milk, is much more sensible than much of the stuff served at the more ornate tearooms which are crowded at lunch time.

The brains back of the tearooms, especially the chains of tearooms, usually exert every possible bit of human ingenuity to avoid serving food under a name which would be recognizable instantly. One New York tearoom, which has been around a long time, has contributed the word "Gookum" to American cuisine. Described on the menu as "the ideal summer lunch for any one who likes milk and crispy nutty flavors," "Gookum" is composed of shredded wheat, grape-nuts, a crumbled graham cracker, and half a popcorn ball. It is served with milk for thirty-five cents. The addition of half a dozen strawberries and half a banana jacks the price up to sixty cents, and if the customer wants to enrich the milk with a small pitcher of cream, ten cents more is added to the bill. The proprietors are always talking of "delicate palate-teasing combinations." They forget that most per-

sons have fairly sound ideas of what makes a "palate-teasing combination"—the standard dishes like steaks, chops, chicken, veal, fish in season, etc. An advertising agency which had just obtained the account of a large chain of tearooms consulted a New York editor last spring on what to do about the dwindling business. The editor said: "Your customers are all going to the better saloons, where good food is served. The first thing to do is to serve food instead of knick-knacks, and the next is to change the physical appearance of your places so that they look like places where a hungry person could get something to eat." The editor's advice was turned down by the agency and by the directors of the chain, but it still has merit.

The gas companies, hoping to boost business, have added domestic science experts and fancy prose writers to their staffs. In their files are hundreds of la-de-da recipes which read as if they had been designed purposely to drive men away from the American home. Any man, reading them, must instinctively remember with nostalgic sadness the simplicity of the dishes at Beefsteak Charlie's.

Creamed peanuts on rice, lamb in ambush (baked chopped leftovers surrounded with split bananas), and English Monkey (shredded soda crackers, milk, cheese, and one egg cooked in a double boiler) are well liked in the suburbs, according to the gas com-

pany's Savarins. Recipes are available for cream of sauerkraut soup and fruit soup. The latter dish, a semi-liquid mixture of rice, cooked with fresh and dried fruits, is served cold with whipped cream. It is really an offspring, with ruinous folderols, of Russian borsch.

For the salad course some go in for a tomato stuffed with spinach, which, it is said, was "created to tempt jaded appetites." Then there is an oyster and grapefruit mélange, and a concoction of whipped cream, figs, nuts, and fruits known as Arabian Night's salad. For dessert, the little woman who listens to advice from the utilities and the big food corporations may serve, if she hasn't any more sense, a gelatinous eggnog pie with a crust of ginger-snaps. Or "deep, dark mystery tarts," made principally of prunes. Or rice pudding with mauve or rose-tinted rice. Or an ice-cream sandwich with a fresh flower stuck in the middle. Another creation, called "Long May It Wave," is a miniature American flag made of cherry gelatin, whipped cream, and vanilla wafers.

In attempting to foist upon American kitchens a recipe for ice cream garnished with a sauce of chopped sweet pickles, the propagandist of one company explained: "For a dish of pickles and ice cream is a thrilling taste adventure that unbelievable as it sounds is the pinnacle of epicurean achievement in

smart circles. Park Avenue is serving it, Fifth Avenue is talking about it, and Wall Street is cornering the market on it. Before it is too late, spring this delicacy on your friends, your family, or your fiancé."

A dithyramb from another company's staff of kitchen minnesingers on how to prepare a Thanksgiving tray dinner for a dear one in the hospital follows (with trade names left out):

"Let's make it whimsical, if possible! If the patient must eat lamb chops, put a few frills on the legs . . . you know, those silly paper lace pantaloons that look so frivolous. Instead of serving his creamed chicken on a flat plate, why not put it in an individual cocotte with a cute little handle? This gives one the feeling of a lot of attention. And don't we all love that feeling? A little rose on the tray . . . a tiny chocolate covered turkey (very tiny of course) . . . a few biscuits or cookies with his ice cream or pudding . . . an appetizer or two served on crackers . . . a paper doily under the pumpkin pie . . . a little mimeographed poem suggesting cheerfulness placed inconspicuously on the tray . . . a few salted nuts and mints in a paper bonbon cup . . . a clove stuck into a slice of lemon and a candied cherry if tea is served."

Some experts, studying the problem of what to do with men who accompany their wives to bridge par-

ties, have recommended that they be fed on apple and onion savory and a teaser called "rinktum diddy," which is a sort of tomato and onion rarebit. If they happen not to be a husband at the time, the recipe inventor suggested that "if rinktum diddy doesn't land him, nothing will." Another high-toned idea consists of thin sandwiches of buttered bread, spread with mint leaves, chopped cabbage and crushed pineapple, or preserved ginger and chopped nuts moistened with lemon juice. Either is an ideal accompaniment for a dish known as Queen Mab salad, which reeks with canned fruit, gelatin, whipped cream and preserved cherries.

Beginning about 1933, many ordinarily happy, hearty eaters became disciples of Dr. William Howard Hay, originator of what is known as "the Hay diet." Dr. Hay, who maintains two sanatoriums called Hay-vens, at Pocono, Pennsylvania, says that he originated his diet scheme during the sleepless nights he passed suffering from Bright's disease, high blood pressure and dilated heart. He says he cured himself of all these ailments by following the Hay diet. He contends that all foods can be placed in two categories, proteins and carbohydrates. The two, he says, must never be eaten at the same meal, which makes meat and potatoes and many other normally accepted food combinations taboo. White flour is banned, and

sugar never appears in the kitchens of the Hay diet devotees. Raisin juice takes the place of sugar. Probably because it sounds so simple, and has a surface appearance of unanswerable logic, the Hay diet has been taken up by vast numbers of fearful eaters, especially among women of society. It has not become popular with the fundamentalists among American gourmets, and probably never will. Moreover, many physicians and dietary experts of standing assert that the principles of the Hay diet are something that a ravenous man might as well forget about.

Many American women, believing, and with some reason, that a good man cook is better than a good woman cook, have been charmed by the precious advice of one Vicomte de Manduit, a measure of whose charm may be found in his advice that, when ordering a ham, the left ham should be specified. It is more tender than the right ham, he says, because a pig only uses its right leg to scratch itself.

Strong men, who don't wear sunflowers in their buttonholes, probably will continue to flee rinktum diddy, hie to their favorite plain restaurant and order the usual steak and potatoes, lamb chops, broiled chicken or corned beef and cabbage ("Irish turkey"). American men, for the most part, are too polite to tell their women that they don't like fantastic combinations. Many contests have been held, under vari-

ous auspices, for recipes designed to "tickle the palates of men." A common statement accompanying recipes sent in is, "This may sound like a peculiar dish, but my men folks seem to like it." The hell they do.

VICTORIA AND THE MODERNS

THE genius who put a clock in the belly of a marble Venus was not such a fool as critics made him out to be. He was on the right track. He sought to combine beauty with utility. That is the identical aim of the various cults of interior decoration, which, of recent years, have produced some rather startling and daffy effects. If a person has a lot of money, and wants to go in for conspicuous waste, the decorators can do the job. One tip, however: there is no use trying to spend too much money on beds, as it has already been done. Mrs. Henry C. Frick's cost $10,000, and Mrs. E. B. McLean's $7,000.

It is doubtless true that decorators, as they will be among the first to admit, have done much to influence American taste for the better. But they also have a good deal to answer for. Their trouble seems to be that they cannot get together on any coherent definition of what is good and what is bad. That is to say, they can't agree on standards. One month a prominent decorator will be sneering, with an air of vast superiority, at such curiosa as cast-iron stags, mounted mooseheads, stuffed fish, and hitching posts in the shape of small Eddie Cantors in blackface; the

next month, likely as not, some decorator of equal prominence will be describing in lush phrases how all this stuff is really pretty fine, contending that the glorious Victorian renaissance is upon us, and that wax flowers under glass bells are rather marvelous after all.

The bickering between the modernists and the sponsors of the new Victorianism has been pretty harsh. It is too early to decide the issue. Each school of thought has some creations to its credit which are rather hard to laugh off. The Victorian revival started about 1930 and is still going strong. It was probably a dirty trick. In the few moments of absolute candor which a decorator permits himself, the truth will assert itself: the horrors of the era of the good Queen were resurrected simply because the second-hand market was glutted with them. They could be bought cheaply by decorators, refinished, and sold to clients at good prices, provided the public could be made to believe they were fashionable again.

For a good many years the word Victorian, applied to morals, furniture or anything else, was a term of withering reproach. Embarrassed, the owners of Victorian furniture called in the junk man and disposed of it. By 1928 the modernists, with their glib statements about space and functionalism, had just about bullied the public into believing that chromium chairs tilted at tortured angles, cubist paintings, and

legless beds on leopard skin rugs were essential to anything approaching a happy life. Those who didn't have the modern layouts were roughing it, or worse.

Then came the Victorian resurgence, and the modernists were angry. George Howe, a New York architect and decorator, called the movement "an accidental excrescence on the general movement of ladies' fashions." Others called the leaders of the Victorian movement "sexless and neurotic," which are often, in arty circles, fighting words.

Many of the thoroughgoing modernists are particularly critical of Cecil Beaton, a young British decorator who dabbles in photography and journalism as well as household embellishment. Beaton's great triumph of 1935, the new Prince Matchabelli salon in New York, is what the Broadway critics would call a honey. Even the Matchabelli press agent admits that the Beaton mélange of modernist, Victorian and Russian decorative elements is "a trifle startling."

In the Matchabelli salon, the first sight that greets a visitor after he has been announced to the particular member of royalty he wishes to see, is a picture at the end of a corridor. It represents a Spanish street scene with a handsome wench built on Oriental lines, clad only in a transparent veil studded with a handful of sequins, who is tempting a purple-clad padre with practically no apparent success. The sequins are sewed to the canvas, which is lighted from behind. A

red drapery in swooping folds is painted at the top of the canvas. The picture is the work of Pavel Tchelitchew, a friend of Beaton's.

Two showrooms open from the corridor. In these rooms, which are identical, straight modernistic couches upholstered in purple felt and trimmed with black fringe stand on floors carpeted with scarlet plush. The windows are curtained in white appliquéd net with a valence and overdrapes of black felt trimmed with black ball fringe. The center of the valence is cut out like the bulbous dome of a Russian cathedral and adds another surprising element to the room. The black drapes are further ornamented with black jet butterflies, stars and pinwheels that Beaton made a special trip to London to obtain. The lighting fixtures are side brackets of glowing red glass in the form of the famous Matchabelli crowns. Gray walls, black wastebaskets, low purple tables with more black fringe, and mirror-backed showcases recessed in the wall complete the *décor* of the showrooms.

Next to the display rooms is a larger apartment known as the Prince's room, for the excellent reason that it is dominated by a full-length portrait of the late Prince Matchabelli in black cossack costume with a dagger at his belt, cartridges in his chest band, and the insignia of the Order of St. Tamar. Chairs upholstered in red morocco and pigskin stand on an Oriental rug. On the walls are prize certificates from

various cosmetic expositions and an appointment as royal perfumer to former King Alfonso of Spain. A few weeks after the appointment was made, Alfonso lost his job, but the Russians have become used to that sort of thing.

Another person of artistic standing who goes in for Victorian decorations is Mrs. Juliana Force, head of the Whitney Museum in Eighth Street. She has a duplex apartment in the museum which in some respects is somewhat more sumptuous than the Matchabelli salon. Guests enter the first floor of the apartment from a red lacquered elevator. The drawing-room is a Victorian reproduction and contains a marble bust of the Queen. The walls, like a carved marble mantel with its elaborately filigreed alabaster clock and matching alabaster compotes, are creamy white. The Aubusson rug is supplemented with a blue carpet and the draperies are of blue satin, lying for a yard on the floor, and fringed with crystal beads.

The furniture is of dark wood, most of it heavily carved. Two couches with carved rosewood backs are upholstered in deep red tufted satin. The Victorian chairs are of black lacquer as is the round table where Victoria stands. The table is inlaid with mother-of-pearl in an elaborate design. Even the feet are decorated with pearl inlay. Two statues on pedestals holding lamps with parchment shades in

their upstretched hands, flank the table. A hassock with a large flower in its upholstery stands nearby. Alabaster vases, fruit dishes and other ornaments dot the room. There are two crystal candlesticks skirted with tiers of pendants, and, on a side table, two cases that look like flossy oil lamps with glass chimneys protruding from opaque spheres. Brilliant modern paintings hang on the walls.

Mrs. Force's dining-room, on the same floor, is modern. A porcelain greyhound in a sitting position with its tail curled around its legs and balancing a white bowl on its head, guards the entrance to this room. White and crystal are the dominant notes. A frosted glass screen in geometric design hides the pantry door, and one wall contains a ceiling-high glass sideboard loaded with crystal ware.

The second floor of the duplex is done in the same mixture of Victorian and modern. A sitting-room is done largely in black and white. The doors are of black lacquer inlaid with mother-of-pearl in a chess-board pattern, with pearl inlay in a scroll-like pattern along the edges and top. There is a long white couch, a black table with a glass lamp and glass animals, and on the walls are water colors of birds and flowers. The second floor study contains a piano, and a couch plumply upholstered in russet red satin and trimmed with rows of woolly white fringe.

A leader of the modernist wing, who likes to bait

the Victorians, is Paul Frankl, who has done some rather startling things himself. One of his triumphs is a circular bed designed for Mrs. Roger Wolfe Kahn in the summer of 1934. In re-doing the Kahn apartment Frankl abandoned the sharp, angular designs to which he had been accustomed and attempted to treat curved surfaces in a modern fashion. In the fall of 1934 Frankl modified his circular bed design to an elliptical form and equipped it with a beige fur spread for another apartment.

Decorators always have considered well-to-do bachelors fair game for all manner of experiments. Apparently no young man can expect to be comfortable unless he has equipped his apartment with at least one zebra skin rug, trick floodlights, a streamlined cocktail shaker and a bar.

Until about 1931 St. Luke's Place, that short street in Greenwich Village where James J. Walker once lived, boasted a curious bachelor apartment called the Tent, occupied by a young man named Elder, a stock salesman for a motion picture company. The Tent was decorated in Oriental fashion. The high ceilings and walls were concealed by billowing silk draperies which, attached to the chandelier and cascading down to the floor, were supposed to give the illusion of a tent—which they did, sort of. The chief furnishings were Oriental rugs, deep soft pillows, and low Turkish coffee tables. The bedroom was filled with mir-

rors, and the low, legless bed was made up with black silk sheets. The place was strong with incense, often myrrh.

Decorators probably have more fun with bathrooms than with anything else. Elsie deWolfe's bathroom in Paris is the first thing visitors want to see. King Fuad of Egypt, according to report, was flabbergasted by its magnificence, and honored that he had been allowed to see it. The bathroom of Mrs. Howard Linn of Chicago had silver walls covered with paintings depicting riotous jungle scenes—monkeys chasing each other, cockatoos, parrots and that sort of thing. Henry Varnum Poor, ceramic artist, had the figure of a nude woman of the modernist persuasion to decorate the wall of his shower niche.

American inventive genius has made it possible to have a whale of a good time in the bathroom. There are pink waterproofed cushions to place behind the back and make prolonged soaking more comfortable, a make-up tray with a mirror and cosmetic compartments which can be slung across the tub, electric massage machines that cost more than $100, and a bath thermometer that costs more than $20.

Decorators can do some of their best work on the outside of a house. Mr. and Mrs. Willard S. Brown, who live in East Thirty-fifth Street, New York, have a house with a façade in warm buff color, with a life-size terra cotta figure of a Greek or Roman

matron jutting out from the front. The goddess is flanked by two Italian stone friezes with cherubs. The windows are composed of numerous small square panes set in lead, and those on the parlor floor are guarded by an iron grillwork resembling hand-wrought gates. The pattern sprouts into life-like bunches of iron posies at the top. Iron balconies at the upper windows hold flower boxes with petunias and trailing vines. An iron balustrade painted orange is attached to three or four steps which lead to the doorway. The door is made of carved oak which has been stained a golden hue. Brilliant orange enamel covers the doorway.

In 1934 George Howe and William Lescaze constructed a house in East Forty-eighth Street, New York, with a front of vacuum glass bricks. It is the nearest approach to a glass house in the city. Each wall of the rooms inside the glass house is painted a different color—an innovation which, according to the prophets of the business, will be used frequently for some time, with varied results. Mr. Howe says that some of the results will be, in a simple word, "impossible."

One of the most dreadful houses in history was in upper Fifth Avenue, the property of a rich woman now dead. All the walls were paneled in glass mosaic, which served as a background for a notable collection of Cézannes and other modern paintings. The

woman's weakness for glass ornament extended even to the stair treads, which were faced with dangling crystal pendants that looked like mammoth ten-cent-store earrings.

The tendency to construct roadside filling stations and refreshment stands in bizarre shapes (sometimes as monstrous rabbits, squirrels and wooden shoes) is familiar to every motorist, particularly to those who have driven in the West. Dealers in dresses and beauty treatments, of course, require more exotic surroundings than the vendors of frankfurters and gasoline. Lou J. Mallas, president of a dress company, maintained an astonishing office in a Broadway building. His personal waiting room was a Spanish patio with a fountain, strange plants, and yellow wicker furniture. His office, a large room papered in special soundproof material, was usually kept in dusky half-light. The venetian blinds were pulled down tight. If Mallas wanted to look closely at a dress or a visitor he would snap on a battery of theatrical floodlights that were mounted close to the mirror-covered ceiling. Diaphanous curtains of soft green and a modern carpet of the same hue served as a foil for a divan and several chairs upholstered in red morocco. One side of the room was occupied by a well-stocked bar. A radio in a modern cabinet faced the divan. Tucked away in a corner was a modern desk shaped like half

an octagon, at which the manufacturer could, if so minded, get some work done.

Another merchant who goes in for breath-taking decorations is Elizabeth Arden, who is said to have made a fortune from the desire of women to be beautiful. Her clients, from dowagers to young wives, enter through one of the snootiest doors on earth. The small reception room is circular with a rounded ceiling. Indirect lighting fixtures of lalique glass that look like feather fronds surround the edge of the dome. Niches in the black glass walls contain decorative masks, and a statue of an amply clothed Greek maiden stands on a pedestal in the center of the room.

The second room on the ground floor is square with black and green glass walls studded with silver stars. Two white satin-covered Empire couches with high arched backs at the head stand against opposite walls. Lingerie is sold here. Gowns and sports clothes are sold on the upper floors. The most spectacular floor is the eighth, which is given over to facial treatments. Its mirrored ceiling and antique ivory chairs upholstered in gold velvet will cause a newcomer to think at least twice. The ladies do their exercises on the tenth floor, where hefty masseuses thump and whale the flanks of the customers in a never-ending battle to get off a few inches. The exercise mat is of gold satin. On the top floor, the eleventh, the layout is just as stunning, except that the reception room

contains several bits of statuary, among them two porcelain figures of youths in tight-fitting clothes; one simpering fellow is grasping for a bunch of grapes, and the other is going for a bottle of wine.

The consensus among the more forward-looking decorators is that, although we have come a long way from the rude surroundings of our forefathers, including an obscure furniture maker named Duncan Phyfe, little more than the groundwork has been laid for schemes of decoration that will make the present gadgets look like the stuff in grandma's house back in Scranton.

THE JUDGING OF HAUPTMANN

THE trial of Bruno Richard Hauptmann, for the murder of the Lindbergh baby, which began in Flemington, New Jersey, in the first part of January, 1935, was so spectacular, so bizarre, that in retrospect it seems almost incredible that things could have happened as they did. Everything conspired to make the trial dramatic. In its bare, simple outlines the case had all the ingredients of a starkly realistic mystery story. But that was not enough. It remained for the press, the radio, the officials and the spectators to make of it a fantastic extravaganza.

The 300 or more reporters covering the trial filed more than 10,000,000 words. Foreign correspondents sent hundreds of thousands of words by radio, cable and mail. Many radio stations were busy broadcasting transcripts of the testimony. In addition, news commentators and extra-legal authorities discussed all aspects of the case. Hearst's New York *Journal,* which was instrumental in employing defense counsel, and which paid the wife of Hauptmann $25 a week, had thirty reporters and a posse of photographers on the scene. The New York *Times* devoted more space to the trial than the other papers, simply because it had more room. It was, surely, the trial of the century.

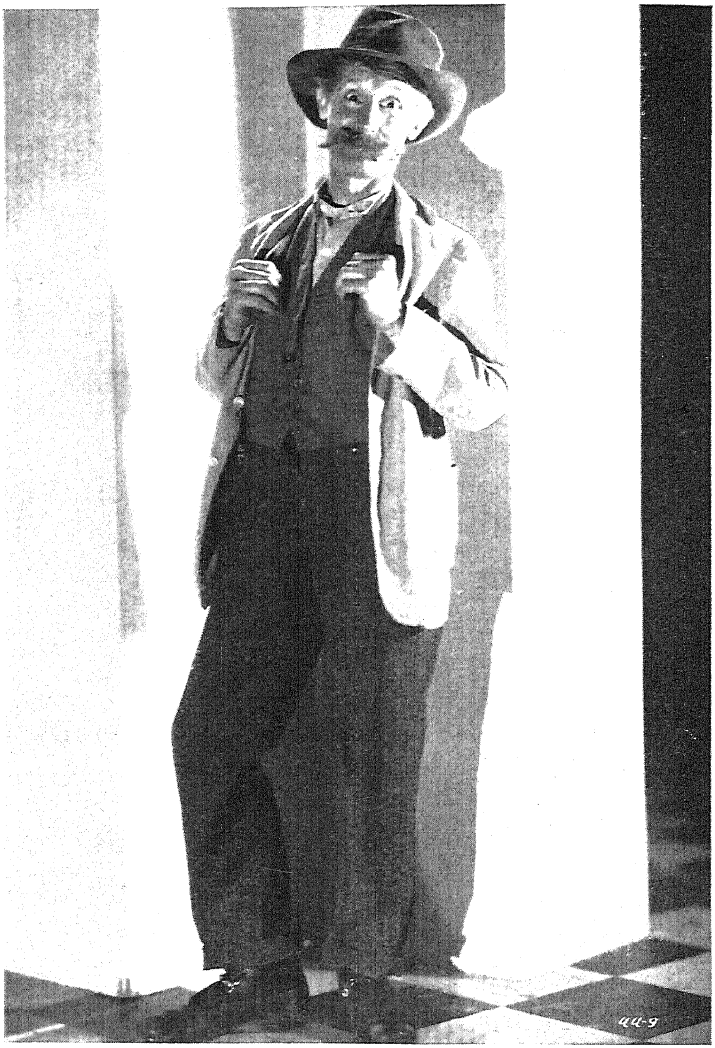


Photo by Acme Newspictures, Inc.

HAYSEED HUMORIST AND PHILOSOPHER

Charles (Chic) Sale, comedian and author of the best-selling little book, "The Specialist," a treatise on the building of outhouses.

One of the unforgettable characters of the trial was Edward J. Reilly, a criminal lawyer from Brooklyn, who had been retained as chief of defense counsel. Known as "the Bull of Brooklyn," Reilly had a long, successful record of defending criminals. His strength in his home county usually lay in political pull, oratory or convenient witnesses. As soon as he took over the defense of Hauptmann he began issuing statements. There were, he said, new witnesses. He knew who did the kidnaping. He knew many dark secrets. The forces of the prosecution, headed by David Wilentz, Attorney-General of New Jersey, began answering Reilly, and this interchange continued up to the start of the trial.

The sideshow motif became evident early. Sheriff John H. Curtiss, of Hunterdon County, a fat man who came from New England, perceived almost immediately that he could make a good thing out of the trial. His first move was to keep the minions of Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City out of the scheme. Mr. Hague is a man of considerable dignity, but some of his "boys" have a habit of "muscling in" on important trials, no matter in what part of New Jersey they are held. A committee of reporters, with one of the Hague men at the head, set out for Flemington to discuss seating arrangements. When they arrived, Sheriff Curtiss eyed the Hague fixer with contempt.

After some blustering the Hague man departed, leaving the Sheriff in complete power.

The Sheriff informed each reporter, when he came to get tickets for his paper, that there would be a $10 tax on main floor seats and a $5 fee for balcony seats. Most of the reporters paid it, knowing that they could put the item on their expense accounts.. But one young fellow from the New York *World-Telegram* telephoned his office before paying; the editor, in crusading mood that morning, ordered a story on the Sheriff's fee-fixing. Then the fun began. The Board of Freeholders, all Democrats, announced an investigation of the Sheriff, who was a Republican. The Sheriff explained that he was only trying to save the county a little money, and that the "contributions" were merely to meet the cost of installing benches and a temporary press table. He offered free seats to the *World-Telegram*. The reporters, realizing that they would have to keep on good terms with the Sheriff for many weeks, let the matter drop.

Afterward the Sheriff was more cautious. A third person, connected with a telegraph company, could get any one a ticket for a price. Even Mrs. Ogden L. Mills, wife of the former Secretary of the Treasury, had to pay to get in. Tickets could be obtained for $10, $5, a pint of good bonded rye, or a box of cigars. The Sheriff smoked cigars. Tickets were good for one session only; the reporters were lucky to have re-

ceived season passes for $10 each. A ticket, of course, did not guarantee a seat. Many paying customers saw the show from the aisles, radiators and window sills. Panes of several windows were broken by eager spectators, adding a pleasant tinkle of falling glass to the regular trial noises.

On one occasion a woman drove up in front of the courthouse in a Rolls-Royce. Her uniformed chauffeur leaped out and opened the door. The woman, wrapped in mink, stepped out and drew from her pocketbook a $100 bill, which she waved, announcing in a loud, clear voice that she would give all of it for a ticket. She got the ticket.

The first to realize the possibilities in the housing situation was Bert Pedrick, owner of Flemington's only hotel, a ramshackle three-story wooden building. He bought up options on most of the rooms available in the town. He paid the owners $1 a night and charged newspaper men $5 a day for room and board. After the trial Bert paid off the mortgage on the hotel and bought a new sedan.

Everybody in town was out to make money. The Women's Exchange, where home-made pastries, breads and rolls were brought by matrons during normal times for sale to their sisters, emerged as a tea room. The Methodist Episcopal Church became a luncheon spot, with women from the auxiliary serving meals. This enterprise was subsidized by the

State, which fed all its witnesses and officers there. After the trial the church bought a new organ. An evangelist from the Middle West saw an opportunity to save some souls while the trial was in progress. The Rev. J. Fred Bindenberger of Flemington liked the idea and promised the sky pilot his church. Other pastors objected. A compromise was reached under which the visitor agreed not to mention the Hauptmann trial in his exhortations. The revival was a failure.

The souvenir salesmen overran the place. One enterprising fellow made up a batch of miniature ladders. They were simple affairs, about eight inches long and two inches wide, the pine in them being of cigar box thickness. These miniatures were handed out to salesmen, who went about shouting that it was possible to purchase "exact duplicates" of the famous ladder used in the kidnaping for twenty-five cents. The ladders differed greatly from the principal exhibit in the case, but the buyers didn't mind. The ladders sold. One young man, highly excited, bought a ladder and tied it to his lapel with a red ribbon. He said to his companions:

"I'm going to leave it on too, by God! I'll march in on Gertie with it. Then won't she kick herself when she sees what she missed. The double-crossing bitch!"

A man with a metal press did a fair sort of busi-

ness. He set up for business on the porch of the hotel. He had constructed a die depicting the Hunterdon County courthouse, surrounded by the legend, Hauptmann Trial, Flemington, N. J." On the stand beside the press lay several hundred bright new pennies and several fine strips of copper. By running the copper strips through the press, together with the pennies, he turned out Lincoln heads backed by the courthouse and the legend. The pieces sold for five cents each, three for a dime.

The Flemington pottery turned out a set of bookends on which the courthouse appeared. These bits of clay were bought by the more wealthy visitors and today serve as parlor exhibits in many a home. A quick sketch artist turned out portraits of Hauptmann and other principals of the trial by the dozen; postcards with scenes of Flemington were sold at five cents each; pictures of the jury ranged from a dime to twenty-five cents. The higher-priced jury pictures were "suitable for framing."

Boys from the high school made pocket money running copy for reporters. They had managed to get days off from school. These sharp lads hit upon a scheme of financing their yearbook. The town was overrun with autograph seekers. One day several of the boys appeared in the bar of the hotel with a large drawing board. They went from reporter to reporter and asked for autographs for the yearbook. It seemed

that the book was to be dedicated to the reporters who covered the trial. As each man jotted down his name, he was asked for a contribution of twenty-five cents. The reporters didn't feel they could refuse. The boys also got signatures of most of the principals except Col. Lindbergh and Hauptmann. A week later there was offered for sale at twenty-five cents each, copies of the sheet with the autographs, headed by the inscription, "The Trial of the Century." The youth of Flemington made a lot of money.

The crowds of curious were bad enough on week days, but on Sundays they were worse. After the first Sunday, when visitors stole everything in the courthouse they could get their hands on, the Sheriff wanted to close the place on Sundays, but the American Legion and the Kiwanis and Rotary Clubs volunteered to supply guards who would not only stop souvenir hunters but would answer the questions of the sightseers. When the visitors began arriving the second Sunday they found huge placards scattered about the courtroom. Over the chair of the defendant was the sign, "Hauptmann." Likewise there were signs indicating where the judge and jury sat, the witness chair, Col. Lindbergh's chair, and the spot where Walter Winchell usually kept himself. The crowds were especially eager to see Mrs. Hauptmann and her little son. Every time the two appeared on the street, the crowd would rush for them. Somehow the sightseers

seemed to find it astonishing that the child should appear as a pleasant-faced, chubby baby rather than as some sort of monster. Reilly wanted to have the baby brought into the courtroom, but Justice Trenchard, presiding, refused to allow it. Nevertheless, the jury got several glimpses of the child.

A man who got relatively little attention during the trial was Warden Harry O. McCrae, who guarded Hauptmann. Of course he got a few cigars now and then for divulging how Hauptmann had slept, or what he ate, but that was about all he got during the trial. Later, however, it developed that McCrae also had entered into the spirit of the thing. Because the officials feared that Hauptmann might attempt suicide if allowed to eat with ordinary knives and forks, he was forced to use paper utensils. The warden supplied this equipment, but when Hauptmann had finished eating, the warden hid the utensils in a little basket under his desk. After the trial he handed out paper spoons, forks and plates to any friends who happened to call—each and every one of them guaranteed to have been used by none other than Bruno Richard Hauptmann.

The macabre spectacle finally came to an end. The most dismal scene of all was the courtroom from the time the jury went out until it returned with the verdict of guilty. Justice Trenchard left the bench and went to his chambers to read. Attorney-General

Wilentz sat in the jury box. Reilly was in the witness chair. The floor was strewn with papers, cigarette stubs and remnants of sandwiches. Some, with paper bags in their hands, ate sandwiches and cakes and drank coffee, milk or applejack. The more sportive element played games of checkers and tick-tack-toe. Some of the journalists started a dice game in Justice Trenchard's library without his knowledge. Soon reporters, radio men, stenographers, lawyers and Broadway hangers-on were trying their luck. One man won $200 on two passes. A member of the defense counsel collected $75 and said, "That's more than I earned during the whole trial." At this point Justice Trenchard left his chambers and started for the library to get a book. The players, however, were warned. They quickly hid the dice and money and when the old justice entered the library he saw an unusually studious group of young men, all poring over law books. As soon as the justice left the game was resumed.

Meanwhile, Wilentz, sitting in the jury box, amused his listeners with such jests as, "This is where I should have been in the first place." Reilly, in the witness chair, burlesqued the testimony of state's witnesses. He shot questions at himself, then pretended to be too deaf to hear them. He would cup his hand to his ear and say, "What was that? What? Repeat the question." Reilly is known far and wide as a card, and

his barroom stories and repartee were among the most engaging aspects of the Flemington period. Before the jury came in Reilly and a woman reporter stood up in front of the judge's bench and sang "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling."

As soon as the jury had found Hauptmann guilty its members were besought by agents to go on the stage. The foreman was offered $800 a week and the other members $500 a week each. Some of them considered it seriously. So far had the carnival spirit run that many persons could see no impropriety in the jury going on the stage. This attitude was expressed by County Judge Adam O. Robbins, who had relinquished his post in order that Justice Trenchard might sit at the trial. Asked what he thought of the jury accepting the offer, he said:

"Couldn't blame them if they did. You don't make that much farming in a lifetime. Nope, I think it might be a good idea."

The vaudeville scheme collapsed, but the members of the jury did write (or rather, had ghost-written) articles in which they discussed the trial. They also wrote a book, each contributing a chapter. These twelve men and women had become so impressed with their importance that they found it difficult after the trial to return to their ordinary tasks. Indeed, they gave a dinner at the hotel in Flemington a few nights after the verdict. Official passes to the trial were

supplied by Sheriff Curtiss, the guest of honor, and used as place cards.

On each card was written the affectionate nickname by which the juror had come to be known. For example, Charlie Snyder sat at the place designated for "Dimples." May Brelsford took the chair marked "Giggles." Rosie Pill was "Good Girl Rosie," George Voorhies was "Horsie," and plump Verna Snyder was "Contented Verna." Beside each place lay a noise-maker and a song book. After some eating and a rendition of "I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl That Married Dear Old Dad," there was speaking. Some of the jurors praised the Sheriff, who was planning to run for Freeholder. One bit of verse went:

"Here's to the Sheriff and a happy life,
Now that he is growing older,
May we have him for our next Freeholder."

Later the jurors sang "Jingle Bells," put on paper caps and organized a square dance.

American newspapers were criticized because of the sensational fashion in which the trial was handled. There were many astounding excesses, violations of ethical canons, double-crossings by reporters and office-holders, and an unbelievable amount of trickery. Indeed, sound films of the trial were taken surreptitiously during the first few days, shown at a few

theaters, and then suppressed. Undoubtedly the press, and the radio people overstepped all limits of dignity, but they were not alone. The lawyers in some respects were worse. And there was printed during the trial a long, learned discussion of the evidence in the New York *Law Journal,* the official law periodical of the First Judicial Department of New York. This article discussed the evidence editorially as it had developed thus far, and pointed out that some of the testimony given was hardly credible. Many old-fashioned lawyers were perturbed at this.

It is difficult to see what could have been done to make the trial a model of decorum. It was too big, and the interest was too great. Justice Trenchard was not to blame; indeed, he did the best he could in a trying situation. The same thing would happen again, in any part of America, if a similar trial were held next year. Walter Winchell would bounce about, giving tips and suggestions to the prosecution if his sympathies lay that way, as they did in the Hauptmann case. If convenient, Arthur Brisbane would drop in to size up the situation. Damon Runyon would be there, and Adela Rogers St. Johns with her heavenly prose. Illustrators would be there, some merely for the fun of it, and there would be the usual aggregation of well-dressed women with nothing better to do.

Two exhibits in the life of Flemington deserve men-

tion. One was the menu devised by the owner of a hash house several doors from the hotel. The proprietor was not getting as much business as he had hoped for. His itinerant chef suggested a novel way of getting customers. One morning a sandwich board appeared in front of the place. It was headed "Trial Lunch." Some of the items were: "Writers' cramp soup, 10¢"; "Lindbergh steak, 50¢"; "Hauptmann beans, 35¢"; "Trenchard roast with Bruno gravy, 40¢"; "Jafsie chops, 50¢"; "Jury pie, 10¢"; "Reilly pudding, 20¢"; "Press custard, 10¢"; and "Photog's ice cream, 10¢."

Another exhibit is a song sung around the bars, the hotel and the rooming houses of Flemington. It is a parody of the old German "Schnitzelbank" song, long a favorite in the beer halls. It is entitled "Du Schoene Hauptmann Trial," and goes as follows:

DU SCHOENE HAUPTMANN TRIAL

Ist das nicht ein dowel pin?
Ja, das ist ein dowel pin,
Fitted das nicht nicely in?
Ja, es fitted nicely in.
Dowel pin, etc.

Ist das nicht ein grosser dope?
Ja, das ist ein grosser dope.

Ist das nicht der Frederick Pope?
Ja, das ist der Frederick Pope.

Ist das nicht ein ransom note?
Ja, das ist ein ransom note.
Ist das nicht ein nellie boad?
Ja, das is ein nellie boad.

Ist das nicht ein uncrossed "T"?
Ja, das ist ein uncrossed "T."
Ist das nicht ein double "E"?
Ja, das ist ein double "E."

Ist das nicht der Izzy Fisch?
Ja, das ist der Izzy Fisch.
Ist das nicht der Louis Fisch?
Ja, das ist der Louis Fisch.

Ist das nicht der Dave Wilentz?
Ja, das ist der Dave Wilentz?
Has he got no stripéd pents?
Ja, he's got no stripéd pents.

Ist das nicht die Rosie Pill?
Ja, das ist die Rosie Pill.
Ist das nicht der Peanut Grill?
Ja, das ist der Peanut Grill.

Ist das nicht ein ladder nail?
Ja, das ist ein ladder nail.
Ist das nicht der sixteen rail?
Ja, das ist der sixteen rail.

Ist das nicht der Butler Whatley?
Ja, das ist der Butler Whatley.
Anybody seen him lately?
No. nobody's seen him lately.

Ist das nicht der Lawyer Reilly?
Ja, das ist der Lawyer Reilly.
Ist his record rated highly?
Ja, his record's rated highly.

Ist das nicht ein Danish baker?
Ja, das ist ein Danish baker.
Ist das nicht ein courtroom faker?
Ja, das ist ein courtroom faker.

Ist das nicht ein graveyard gate?
Ja, das ist ein graveyard gate.
Was he busy with his date?
He was busy with his date.

Ist das nicht das noon recess?
Ja, das ist das noon recess.
Schmells it like the Bronx express?
Ja, it schmells like the Bronx express.

Ist das nicht ein screwy song?
Ja, das ist ein screwy song.
Will we sing it all night long?
Ja, we will sing it all night long.

Oh, du schoene, Oh, du schoene,
Oh, du schoene Hauptmann trial.

All this seems to have happened a long time ago.

SWANK IN THE BATHROOM

THE preoccupation of the American with problems of the bathroom, together with the recollection of many adult Americans of the crude toilet arrangements of their boyhood homes, accounted for the enormous sale of the little book "The Specialist," a treatise on outdoor privies by Chic Sale, the hayseed comic. Readers are sometimes frightened, and made ill at ease, by the stern edicts of Emily Post, but in this homely little volume was something they could understand.

The modern retiring room, particularly in night clubs and restaurants, often is decorated with touching bits of whimsy. They have come a long way from the simple signs which proclaimed that one place was for "Men" and another for "Women," or, as in the more formal pork and beans establishments, "Gents" and "Ladies." For a time the Stork Club, one of New York's best night clubs, had one sign which read, "For the Sterner Sex," and another for "The Weaker Sex." Somebody prevailed upon Sherman Billingsley, the proprietor, to change them to more simple devices, as there was occasional confusion as to just which sex was "sterner" or "weaker." Another club had the figure of a pointer over the

men's room, and a setter over the women's room. This also was sometimes confusing.

The latest and fanciest touch is reported from the Greenwich Village section. Jack Delaney, who ran a popular speakeasy in that part of New York during prohibition, opened a new saloon and restaurant in Sheridan Square. Delaney, who once was a jockey, and whose love for horses and horsey touches has persisted through the years, fitted up his bar so that customers could sit on saddles instead of the usual stools or chairs. To carry out the horse motif, the men's room is labeled "Colts" and the women's room "Fillies." This innovation became highly popular and never failed to get a laugh. It is not as delicate, to be sure, as the device employed on the roof of the St. Regis Hotel, owned by Vincent Astor. There one room has the figure of a man in evening clothes on one door, and a woman similarly attired on the other. Most persons, even if unimaginative, can figure that one out.

Hollywood, according to meager reports, leads in bizarre arrangements. The toilet seat of the late Lilyan Tashman, for example, was covered with ermine. And there is a nameless fellow in Hollywood, an incurable prankster, who has designed an outdoor house to which he likes his guests to retire. As soon as the guest flushes the toilet, an elaborate mechanical device is set in operation, causing the walls of the house

to open and fall to the ground, much like the opening of the petals of a beautiful flower, leaving the victim of the jest exposed to the howls of the host and the other guests.

The craze for musical bathroom devices began during the boom period and became extremely popular. Perforated toilet paper which played tunes as it was pulled from the roll, gadgets which set off chimes, and still others which released a shower of confetti, were among the devices. A leader in this movement was Albert Ottinger, former Attorney-General of New York, who was one of the candidates defeated by Franklin Delano Roosevelt for Governor. The "General," as he is known, not only has musical devices in his bathroom, but many other objects about the house will, if touched, burst into music.

The public rooms have come in for learned and detailed discussion. Even such an impeccably correct magazine as *The New Yorker,* in its issue of July 28, 1934, devoted considerable space to what life was like in the men's retiring rooms at the Grand Central Terminal. It commented on the relative social tone of the free section, the five-cent section, and the ten-cent booths. The account went on: "We were a visitor to the five-cent section the other day, and on our way out we noticed a slot machine featuring Sally Rand in her fan dance. It was one of several side attractions, some utilitarian, others definitely sport-

ing. Sally was already taken when we passed, by a commoner from the free room. However, we hung around for a minute and took a peek when he got through, sensible of the extra zest which our surroundings imparted to the nude female form."

The people of the United States, according to the best evidence, have the best and most elaborate plumbing arrangements ever seen on earth, although researches reported by Professor Henri Frankfort of the University of Chicago indicate that the ancients were far ahead of the American pioneers. The Professor tells of finding three privies at Tell Asman, which marks the site of the ancient city of Ashnunnak in Sumeria. "To my knowledge," he says, "they are the oldest ever found." In a palace of the time of Sargon the Great (about 4500 B.C.) the Professor reports the discovery of no less than six toilets and five ablution rooms.

"The toilets," reported Professor Frankfort, "are of the most western type, with high seats, not of the oriental kind which is level with the floor."

As is well known, the Romans went in for magnificent baths, but perhaps the most important contributor to the habits of the Romans was Tarquinus Priscus (about 600 B.C.) who started a tremendous sewer system which was completed under his successor, aptly named Tarquinus Superbus. It consisted of one immense sewer called the Cloaca Maxima,

fourteen feet wide and seventeen and a half feet high, into which laterals from all parts of the city emptied. During the Middle Ages, apparently, nobody gave a damn about anything in particular, and it was not until 1596 that any one made a substantial advance over the methods which were understood by the ancient Sumerians. In that year Sir John Harrington invented the first crude valve water closet. The rest is history. Improvement spread with varying degrees of rapidity all over the civilized world. There was much interest in New England in 1840 when a water closet was installed in the home of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the poet, whose tacit indorsement of the idea gave a tremendous impetus to the new scheme.

In 1870 a forward-looking citizen, A. B. Allen, warned that all was not well, and that further improvements must be made. As reported in the New York *Tribune*, Mr. Allen said that a distinguished American, whom he did not name, had died in 1869 because a water closet next to his office was not properly drained. Said Mr. Allen:

"The clergy and pious people called it 'an inscrutable and mysterious Providence.' The doctors said, 'imperfect sewage.'" Mr. Allen went on to repeat the story that Prince Albert had died because of a minute crevice in the masonry of an old London sewer that ran under a closet adjoining his summer sitting room.

"The odor was imperceptible," reported Mr. Allen, "but it made Queen Victoria a mourner all her days."

By 1890 the plumbing industry was showing signs of waking up. A catalogue of the L. M. Rumsey Manufacturing Company of St. Louis offered the "Ariel," an embossed front outlet pedestal closet, very ornate, ivory-tinted with gold penciling and with a choice of either cherry, antique oak, walnut or ash copper lined cistern or reservoir with carved panels, and a seat and back panel to match. The outfit cost $66.25. Nickel-plated brass pipes and brackets were $25 extra. Other varieties of closets of this period were known as the "Orion," the "Siberia," and the "Alaska." There was a "Royal Madeline" bathtub which found much favor.

Improvements continued. One of the great public works became the digging of sewers. One of the great bathrooms of the country was publicized as belonging to J. C. Calnan, president of the National Association of Master Plumbers. On May 13, 1935, Mr. Calnan announced with satisfaction that on May 10, the United States Senate had passed a joint resolution providing for an investigation by the United States Public Health Service of the plumbing and sanitary systems of all Federal buildings throughout the country. The resolution had been introduced into the Senate by Senator Royal S. Copeland, of New York, a physician; and in the House of Representa-

tives by John Dingwell of Michigan. President Roosevelt, however, vetoed the resolution, holding that it would cost millions to make the survey of the more than 2,000 buildings, and many more millions to do the work that might be recommended. The plumbers tried to get the President to reconsider. He was adamant.

A committee of master plumbers reported that in one hour's time thirteen defects had been discovered in the plumbing system of the Capitol at Washington. They said the lawmakers were threatened with disease, particularly amœbic dysentery. Said E. L. Flentje, spokesman for the committee of plumbers, "For my part, whenever I happen to become thirsty while I'm in this building, I go to the Senate restaurant and drink beer instead of water."

When the great state-fostered improvements at Saratoga Springs, New York, were opened in the summer of 1935 for the benefit of those who felt themselves in need of various laxative, semi-laxative and other waters, it was pointed out by William Preston Beazell, formerly an editor on the old New York *World* and now in charge of the publicity for the Saratoga Springs enterprise, that the main building contained no less than 110 toilets—a circumstance which would appear to make Sargon the Great look rather foolish.

Escape from the universal appeal of the toilet seems

impossible. Even those who remember only dimly the old outhouses, with the mail-order catalogues hanging on a nail, or old copies of Colonel William Rockhill Nelson's Kansas City *Star,* from which many youths obtained their education and knowledge of public affairs, may now go to the theater and find that in the most sophisticated shows, the one sure way to get a laugh is by a sly reference to functional matters. One of the funniest skits in "The Band Wagon," was the one in a plumbing fixture shop run by a Harvard graduate, to which Miss Helen Broderick, in the rôle of an artistic-souled matron, came in search of tub and closet for her home and went into raptures on the effect of sunlight on one of the closet models. It is a toss-up whether the bed or the bathroom is more significant in American humor.

HOW TO SPEND MONEY

RICH Americans, who spent money ostentatiously during the boom years, have had to trim their sails, but there is enough money left to provide a reasonable amount of show. How long it can last, no one knows, what with high taxes and the avowed policy of the New Deal to shave even more off big incomes and inheritances. Many men, accustomed to spending large sums of money, expressed the thought at the beginning of the depression that they should spend their money in the United States, where it might aid business revival. One of those who expressed this point of view was Vincent Astor, who owns a five-acre estate near St. George, Bermuda. He said:

"During the present depression in the States I feel I should spend money in my own country. Therefore I will open my Florida home this winter. Later when the States recover I plan to enjoy the winters in my Bermuda home."

Mr. Astor did not mean that he expected to undergo any great hardships in Florida; he was merely recognizing the fact that many workers and tradesmen were dependent upon him and men like him. Moreover, other rich men, knowing that their spend-

thrift descendants probably would dissipate their estates anyhow, set about having as much fun as possible while they could.

The 1929 collapse trimmed the market value of the properties of families like the Vanderbilts to a point which would have seemed incredible during the rosy Coolidge years. And there was George F. Baker, most conservative of New York bankers, who died quite a while after the collapse. His estate as of the date of his death was appraised at more than $70,000,000. In the course of two years it was estimated that his properties were worth at least $30,000,000 less. He was supposed to be shrewd and safe, possessing no worthless stocks. He might as well have thrown most of it away.

Scores of Americans, while the boom was on, seemed to take their cue from Coal Oil Johnny, a character out of the last century whose principal charm lay in his quixotic, rapid-fire methods of spending his money. His real name was John W. Steele. He was born on a farm in Mercer County, Pennsylvania. His parents died and his aunt and uncle took up the difficult but amusing task of rearing him. Oil Creek flowed through their property. They leased their farm to promoters who found oil, and the money began pouring in. The aunt and uncle died—the aunt when she reasoned, soundly enough, that one could start a fire by pouring kerosene on live coals. Johnny,

alone in the world except for a wife and small child, found $500,000 hidden in an old safe. He went away, and became known as the most lavish spender of his day.

In Philadelphia he saw his first minstrel show, and liked it so well that he bought a one-third interest. He bought a locomotive with sleeping and baggage cars, and started on a tour. In Utica, New York, he gave a $1,000 dinner; in Erie, Pennsylvania, a $500 supper. In Chicago he leased the Academy of Music for a season. His money soon was gone. He returned to his wife and child and lived a long time. He died in 1921 while working as a railroad station agent. To the end he insisted that he had had a barrel of fun, and that money was made to spend.

Possibly the best ways to get rid of money quickly are to gamble in the stock market on a large scale, or to buy yachts and dying newspapers. In some of these games there is a chance of winning; certainly the money will bring some pleasure and excitement. Others, of course, spend money because of a playful instinct, a desire to make the world better, or a yearning to give happiness to individuals.

There was Nicholas F. Brady, now dead, who was chairman of the New York Edison Company and director of more than fifty corporations. He gave away all he made above his living expenses, and in the fat years he probably made as much as $2,500,000 a

year. His office force of twenty-four persons, and his house staff of ten, each received a full year's salary as a Christmas present. No one wanted to quit. When Mr. Brady picked up, say, $100,000 on a stock syndicate deal, he would split it immediately with his wife, his relatives, friends, and the charities in which he was interested. He never played much, and he never intended that one cent of his money should be wasted.

Another man, also a utilities operator, was in love with life. He was happiest when eating and drinking with his friends. One night, after a dinner, he pressed two $1,000 bills into the hand of a friend who was far from wealthy. The friend, thinking his host possibly had too much to drink, called on him a few days later and offered to return the money. "I remember perfectly," said the rich man, "I'm hurt that you'd want to give it back. I want you to have it." The same man, once making the westward crossing on the *Berengaria,* found a steward so much to his liking that he tipped him $5,000 and gave him a job as butler. Five years later the steward retired worth $60,000, and set up his own country house. On another occasion this rich man ripped down a good frame stable on his country place and put up a new one of stone and brick for $500,000. The stable was really better than the mansion. The stall for each horse was better built and more comfortable than the average

New York apartment. Each horse had his name on a brass plate outside of the stall.

A rich horse-lover, with an establishment in central New York State, has 110 horses on his place, and he gives them puffed oats—not merely oats—by the ton. And in the winter, when the ground is frozen, he has straw shipped from the Southwest so that the exercise track may be padded and the horses won't hurt their hooves.

And there was the spectacular broker on the New York Stock Exchange who, for some unfathomable reason, had a deathly fear of reporters, even the meekest ones. One day a reporter wrote an article disclosing that the skittish trader had once been a theatrical ticket broker in Wall Street. The man was angry, but when he met the reporter he cooled off. Then he decided to cultivate the press. For years he gave parties to his newspaper friends which cost $5,000 each. When the broker's daughter was married he gave a big party for her at a New York hotel. The bride and bridegroom left to board a steamship sailing at 11 o'clock that night. The party went on. Father, early in the morning, hired a special train to take the 200 guests to Boston to wave to the couple when the ship touched that port. He paid $5,000 for the train. The next morning father and his guests, in formal clothes stood on the pier in Boston, waving their very best greetings.

Edgar B. Davis, the Texas oil operator, a big man whose investments include rubber and banks, likes to toss millions around. He took a liking to a newspaper man who had written a play called "The Ladder," an effort which, according to the critics, was one of the worst ever put on a stage. It had something to do with reincarnation. Mr. Davis liked it, put up the money for its production, and kept it playing on Broadway for a little more than two years at a loss of $1,300,000. For weeks admission was free.

Once some geologists told Davis that it would be useless to drill in a certain spot for oil. He drilled anyway, brought in a well, paid the wrong-guessing geologists handsomely, and once gave a barbecue for 10,000 persons. In August, 1935, he was bankrupt.

How to spend money on clothes was illustrated by the first wife of James J. Walker, the former Mayor of New York. She spent $20,059 at one shop from September, 1928, to March, 1931. Items included a two-tone bathing suit, $150; a chartreuse handkerchief, $14; a black antelope bag, $125; a boxed collar and cuffs for coat, $425. At another shop, in about the same period, she bought $2,472 worth of shoes and handbags.

High living is by no means dead. A recent check for a lunch for thirty persons in a New York hotel came to $1,020. A woman living at this same hotel went to Europe and left her Pekinese to occupy her

$300 a month suite. The chauffeur would come and take the dog for a ride every morning in the town car, and every night a member of the hotel staff would take the sybaritic beast for a stroll on Fifth Avenue. A hotel proprietor tells of the man who converted two hotel dining-rooms into something resembling a ship and gave a nautical dinner at a cost of $11,000. No reason for it; he merely wanted that kind of dinner. Al Jolson, the mammy singer, for several years had a New York apartment for which he paid a yearly rental of $8,000 and rarely used.

Yachts can whittle away enormous holes in even the biggest fortunes. Curiously, many of the most costly yachts have been kept in commission ever since the depression. The first cost is high, the upkeep staggering, and the value of yachts diminishes rapidly. Mrs. Richard M. Cadwalader, Jr., of Philadelphia, paid $5,000,000 for the *Savarone,* built in 1931. It has thirteen staterooms. Ernest R. Behrend, of Erie, Pennsylvania, a paper manufacturer, paid $2,000,000 for the motor yacht *Armida,* and later sold it to Ferdinand C. Adda, of Alexandria, Egypt. The yacht *Caroline,* built for Eldridge R. Johnson, of Moorestown, New Jersey, a phonograph manufacturer, cost more than $1,500,000, and Vincent Astor's *Nourmahal,* on which President Roosevelt sometimes cruises with his advisers, cost $2,000,000.

The yacht *Hirondelle,* built for the Prince of

Monaco in 1911 for $2,000,000, was purchased at auction in 1932 by Frank M. Finucane, a shipping man of Providence, Rhode Island, for $1,500. Sometimes J. P. Morgan keeps his magnificent *Corsair* in commission, but often she is laid up.

Mr. Morgan has many other expenditures, in addition to libraries and works of art. He has accumulated many addresses: the town house on Madison Avenue, New York, a great estate at Glen Cove, Long Island; Wall Hall, a place in Hertfordshire, England; a town place in Grosvenor Square, London; Gannochy Lodge where he goes for the shooting, in Forfarshire, Scotland, and a place in Bermuda.

Big apartments appeal to some persons who dislike the idea of feeling cramped. The late John Markle, gruff but kindly coal operator and philanthropist, had a thirty-room apartment in Park Avenue, New York, but it was too small. In 1928 he moved into a coöperative apartment on Fifth Avenue which had forty-one rooms and fifteen baths. There he seemed happier; he could stretch his legs. He had a private switchboard installed, with twenty-six extension telephones. A black and white marble staircase cost $25,000. A young whippersnapper asked him what he intended to do with all this magnificence. Mr. Markle replied: "It's nobody's damn business."

Dr. Preston Pope Satterwhite, a native of Kentucky, also gave New York the impression that he

liked nice things. He paid $610,000 for a house with thirty-two acres at Kings Point, Long Island. He had a pipe organ worth $150,000. His villa at Palm Beach is also soothing to the eye. He wanted a large living room in his New York apartment, and got it. It is sixty feet long, twenty-five wide and two stories high. The apartment, all told, cost about $900,000.

E. T. Stotesbury, well known in society of New York, Philadelphia and Palm Beach, married Mrs. Oliver Cromwell in 1912 and gave her $4,000,000 for a wedding present, including a $500,000 pearl necklace which could have reached to the floor. Mr. Stotesbury once had as many as 400 guests for his birthday. For their entertainment he played the snare drums, his favorite amusement.

Perhaps the most unaccountable spender in America is John Barry Ryan, son of the late Thomas Fortune Ryan. Among his purchases over the last few years are: Senando, a two-year-old bay horse, $75,000; some bronze turtles, donkeys and mice, for ornaments, $6,434; five sets of dice, costing from $7.50 to $10 a set; a gold crucifix, $200. His income is from a trust fund which originally was worth about $25,000,000.

Marshall Field III has an estate on Long Island which was assessed one year at $1,307,000. His rose gardens are among the finest in the world. His New York house is virtually an art museum. He breeds

and races thoroughbreds, and sponsors expeditions. His Virginia estate of 1,000 acres has an airport layout and a racetrack. He gives away large sums to hospitals.

The career of Jesse L. Livermore, once known as the Boy Plunger of Wall Street, includes periods in which he lived well. He built a house on Long Island costing $290,000, the scene of a famous robbery in which jewels worth $90,000 were taken from his wife. One day Livermore chartered a special train from Palm Beach to Jacksonville because he was unable to get a lower berth on the regular train. In the spring of 1934 Livermore went into bankruptcy and set about to make another fortune.

Boston often talked of Frank Huntington Beebe, music patron and philanthropist who died in 1932 leaving an estate of $3,550,000. He had two houses in Beacon Street. He lived in one and had the other refurnished and redecorated twice a year. He never slept in the refurnished house.

Rich men have been known to have something resembling claustrophobia. Even trees annoy some. The late Frank A. Munsey, publisher, liked to be able to see about him for miles. When he bought the Louis Sherry estate at Manhasset, Long Island, he went up into the tower of the château and found, much to his disappointment, that he was unable clearly to see the lights of New York City, some

eighteen miles away. Hundreds of fine old trees obstructed his view. He had the trees cut down.

Carl G. Fisher, who developed Miami Beach, built a home on Biscayne Bay and had a 75-foot tower erected. At the top was a gallery, and immediately under it a one-room apartment with a fireplace. It cost him $25,000, but he liked the view.

A whimsical fellow is William F. Kenny, New York contractor and long-time friend of Al Smith. It is no secret that Mr. Kenny is, and has been for many years, almost bald. Once, while in Paris, he decided he needed a haircut. By transatlantic telephone he talked to one Louis Arico, a talented and affable barber who ran a basement barber shop in Reade Street, New York. Mr. Kenny asked Arico to take the *Leviathan,* come to Paris and cut his hair properly. Arico obeyed, but when he arrived he found that the impatient Kenny had engaged a British barber to trim his scanty fuzz.

Other makers of legends include William Gillette, the actor, who has a large and costly miniature railroad on his Connecticut estate; Arthur Hind, a banker and plush manufacturer of Utica, New York, who had a collection of postage stamps worth $1,000,000; William B. Osgood Field, New York bibliophile, who smokes cigars that cost $2 each; Victor Emanuel, utilities operator living on Long Island, who, while at Rockingham Castle, ninety miles north of London,

gave a party for friends and imported American entertainers for the occasion at a cost of $19,500.

It is said that Paul D. Cravath, New York lawyer, built a house on the north shore of Long Island at a tremendous cost. When it was all finished he said, a little wistfully, that he wanted a brook. The landscape architect said that a brook could be arranged, though it would cost a pretty sum. "Do you," asked the architect, "want a brook that gives forth a swish, a murmur or a gurgle?" "All three," was the answer. To-day, by pressing a button, one may start the brook going. Other buttons control the sound, making it either swish, murmur or gurgle.

Awed visitors, returning from the ranch of William Randolph Hearst in California, find themselves almost inarticulate at the size and splendor of the place. Two young women writers who visited the place in the spring of 1935 tell how, as they were being driven by automobile to the ranch house, they fell to talking of the tall tales that had been told of the great establishment. One recounted that she had heard that Mr. Hearst had imported a castle from Europe and that, because of the vastness of the estate, it had somehow been lost, apparently beyond recovery, after it had been landed on the shores of California. The driver, who had been listening to all this, turned and said sharply:

"That wasn't a castle. It was just a château."

FISHWIVES IN THE TEMPLE

THE model American statesman, if he expects to go far, must be an oafish sort of fellow who directs his appeal to the lowest common denominator of the voting population. It is very well to assert that even the meanest of human creatures has about him a certain innate nobility, but it simply isn't so. More often he is a snide and petty man, suspicious of culture and fine feathers, who eats his heart out in footless day-dreams of how he can outwit his betters.

The successful politician must put himself en rapport with the shoddy, slothful yearnings of the herd. He must speak their language. He must, if possible, dress about as they do. He must convince them that, although he may have a fairly good education, he is just an amiable roughneck at heart. Sometimes the United States shows signs of overcoming this worship of the boor, and actually pays honor to a man of breeding, restraint and dignity. There have been Oscar W. Underwood and Elihu Root. But the people also have honored Tillman, Vardaman, Ferguson, Blease, Heflin, Long and an endless list of other rabble-rousers who were willing to get down on the floor

and fight, to connive in strange places, and to pour out fantastic billingsgate.

Will Rogers, regarded by many as the foremost thinker yet produced in America, would have been ignored if it were not for the fact that he pretended, when performing, to be an uncouth ignoramus. Thus the people accepted him as genuine.

If the American politician is good at invective, he is almost sure to amount to something. If he is a master name-caller, there should be no limit to his aspirations. The people love to listen to the purple phrases of abuse and to cry out, "That's tellin' 'em!" "Go to it, old boy!" and "Sic 'em, kid!" all of which is the American equivalent of the Englishman's namby-pamby "Hear! Hear!" The history of the United States has been peculiarly rich with accomplished vitriol throwers. With the coming of the New Deal, the art of abusive phrase-making, which had showed signs of becoming dormant or outmoded, experienced a tremendous revival because of the remarkable talents of General Hugh S. Johnson, Father Charles E. Coughlin, and the late Senator Huey P. Long of Louisiana.

In a time when people were starving, and the whole economic and social structure of the country was a farrago of complex theory, the bickerings of these three enlivened what might otherwise have been a dreary period. Of the three, General Johnson

emerged the winner in fair combat with the jawbones. It is curious that, although he is by nature and training a man of vastly more character and fundamental mental honesty than either of the other two, he was able to master them as easily as an Iowa farm boy can best a New York gigolo in a hog-calling contest.

General Johnson proved himself a master of words, poetic phrases and political invective. One of his great performances was at the microphone on the night of March 4, 1935. His opening sentence disposed of Donald Richberg thus: "I was recently accused of being an egomaniac because I wrote a book about NRA in which Mr. Richberg was not the hero." Then he attacked the "economic kibitzers and political pansies" who were "sniping at the President's plans." He said:

"We used to talk about two parties and a lunatic fringe. . . . I think the Old Guard has become a lunatic fringe because, having so plainly dosed this country into this misery, the stark crass stupidity of standing and offering nothing more than that same old poison to millions still destitute from the first dose, is an actual incitation to revolution."

He said that "after two years of timid silence the Old Guard has at last screwed up its courage to raise a voice from the tomb to send shivers down the spine" of the nation by opposing the President's plans, and

that "in Congress the despairing legions of reaction unfurl the old banners, and on the sidelines the savage orchestra of columnist and editorial kibitzers pound the tom-toms, burn the red fire, and shriek with demoniacal glee at every defection." He went on to say that politicians who expected Long and Coughlin to make them a present of the next election were "playing volley ball with dynamite bombs." He said:

"If you box a boy's ears he will pout, and if the occasion offers, run away from home with any enticing bum that comes along. He is an abused baby. Counting busted business men, the unemployed, large segments of farmers not yet helped, there are eighty million abused babies in this country, their ears tingling from the worst economic boxing in history. . . . Two Pied Pipers have come to Hamelin town and are piping out of the city gates with more and more abused babies at their heels. You can laugh at Father Coughlin. You can snort at Huey Long, but this country has never been under a greater menace . . . by the combination of this dangerous demagogy with the direct assault of the old social Neanderthalers —the architects of the 1929 boom and bust—and of our five black years of bitter bondage to despair."

The General said he felt it was "time for somebody to get up on his hind legs and howl," and that he was doing so against the advice of his friends. He went on: "I am well aware what the pipers will say about

me—that I once worked in New York and am the tool of the interests. Nerts to that!"

Johnson then put his finger on the secret of the successful rabble-rouser, when he said, "It is not what these men say that is dangerous, it is the devilish ingenuity of their way of saying it. Hitler couldn't hold a candle to Huey in the art of the old Barnum ballyhoo—a new sucker born every second." He described Long as a "plausible Punchinello," an "able little devil" with "cast iron cheek" and with "a rough and tumble readiness to take on all comers including the august Senate of the United States."

Turning to Father Coughlin, "another Catiline," he referred to him as "an Irish-Canadian priest whose rich, dripping brogue comes burring over the air, pounding home points of pure political propaganda by calling on the lives and sayings of all the saints and the very precepts of the Master in accents mellow with human sympathy." He called Coughlin a dispenser of "musical blatant bunk from the very rostrum of religion." To him Coughlin was "very bad fish" in the net of the church, who "flays the faith of a people to advance a monetary interest." Compared with the radio priest, he added, "Judas Iscariot was just a poor piker." The General referred to the story current in Washington that an American Hitler intended to ride into the capital on horseback. He said: "That would be definitely enough Huey,

because he knows what part of the horse he can be, but we have a right to object most vigorously to the sanctification of such a centaur by having the head wear the collar of Rome and come intoning the stately measures of the church in pious benediction on such a monstrosity." Said the General:

"Between the team of Huey and the priest we have a whole bag of crazy, crafty tricks possessed by any mad mullah or dancing dervish. . . . We expect politics to make strange bedfellows, but if Father Coughlin wants to engage in political bundlings with Huey Long, or any other political demagogue, it is only a fair first move to take off that Roman Catholic cassock."

Huey Long, who once referred to burying James A. Farley, Postmaster-General, "face down so that every time he scratches he goes nearer home," appeared flabbergasted by the General's language. Clearly he had met the Joe Louis of the microphones. When Huey went on the air he was almost decorous, merely calling Johnson, "the pampered ex-Crown Prince" of the administration "on the eve of announcing the publication of his own obituary."

Father Coughlin did not take Johnson's speech with Huey's calm. On March 11, 1935, the priest told a nationwide radio audience that the General was "a chocolate soldier who never faced an enemy nor successfully faced an issue," called him the organizer of

"a comic opera parade on the streets of New York," "the sweet prince of bombast," and "the first great casualty of the New Deal." He added:

"My dear General, whether you know it or not, you are but a political corpse whose ghost has returned to haunt us. Although I believe that your unquiet spirit will not rest in peace, nevertheless I still believe in that ethical maxim, 'De mortuis nil nisi bonum.' "

Coughlin likened the General's speech to "a cracked gramophone record squawking the message of his master's voice." The master, it appeared, was Johnson's old friend, Bernard M. Baruch. Then by distorting Baruch's middle name he likened himself to the prophet Isaiah and hinted that Wall Street probably would attempt to saw him in two also. As to Johnson's allusion to Judas, he said:

"It is not my province to classify myself with the eleven faithful Apostles. I am content to leave to the justice of history and the judgment of God this decision."

"My dear General," he went on, "what insanity possessed you to say such things? What desperation forced you to utter such exaggerations?" Then he delivered a foul blow:

"General Johnson, your enemies and, if I must say it, some of your fair weather friends, have heaped upon my desk the record of your personal life. I

disdain to use it." A few minutes after the priest had finished broadcasting General Johnson was ready for the press with a statement about both "political termites" and "loreleis." He said:

"Father Coughlin's passion is the father to his deceit. As a cracker-downer Father Coughlin has me backed off the board. After hearing his pious flub-dub and examining the recently modified insanities of the Louisianian Kingfish I am more convinced than ever that this pair of male sirens rank as public political enemies number 1 and 2. There is less national harm in the 100 worst gunmen than there is in these two political racketeers."

The victory appeared to be clearly with the General. His thrusts were neater than Coughlin's, his phrases less smug and more biting. The Kingfish was a bad third, as his real strength lay in his marvelous metaphors and Biblical quotations rather than in straight-cut invective. The General proved that he was in the great tradition of bitter phrase-mongering which began with John Randolph of Roanoke and had a brilliant recrudescence in Alfred Emanuel Smith.

Never was the vocabulary of Al Smith given a better workout than in his clash with William Randolph Hearst in October, 1919. For months the New York *Journal* had been attacking Governor Smith, alleging that he was responsible for the rise in the

price of milk. Al's aged mother, living over in Middagh Street, Brooklyn, read these attacks and worried about her boy. Finally Smith exploded and challenged Hearst to a debate at Carnegie Hall. He said in an interview:

"I think he is a mean man, a particularly low type of man, who will lead anybody to believe there is something that can be done for them, that is impossible, to serve his own purposes. . . . It is a particularly easy thing for an unscrupulous newspaper man to hide behind the green shade of a lamp and put his foul dirty pen into the slimy ink that would destroy the character and standing of other men. . . . It is a low caliber of man that, to serve his own purposes, breeds dissatisfaction and discontent by lying about other men. . . . This attack would never have been made on me if I had shown the proper degree of subservience to the owner of the paper, a subserviency which carries a public man to the very point of humiliation. But I refused to pay the price."

After some days of silence Hearst said: "I have no intention of meeting Governor Smith publicly or privately, politically or socially; I do not have to meet him as I am not running for office, and I certainly do not want to meet him for the pleasure of association, as I find no satisfaction in the company of crooked politicians. Neither have I the time or inclination

to debate with every public plunderer or faithless public servant whom my papers have exposed, for the reason that every pilloried rascal in every city where my papers are published always tried to divert attention from the real issue of his political crookedness by making some sort of a blatherskite onslaught on me."

On October 29 Smith appeared at Carnegie Hall, which was jammed with cheering New Yorkers. The opening words of Smith's masterpiece of denunciation were:

"Of course I'm alone. I knew that I would be, because I know the man to whom I issued that challenge, and I know that he has not got a drop of good clean, pure red blood in his body. And I know the color of his liver, and it is whiter, if that could be, than the driven snow."

Smith's speaking tour in the Presidential campaign of 1932 gave him an excellent chance to pay off old scores. Since he was not running for office he could say what he pleased. Little has been heard of Mabel Walker Willebrandt, former Assistant Attorney-General under Hoover, after Smith's summary of her career in a speech at Newark, New Jersey. The chairman had mentioned the name of Mrs. Willebrandt, who had taken a large part in the stirring up of dissension over religious issues, as well as prohibition,

when Smith was running for President in 1928. Smith said:

"Do you remember the time that she appeared before the Methodist Conference in Ohio and urged the Methodist ministers to go out and preach to their people to bring about my defeat? . . . Well, what happened? When the campaign was over Mabel was being put on the shelf. The Republican party was not quick or spontaneous in their reward for her questionable services.

"So she wrote a little book, and she said deep down in her heart, 'I will get hunk with them.' . . . So the real fact is that that speech did not sit so well on Mabel's conscience, and she found it necessary after the election was won to state that she was not there in her personal capacity, but she was there speaking for the Republican National Committee. . . . All that bigotry and intolerance that arose throughout the country because of her remarks can be directly charged to that political committee.

"After the victory of 1928, what became of Mabel? She was smart. I give her great credit. She was foxy. She didn't wait for the revolution to come. She beat it while the going was good. She got herself a cute little position as chief counsel for the Fruit Industries of California. Now this group of fruit growers dug up a great engineer some place that was able to devise a brick of concentrated grape, so that

after it received a certain amount of treatment it just poured out of the bottle effervescing like the old time vintage that had 100 per cent kick in it.

"I congratulate the Fruit Industries in securing the services of so competent a person as Mabel. She did two things for them, two wonderful things. She convinced the Department of Justice that this 12 per cent wine was not intoxicating. That was some stunt when you figure that old Uncle Andy Volstead fixed it at half of one per cent, and she jumped it up 11½ per cent and still robbed it of every intoxicating character. But she did something else for them that was equally important. She got the Farm Board to lend them $20,000,000.

"So when all is said and done Mabel collected a beautiful fee for making the Volstead Act look like thirty cents."

Mayor F. H. LaGuardia of New York is only a fair hand at invective; he is not nearly so picturesque in speech as former Mayor William Hale Thompson of Chicago, who once threatened (at a long distance from Buckingham) to "punch King George in the snoot." LaGuardia is given to sudden rages, but these rarely produce a well-rounded, printable flow of abuse. In February, 1935, Justice Charles C. Lockwood handed down a decision in favor of a bus line which the Mayor termed "queer." He dared the

court to punish him for contempt. Justice Lockwood replied:

"For years I have known the Mayor as an able and very industrious person—one who wants what he wants exactly when he wants it, whether right or wrong, and when he does not get it exhibits an ungovernable temper and lets loose an unbridled tongue, seeing red, stirring up trouble, throwing black mud around, bespattering records of reputation and family of friend or foe."

The Presidential campaign of 1928, so full of bitterness, produced little invective in the grand manner. True, Senator Lee S. Overman of North Carolina did inject a fine note when he said that Hoover had "pig eyes," in addition to being generally unfit to be President. Senator Joseph T. Robinson of Arkansas, who was running for Vice-President, did fairly well in a description of his "friend, Borah":

"For a greater part of the time he has been moved by exalted conceptions of public duty. When election time approaches, however, something comes over the Senator that is difficult for those not close to him to understand. He puts aside the armor of righteousness and buckles on the garb of a swashbuckling political partisan. The lone eagle abruptly ends his flight toward heavenly utopias and swoops to perch himself on the filthy boughs with the vultures."

References to birds, notably the buzzard, and to

animals, of which the most popular are the skunk, the weasel, the rat and the coyote, are frequent in the discourses of the more hard-bitten American political orators when they really get their dander up. The rattlesnake also is popular. A speech by former Governor James E. Ferguson often sounded like a roll-call of a vast army of polecats.

The founding fathers were pretty good at this sort of thing, albeit sometimes a trifle heavy-footed. John Adams, who was credited with having "the most unmeaning simper that ever mantled the face of folly," referred to Alexander Hamilton in his private papers as "the bastard brat of a Scotch pedlar." When Mrs. George Washington spoke of Thomas Jefferson and his followers she called them "filthy Democrats." John Randolph, who entered the House of Representatives in 1799, made his brethren sit up when he said of Edward Livingston: "He is a man of splendid abilities, but utterly corrupt. Like rotten mackerel by moonlight, he shines and stinks." Now, that was more like it. As late as 1826, when Richard Rush was appointed Secretary of the Treasury, Randolph was able to say: "Never were abilities so much below mediocrity so well rewarded; no, not when Caligula's horse was made Consul." John Quincy Adams, who hated Randolph, once applied these lines from Ovid to the lean Virginian:

"His face is ashen; meager his whole body,
His breast is green with gall; suffused with poison
His tongue."

Randolph could be neat with a phrase, even when not abusive. He described slick Martin Van Buren as "a man who rows to his object with muffled oars."

Theodore Roosevelt lacked any genuine gift for invective, though he coined several excellent phrases that stuck. "Liar" was about the best he could do when aroused. And he once called Thomas Paine (too long after Paine's death for him to do anything about it) a "dirty little atheist." He once wrote of Wilson: "It is a mistake to speak of Mr. Wilson's ideals, or of Mr. Wilson as an idealist. He is merely a selfish, dishonest politician." All this sadly lacks bounce. Roosevelt once made the mistake of crossing fires with George Bernard Shaw on the subject of birth control, and Shaw set him back on his heels with the following observation:

"I cannot without positive inhumanity invite him to discuss so difficult a question with me; it would be like Carpentier or Jack Johnson challenging an infant. . . . I need say nothing about the Colonel's comments on war. He is by temperament an imperialist, the nearest thing to a Hohenzollern the American Constitution allows him to be. As such he is the eager dupe of European imperialism as we found

when he visited us before the war and worshiped our Foreign Office. God help him! He means well but wrecks every project in which he meddles. . . . The remark of his son, who said that when his father went to a wedding he wanted to be the bridegroom, and when he went to a funeral he wanted to be the corpse, has something in it."

All in all, the British, although lacking a certain robustiousness which is characteristic of American invective at its wildest, appear to be much more gifted in the neat thrust, the apt phrase, than the best the United States has produced. It is probable that Disraeli must remain for centuries the master of the urbane kick in the pants, the master stroke of which was his description of Gladstone:

"A sophistical rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity, and gifted with an egotistical imagination that can at all times command an interminable and inconsistent series of arguments to malign an opponent or glorify himself."

LIFE OF A GRASS EATER

EDWARD WEST BROWNING, who came to be known as "Daddy," was born October 14, 1874, at 54 West Fiftieth Street, New York, of respectable and fairly well-to-do parents. He attended Columbia Law School and then became a real estate operator—one of the shrewdest in the field. Indeed, he was described as "terribly keen" in business. He was one of the first to foresee the slump that began in 1929. He would resort to dramatics to drive a bargain. He was known to shed tears, become angry and even threaten to leap out of a window in order to stampede a business opponent.

In his last days he considered himself the best dancer in New York. He liked flowered vests, which he wore with evening clothes. His ties and handkerchiefs were loud, and he wore as many as twenty buttons on his coat sleeves. He was not bad looking. He parted his white hair, which was slightly curly, in the middle. His skin was pink, but there were bags under his eyes. He had a full, drooping sensual mouth. He often pouted, but when the flashlights were booming and he was in the center of a news story—no matter how scandalous—he was radiant. A close friend and business associate had this to say of him:

Photo by Acme Newspictures, Inc.

THE GREAT WORD-PAINTER

General Hugh S. Johnson, dynamic and eloquent, shown in a characteristic speaking pose, with fighting face.

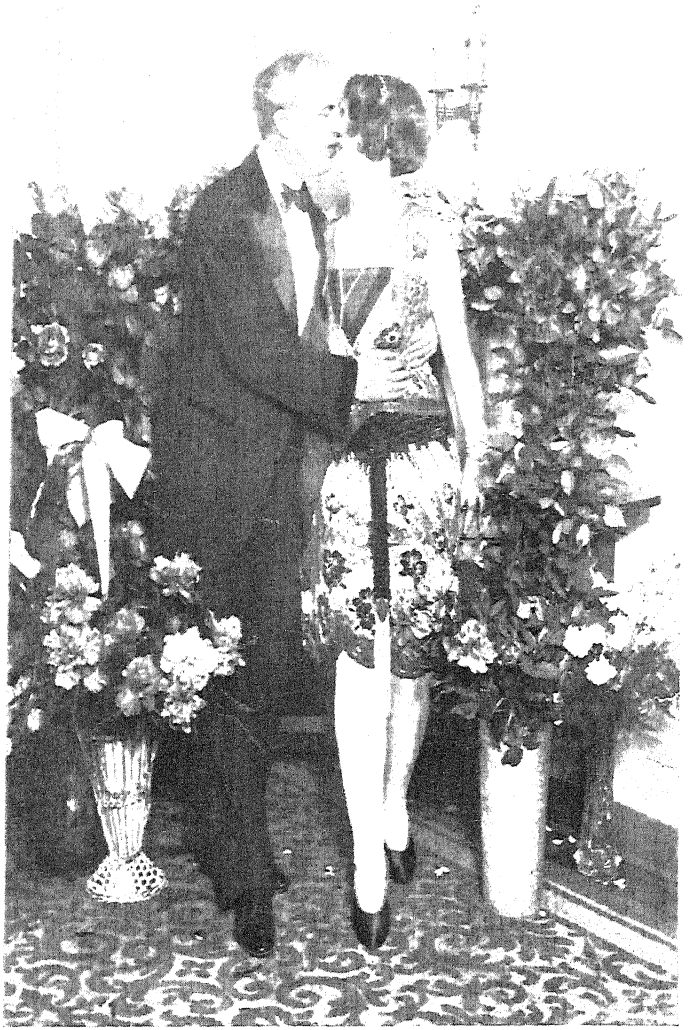


Photo from Brown Brothers, N. Y.

THIS IS LOVE

"Peaches" Browning celebrating her birthday and receiving a husbandly kiss from her husband, the immortal "Daddy."

"He dearly loves the spotlight and when it is turned in his direction it thrills him to the point where his balance, so evident in his business dealings, becomes wholly upset. He loves show. He would rather appear as a person who had been put upon, deceived, outraged and fooled beyond all belief than not to appear at all. He must be seen. When he attends dances he always wants to be master of ceremonies and offer loving cups to the best dancers. He is absolutely harmless, as free from guile as a new laid egg and as innocent of evil thinking as an unshucked scallop."

Browning's appraisal of himself, which appears in a volume called "The Brownings in America from 1622 to 1908," follows: "He has devoted himself to the study and advancement of New York real estate. He had a natural gift for drawing and designing and often entertains his friends with humorous sketches and legerdemain. He was a favorite in the social world."

For the first forty years of his life Browning, as he said, "worked like a horse," piling up millions. Then, in 1915, he walked into a Bronx real estate office to close a deal and saw Miss Nellie Adele Lowan, a beautiful blonde file clerk employed there. It was love at first sight. They were married. A few years later Browning made his first bid for publicity by adopting two small girls, Marjorie Gloria and Dorothy

Sunshine. He encouraged reporters to come up and describe the beauties and oddities of the Babylonian gardens and "country estate" which he had constructed atop an apartment building at 31-35 West Eighty-first Street, where he lived in what he regarded as regal splendor with his wife and two daughters.

"I wanted to do something different," Browning would say as he exhibited the wonders of his mansion in the sky. "I wanted to do something that no one else had done. I wanted a home like no other home in the world." He had been successful. Certainly there was no other home like it. Entering, one was confronted by a collection of bronze spiders, dogs, frogs, owls whose electric eyes blinked on and off, turtles, dragons and other disquieting apparitions. Some of these objects had push buttons concealed in their surfaces which, when pressed, announced a caller or performed some service such as opening a door or turning on one of the numerous fountains, some of which were illuminated with hundreds of colored lights so that when they were in operation they sent up showers of many-colored spray. The walls of the dining-room were decorated with crossed battle axes and spears. There was a huge, almost invisible bird cage in which scores of English and Belgian canaries flew about. The cage had been constructed of a mile of fine piano wire.

Outside of the living rooms, Browning had had

constructed a small lake deep enough to float a row-boat in which he frequently could be seen riding about inspecting the flower beds bordering the lake. Browning was fond of reeling off statistics—1,000 electric lights in and about the estate, 10,000 plants in the flower beds, 250 goldfish (some eight and ten inches long). On fête days, he explained, he was accustomed to scatter semi-precious stones along the gravel paths around the lake.

He had knocked out intervening walls to achieve larger room dimensions. The part of his home which was finished in Oriental style he called Sunshine Gardens, while the Occidental portion was called Paradise Gardens. He could not estimate the cost of this layout, but said: "It makes me ill when I think of it." He was speaking of the cost, not the estate itself. One room had walls of solid black, relieved only by silver decorations. The Oriental rooms were full of teakwood furniture and the walls were covered with heavy embossed gold leather.

While living in the midst of the splendor, Browning, in 1923, started divorce proceedings against the woman he had married in 1915, naming a Dr. Charles H. Wilen, a dentist, with whom, he charged, she had eloped to France. He was puzzled by the affair, and exclaimed: "A dentist of all people! How can any sensible woman fall in love with a dentist, particularly with the dentist who has done her work? The idea is

preposterous." Mrs. Browning, contesting the suit, alleged:

"My husband has always liked young girls. I don't know why he ever married. He would go with one set of girls until they were older than he fancied, then he would drop down to another set. The evidence on which I will base my counter charge against him has to do with his penchant for flappers."

Browning finally won a divorce in Paris on the grounds of desertion and cruelty, and his New York suit was dismissed, a proceeding which he described as "an act of chivalry." On July 5, 1925, the following advertisement appeared in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"Adoption—Pretty refined girl, about fourteen years old, wanted by aristocratic family of large wealth and highest standing; will be brought up as own child among beautiful surroundings, with every desirable luxury, opportunity, education, travel, kindness, care, love. Address with particulars and photograph. Elite, Box —— Herald Tribune Building."

The response was all that the realtor could have hoped for. Browning received some 12,000 letters from all over the country from young women and ambitious mothers offering their offspring for adoption. These missives formed the foundation of a collection of letters and photographs which grew to a total of 2,200,000 before his death.

Browning welcomed reporters to his office, then at Broadway and Seventy-second Street. He pulled out fine cigars for his own use from an inside coat pocket, and passed out inferior grades to the journalists.

"I want to adopt another," he told the press, "because a man may give a girl so much more than he could give a boy. The most that a boy requires is a college education and a few good suits of clothes and maybe an automobile, in which case one runs the risk of having him arrested for speeding every week. With a girl it is different. You can spend money from morn till night on a girl and then you haven't spent all you could have on various things to give her pleasure. Then too, you spoil a boy if you give him too much money to spend, but money never spoils a girl if you give it to her in the right way."

"Baby," he said, referring to his previously adopted daughter, Dorothy Sunshine, "wants a sister and so of course it is up to me to find one. She will have the final selection to make herself, or what she decides will go, but on the whole it shouldn't be difficult."

After several days of wavering Browning signed adoption papers in the Surrogate's Court of Queens County for Mary Louise Spas, daughter of Bohemian immigrants who lived in Astoria. He bore the girl in triumph to his office, posed with her for photographers, passed out cigars and cigarette cases and had a marvelous time of it. Mary Louise played up

to him, threw her arms about him and called him "Darling Daddy," a happy phrase which won him permanent possession of the title "Daddy Browning."

Browning took his new daughter to an apartment in the Kew Gardens Inn, and there ensued a day or two of shopping trips. At night they danced. The neighbors back in Astoria began to talk; it developed from records of the Board of Education that Mary Louise Spas was twenty-one years old. One night at the inn Mary Louise became hysterical and said she wanted to go home, and the next day Browning said he was ready to invalidate the adoption. Mary Louise insisted that Browning knew she was twenty-one. He denied the truth of her statement and declaimed:

"I wash my hands of her. God knows what she will say about me now. It's always the way when you help people—either you don't do enough or something, and then they turn on you."

The adoption was voided. Browning dropped from the papers for awhile. Then, on April Fool Day the following year he announced that romance had come into his life. He was making plans to send one Frances Heenan to finishing school until she was sixteen, at which time, he intimated, he intended to marry her. He had met her three months before at a high school sorority dance at the McAlpin. Frances, whom Browning had nicknamed "Peaches," lived in Washington Heights with her mother, a trained

nurse. The romance became public when some one, allegedly, stole into Frances's bedroom one morning and threw acid on her, marking her face. Browning was summoned to the apartment and notified the police. Browning said:

"I am interested in Miss Heenan very much. I know her mother well. We have talked everything over. Frances is young, however, and it seems best to wait a while before doing anything as important as announcing an engagement."

The next day the Children's Society, through its superintendent, Vincent Pisarra, announced that it was investigating reports that Browning had organized the sorority at which he met Peaches, had given the members badges, attended their dances and offered them loving cups. Browning readily admitted that he had suggested the name of the sorority, Phi Lambda Tau, and that he had helped draw up the charter and had designed the pin and official seal. The great realtor, who was then fifty-one years old, said:

"I knew the girls and by helping them I have simply wished to see that they had the right sort of chances for social opportunities. I haven't done anything to be ashamed of. I'm not an old man seeking improper friendship with little girls. I'm a young man and I've devoted my life constantly to business and hard work. I've helped hundreds. Why shouldn't I help little girls?"

On April 10 Browning and Peaches were married by a justice of the peace in Cold Spring, New York, where Browning had rented a house. On April 12 he went to his office, passed the afternoon going over business matters, and then, with reporters in full cry behind him, got into his blue Rolls-Royce and went first to the Hotel Emerson, then by a circuitous route through Central Park to the Hotel Plaza, where he met Peaches and her mother. Browning gave the reporters to understand that they were going to Montreal. The chase northward started. Occasionally Browning would peer back at the pursuing automobiles of the newshawks, to make sure he was still being followed, and then would lean over and kiss the bride. At Yonkers, where a stop was made for sandwiches, the bridegroom said to the reporters: "Follow me a little farther and I may have something to say." The chase led only to Cold Spring, where the Brownings remained for several days. Browning explained his romance in these words:

"With the advent of spring I set forth with all the ardor of youth and met Frances Heenan. It was a case of love at first sight and enthusiastically reciprocated. My courtship was a romantic one and promises to be an endless one."

He was too optimistic. Again he installed himself in the Kew Gardens Inn, after a trip to the Adirondacks. Then in October it was learned that Peaches

had suffered a "nervous breakdown" and had gone home to her mother. Browning at first insisted the separation was only temporary, but on October 16 he started a separation action in Dutchess County. Peaches countered with a similar suit in New York County. Browning issued a seventeen-page statement which he described as "a gentlemanly reply to the lies and scandal that have appeared." He accused his mother-in-law of breaking up his home. He gave out a list of what he had given Peaches, as follows: 200 bunches of flowers, 50 boxes of candy, 20 boxes of fruit, 1 ermine coat, 1 fox trimmed coat, 1 Russian sable coat, 1 other fur coat, 60 dresses, 15 flower vases, 1 fox neckpiece, 3 ensembles, 175 odd coats, 20 hats, 30 pairs of shoes, tennis and golf outfits, 100 photographs of Browning and Peaches, 1 dozen frames, 1 ostrich fur, 12 hair ornaments, 8 fancy bags, 2 leather trunks, 1 teddy bear doll which played music, 100 small souvenirs, a ruby and platinum diamond bracelet, and a diamond ring.

Browning summoned reporters and photographers to his office and posed for them in his "post-office room" reading a 29-page letter which was only one of 40,000 he had received since Peaches left him. People pestered him, and he loved it. One woman brought an unsuccessful suit for damages, alleging assault. He said:

"I've gotten so that if I met a holdup man in the

street I'd give him a gold watch just out of gratitude."

When Browning's separation action came to trial at White Plains, after a preliminary hearing at Carmel, the public was treated to a hippodrome. Testimony brought out that Browning had given Peaches a honking African gander which he insisted on leading around with a string wherever they went. The *Graphic* illustrated this episode with a composite photograph and the caption, "Honk! Honk! It's the Bonk!" Browning also playfully brought rubber eggs and trick spoons and forks into the dining-rooms of hotels where they stopped. Testimony also indicated that Browning frayed Peaches's nerves by getting down on his hands and knees and crying "Woof! Woof!" in imitation of some animal, possibly a dog. He kept her awake by setting off an alarm clock under her ear and by sandpapering shoe-trees throughout the night. There were hints of other practices which led the Boston *Traveler* to apologize to its readers and to promise to print no more of the details.

Finally Justice A. H. F. Seeger, presiding at the trial, stopped the proceedings and ordered opposing attorneys to file briefs. In March, 1927, the court gave Browning his separation and relieved him of the necessity of paying alimony. Peaches entered upon a round of engagements in vaudeville houses and

night clubs. An operation on her legs reduced their size, making them rather shapely.

In November Browning was restrained by the management of the Hotel Des Artistes from presenting a cup for a beauty show which he had promoted at the hotel, although ostensibly an organization known as the Crescent Club was running the show. Browning said:

"As for the cup, I've given cups to everything from the Fire Department to the Odd Fellows Lodge. I like giving cups. I love giving cups." A week later the contest was held at a Broadway hall and Browning presented the cup to the winner.

At Christmas, 1928, Browning gave a big party for 40,000 children at his offices. Police reserves had to be called out to stop the rioting. Several were injured by being pushed through plate glass windows. Browning sent out for late editions of the afternoon papers and read the stories of the rioting and the party.

"Isn't that fine!" he exclaimed. "But where did they get those pictures? They aren't the best pictures the papers have of me. I think they could have done better about the pictures. And saying that all those people got hurt! Why, you don't see any eyes or legs or arms lying around loose up here, do you? They behaved wonderfully. I never saw a better bunch of kids in my life. Not a scratch or an accident or a

cross word up here. Kids are the one class of people in the world which never has said a cross word about me."

It was at this party that Browning had a chance to show off his new offices. His employees had told reporters that the ceiling of his private office was 14-carat gold.

"Fourteen-carat!" cried Browning when asked about this. "It's all 23-carat. I can guarantee that. There are 380,000 leaves of 23-carat gold on that ceiling fifteen layers deep. It's guaranteed by the people who put it up." The doors were gold in color but Browning admitted that they were not of real gold.

In the following June Browning hired Madison Square Garden to auction off twenty-five parcels of real estate, the proceeds of which, he said, would be set aside in a fund to supply toys to poor children. He said he expected the sale to net $6,000,000. The figure actually was $2,030,000. Joseph P. Day, the auctioneer, waved his hand toward the crowd of 8,000 in the garden and said:

"Well, Ed, this is the way to do it." Browning, deprecatingly, said, "It's my way," and then stepped out before the crowd and shook his clasped hands above his head in the manner of a prize-fighter greeting his admirers.

His "post-office room" now occupied much of Browning's thoughts. He was inordinately proud of

the 2,200,000 letters from all over the world, from persons interested in his adoptions and marital troubles. "Let's see any matinee idol tie that!" he would say. One letter from a girl in South Dakota was thirty-six feet long. "Now here is another lovely letter," he would say. "One hundred and fifty pages of endearment. Just think. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like this." He wanted to furnish toys for all children in juvenile homes and institutions. Specimen toys he had on exhibition included doll houses with built-in bathtubs, small automobiles with horns, electric lights and self-starters, and a miniature yacht equipped with many gadgets. Toys were to be numbered so they could be sent by mail. He explained rather wistfully:

"I won't have to come in contact with any young ladies or girls. It isn't good for me to have to come in contact with young ladies or girls."

At about this time Browning disclosed that he had given up eating meat and was eating only raw vegetables. He said he could sustain himself indefinitely if set down on an acre of grass in Central Park.

"I eat grass," he said, "ordinary grass, with pleasure."

He took off twenty pounds as a result of his grass and raw vegetable diet. He said he felt ten years younger and that he could expand his chest thirteen inches. One reliable citizen, who made a test, re-

ported that he actually could expand his chest a little more than eleven inches.

The old philanthropist's last days were bedeviled. Peaches filed a suit for dower rights, which was settled. Mary Louise Spas charged assault and wanted $500,000, but nothing ever came of this. Then Peaches tried to get a divorce, alleging that Browning had been guilty of misconduct with two sisters, high school girls, in his blue automobile. She lost, and Browning said: "Innocence always wins." He was a bit of a moth-eaten and pathetic character toward the end. He had a mild revival when he gave $500 in $1 bills to 100 unemployed actresses in Columbus Circle. He gave his adopted daughter, Dorothy Sunshine, an imposing list of presents when she was married in February, 1934, in the Little Church Around the Corner to Clarence B. Hood, a young laundry proprietor of Dunn, North Carolina.

In June, 1934, Browning suffered a stroke of paralysis. He lingered on, sometimes in a coma, and sometimes appearing to get better, until he died on the following October 12. After his death it developed that he had signed a codicil to his will eleven days before the end in which, among other bequests, he divided $100,000 among attending physicians, nurses, employees, the "Daddy Browning Baseball Club," and the laundry man who had married Dorothy Sunshine. Surrogate James A. Delehanty,

who conducted a long inquiry, held that various persons, sitting around waiting for the old romantic to die, had persuaded him to sign the codicil when his mental condition was so befogged that he did not know what he was doing. Therefore the codicil was declared void and fraudulent. The Surrogate was rather bitter in denouncing those who had tried to hornswoggle the dying Nebuchadnezzar. It didn't seem quite fair, at that.

THE DEATH OF LOVE

ON August 23, 1926, millions of women wept over the death of a slim, slick-haired Italian they had never known—Rudolph Valentino, the great lover of the films, who was christened Rodolpho Alfonzo Rafaelo Pierre Filibert Guglielmi di Valentina d'Antonguolla. When the news went out of his passing in Polyclinic Hospital, New York, women all over the world went on a grieving jag the like of which was never seen before. To these mourners Valentino was a conquering Casanova and an infinitely tender, wistful boy. He was the symbol of romance; his death meant that love itself was dead.

Hundreds of women and girls gathered at a cathedral in Rio de Janeiro at a solemn high mass for the actor. In London Peggy Scott, a dancer, swallowed poison and left dying instructions to her girl friend to "look after Rudolph's picture." In a tenement in Cherry Street, New York, Mrs. Angelina Celestina, a 20-year-old mother with two children, drank iodine, fired two shots into her body, and fell on a heap of pictures of Valentino. She finally recovered. In Chicago 2,000 members of the Valentino Memorial Association crowded into the Trianon ballroom to pay homage to his black-draped portrait, place flowers at

the base of a statuette of him, and to hear him lauded as "the beloved impersonation of the spirit of romance." Nine-tenths of the crowd were women.

Even as late as 1933 a theater on the north side of Chicago made a profit with Valentino Days on which his old pictures were shown. Dowagers would come, sit in the theater and have a good cry. The Valentino Memorial Association of London commemorates the anniversary of their idol's death with a mass in Westminster Cathedral, and later they play a gramophone record of his voice and attend a showing of one of his pictures. Valentino's funeral was an orgy of bespangled insanity. Women adored him, and men hated him in a baffled, helpless fashion.

To many, Valentino was not particularly handsome. He was of less than medium height, but managed to convey the impression of height by his easy carriage and the way he poised his head. His nose was prominent and slightly flaring at the nostrils. This nose so impressed Jack Dempsey that when the fighter came to have his own bashed nose reshaped he stipulated that it should be made over on the lines of Valentino's. The great lover's features were extremely mobile. He could look sad, wistful, sly, hard or enraged. His eyes were dark, brilliant, and with a certain softness. His hair, black and polished, remained in place even under trying circumstances, no matter

whether he was riding through a sandstorm, teasing bulls or romping with dogs.

The man was careful about his clothing, and discarded a garment as soon as he thought it was the least bit out of fashion. In 1925 he came back from Europe with 40 new pairs of shoes, 32 new suits, and many shirts and neckties. However, rich, fantastic costumes suited him best, and in his last years, when he could afford it, he gratified his taste for exotic luxuries.

Valentino was one of three children. He was born May 6, 1895, near the Italian village of Castellaneta. His father died when Rudy was 11 years old, and the family finances soon became meager. The boy applied for admission to the Royal Naval Academy, but was turned down for deficient chest expansion. From that time he observed a training schedule. He at least developed an excellent body. In Italy he learned the rudiments of horseback riding, which became his favorite sport in Hollywood and one of his greatest assets in the pictures. After attending the Royal Academy of Agriculture at Genoa he set off, at the age of 18, to see Paris. There he went in for so much hell-raising that his mother sent word that, as he undoubtedly would come to a bad end, he might as well go to the United States.

The young man arrived in New York unable to speak a word of English, and with little money. He

reasoned, however, that he could make a living, as he regarded himself as both a scientific farmer and a gentleman who knew the Argentine tango. He became a landscape gardener in Central Park, quit after a row, and then went to work on the Long Island estate of Cornelius Bliss, Jr., living in a room over the Bliss garage.

During his time off he attired himself in his Parisian evening clothes and visited the better supper places of New York. It was in this period, according to the records of the New York Police Department, that he became known as a petty thief and a blackmailer, although this fact never became widely known, and would not have been believed by millions in later years. He got a job dancing the tango at $50 a week at the Winter Garden. He danced in supper clubs, sometimes with Joan Sawyer and other pre-war favorites. But he wanted to be an actor. He got a part in "The Masked Model," a musical comedy which was finally stranded in San Francisco.

Now he changed his name from Guglielmi to the more romantic Rudolph Valentino and went to Los Angeles as the guest of Norman Kerry, a young actor with money. He stayed with Kerry in a bungalow for years. He had a slow, hard time. Although really a great egotist, he had an air of bewilderment and diffidence. Sometimes he danced at night clubs, and he often appeared in ballets and prologues at the

famous Hollywood palace of the cinema, Grauman's Chinese Theater. By 1919 he was playing regular parts. He was the villain who pursued Dorothy Gish in "Out of Luck." He was a sinister Italian count in "The Married Virgin." In this period he managed to get about socially. He met a small girl with black bobbed hair named Jean Acker at a party given by Pauline Frederick. He proposed to her in the afternoon and they were married before midnight.

Two years later he was seeking a divorce. He received an interlocutory decree from Miss Acker in March, 1922, paying her $12,000 alimony. Meanwhile he had been doing better in pictures. He had been picked by June Mathis, scenario writer, to play the part of Julio in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." It was a natural part for him, since as a youth he had known pre-war Paris, and he could dance the tango. When this picture was finished he was recognized as a star, but although the picture grossed more than $2,000,000, Valentino received only $350 a week, and when he asked for a raise he was told that he did not merit it. In 1921 and 1922 he worked hard. His greatest triumph was "The Sheik," in which he, as a strong young Arab, galloped across the burning sands on a stallion with a beautiful blonde flung across his saddle. Flappers loved it when he held her down with one hand and said, "Stop struggling, you little fool!" Another great scene was the

one in the tent, where he refused to rape his captive, preferring to rely on his powers of persuasion. For this he got $700 a week. Fan letters began coming in by the hundreds of thousands.

Soon he was getting $1,000 a week. He met Natacha Rambova, a strange, slithery creature whose real name was Winifred Hudnut. She was the daughter of a New York perfumer. Rudy fell in love with her and persuaded her to go with him to Mexico, where, at Mexicali, they were married on May 13, 1922. Under the terms of his interlocutory decree of divorce from Jean Acker, he was not free to remarry until March, 1923. Thus he laid himself open to prosecution for bigamy and violation of the Mann Act.

He was arrested on the bigamy charge and held in $10,000 bail. He insisted he had not known he was violating the law. Natacha Rambova fled California and hurried to New York. Finally the case against Valentino was dropped, much to the relief of every one. Missing Natacha and feeling abused, Valentino quarreled with his employers; he abrogated his contract and went East to join Natacha. His employers sued for $30,000 damages and got an injunction restraining him from appearing before the camera for any other firm.

Broke, he went to dancing again. For seventeen weeks, at $7,000 a week, he and Natacha toured the

United States in a private railroad car, making personal appearances under the direction of a manufacturer of beauty clay. S. George Ullman, who later became Valentino's manager, represented the manufacturer on this trip. During this period Valentino wrote "How You Can Keep Fit" and "Day Dreams," a book of poems. A sample of his poetry, dealing with lust:

"I am a slave
In the rat-trap of disgust
Sold into bondage
By the lurid kiss of lust."

On March 12, 1923, Valentino became a free man. He and Natacha were dancing in a Chicago cabaret. On the 15th they motored to Crown Point, Indiana, accompanied by her aunt, and were married by a justice of the peace.

Natacha not only inspired her husband to write poetry, but she also interested him in spiritualism. She initiated him into the mysteries of automatic writing. One of their chief spirit contacts was an old Egyptian who called himself Meselope and instructed them in natural science. After Valentino's death Natacha said that she had been receiving messages from him which disclosed that he was playing in heavenly theatricals with Bernhardt, Caruso and

Wallace Reid. She said, moreover, that he had seen his own funeral, and was both saddened and pleased by the commotion.

Soon Valentino, with the aid of the astute Ullman, patched up his difficulties with the film producers. He made "The Young Rajah" and "Blood and Sand," the latter a great success not only with the women but with young men who began growing sideburns and otherwise imitating the toreador Valentino. His next picture was called "Cobra." He liked the part so well that he adopted the representation of a coiled cobra as his personal crest. Another eccentricity was his slave bracelet. He also had a cigarette case, match container and holder made of platinum with a diamond cobra mounted on an onyx inset. Shortly before his death he designed a special body for a new roadster. It was blue-gray with aluminum motor cowling and fenders, and resembled a great scaly snakeskin. He died before the machine was delivered, and it was finally sold to Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

By 1925 Valentino was in a position to dictate his terms. He got $200,000 a picture and 50 per cent of the profits. His income in 1925 was $1,000,000. He had worked first for Famous Players, but he made two pictures for United Artists, "The Eagle," a Cossack story, and "The Son of the Sheik." The desert picture netted his estate almost $1,000,000 after his death.

In the Valentino stables were four fine horses. One was Firefly, the black Arabian stallion he rode in "The Son of the Sheik." Firefly brought $1,225 at auction after the star's death. The other horses, two Irish jumpers and an Arabian gelding, were sold for more than $2,000. The Valentino garage housed five automobiles: a Ford truck, a Chevrolet for the servants, an Isotta-Fraschini town car with a specially constructed body, a Franklin coupe, and an Avion-Voison phaeton with a torpedo body.

Valentino in 1925 bought a new place in Beverly Hills. His old place on Whiteley Heights, with bizarre furnishings, had been the talk of the colony, but, after all, it was merely a bungalow. The new house was called Falcon's Lair. When the unfortunate sheik died it was sold at auction for $145,000. It was built of blue stucco. It had a terrace, a pointed white tile roof, and was heavily masked with shrubbery and young trees. Into this castle went $100,000 worth of art works. Valentino's favorite pieces were two full-length portraits of himself by Beltran-Masses, painter for former King Alfonso of Spain. One of them, showing him in Argentine costume, was supposed to have cost $5,000. There were statuettes of ivory, jade and silver. One golden cashmere shawl was sold for $2,965 at the auction.

A weapon collection was mounted on cerise velvet and used as wall decorations at Falcon's Lair. In this

group was a flintlock pistol with a diamond and emerald studded handle. The library was valuable from the point of view of a collector. More than half of the books in it dealt with customs of the Middle Ages, and many were written in Latin and Greek, languages with which Valentino was unfamiliar.

Many of these books, as might have been expected, were the selections of Natacha Rambova. With her, Valentino, the great lover, was not altogether a success. He was not unfaithful, but his ideas of love and marriage were patriarchal. He wanted to raise a family. In his heart the sheik was a farmer. He once said:

"Love only means one thing to a man, possession. All a man asks is to have and to hold, and all a woman seems to want is to be taken and to be held. In my country men are the masters, and I believe women are happier so. It is the way it should be."

In his Hollywood days Valentino, for all his ostentation, was known as highly moral. Women pursued him, but he was bright enough to steer clear of all of them except Pola Negri. This fiery Pola, whose greatest picture bore the simple title, "Passion," was a female Valentino. In the fall of 1925 Valentino started going about with the actress. Six weeks after Natacha Rambova had divorced Rudy, Miss Negri announced their engagement, although Valentino never confirmed the announcement.

In July, 1926, Valentino, having completed "The Son of the Sheik," started East for a vacation. As he was passing through Chicago the *Tribune* printed an editorial headed "Pink Powder Puffs," which said:

"A new public ballroom was opened on the north side a few days ago, a truly handsome place and apparently well run. This pleasant impression lasts until one steps into the men's washroom and finds hung on the wall a contraption of glass tubes and levers and a slot for the insertion of a coin. The glass tubes contain a fluffy pink solid, and beneath them one reads an amazing legend which runs something like this: 'Insert coin. Hold personal puff beneath the tube, then pull the lever.' A powder vending machine! In a man's washroom! Homo Americanus! Why didn't some one quietly drown Rudolpho Guglielmi, alias Valentino, years ago?" Then followed more derision of masculine cosmetics, sheiks, floppy pants and slave bracelets. All this angered Valentino. He wrote a naïve letter challenging the editor to a fist fight, and concluding with this paragraph:

"I will resent with every muscle of my body attacks upon my manhood and my ancestry. Hoping I will have an opportunity to demonstrate to you that the wrist under the slave bracelet may snap a real fist into your sagging jaw, and that I may teach you respect of a man even though he happens to prefer

to keep his face clean, I remain with utter contempt, Rudolph Valentino."

There was no battle. Valentino arrived in New York in an extremely touchy state of mind. He realized that he had not handled the situation with finesse. He wanted solace and advice. He sought out H. L. Mencken, and the sage and the sheik had a long session. Valentino rather charmed Mencken, who found that there was an "obvious fineness" to him, and that he was, for want of a better word, a "gentleman." The Baltimore psychiatrist found that it was not that "trifling Chicago episode" which bothered the actor, but "the whole grotesque futility of his life." It was a pleasant meeting, this conference between the understanding man's man, Mencken, and the idol of womankind, the baffled sheik. But it was too late to help the actor.

Valentino passed three weeks in New York loafing. One of his last purchases was a $100 shaving brush at the chemist shop at the Ritz-Carlton. A short time before noon on August 15, 1926, Valentino gasped, clutched at his side, and fainted. He was taken to Polyclinic Hospital in a private ambulance. Four grave members of the medical profession decided to operate for appendicitis and gastric ulcers. When he came out from under the anesthetic he asked: "Doctor, did I act like a pink puff?" As soon as reports of his illness appeared in the newspapers,

many notables, including Jimmy Walker and Peaches Browning, telephoned. More than 1,000 telegrams arrived. From the West Coast came calls from Pola Negri, Marion Davies and Charlie Chaplin. An information booth was set up in the hospital lobby. By August 17 peritonitis had set in. By every conceivable ruse visitors sought to reach Valentino's eighth-floor suite. A girl brought some verses, and wept when she was barred. A private detective was hired to eject gate crashers.

On the 18th the great sheik showed signs of improvement. Rumors started—that he wasn't ill at all, that he had been poisoned by bootleg booze, and that he had been stabbed. By August 20 it was touch and go. Airplanes brought serum and goofy nostrums from far-off admirers. The crowds hung on. Jean Acker sent a white counterpane with lace ruffles. On August 22 the watchers got a shock. Pleurisy had developed in Valentino's left chest and his temperature was 104. Major Bowes on the radio asked his audience to "hold an encouraging thought" for the stricken actor.

The newspapers held their presses. A priest was summoned. Finally, at 10 minutes after noon on August 23, the misunderstood lover turned his face to the wall, muttered a word in Italian which no one could understand, and died. When word of his death reached the street, traffic was blocked. Only a few

saw the wicker basket that was removed from the Fifty-first Street entrance and placed in a hearse belonging to Frank E. Campbell, The Funeral Church, Inc., the master morticians.

On the afternoon of August 24 the body of Valentino, clad in full evening dress, was laid out on a gold-draped catafalque in Campbell's excellent Gold Room. Campbell believed in making death as beautiful, expensive and pleasant as possible. But when he saw the crowd he hastily put away a number of valuable objects of art which ordinarily decorated the room. Even a bronze statue of Father Time, which weighed more than a ton, was moved back from the door. Campbell's press agent, the resourceful Harry Klemfuss, knew he had a good show, but he never expected anything like what happened.

There was hysteria and trouble. The crowd became so dangerous that the body was placed in the silver-bronze coffin. The crowd wanted to snatch buttons and even to touch the face of the dead man. More than 30,000 tried to get in. The police summoned reënforcements, and Commissioner George V. McLaughlin himself appeared to help unscramble the jam. One of Campbell's large plate glass windows was broken. Ten persons were cut by falling glass. The mounted police rode their horses in the mob. After one charge by the centaurs 28 separate pairs of shoes were picked up. In this crowd were men,

women, and children, ranging from flappers to derelicts. Among those present were Mrs. Alfred E. Smith, Jr., and Mrs. Richard Reese Whittemore, widow of the robber and murderer who had recently been put to death in Baltimore.

Ingenious fellows rubbed cakes of soap on the sidewalks to make the police horses slip and fall. It was bedlam; no New York policeman ever had seen anything like it. Inside, the Fascist guard at the bier was jittery over the possibility of a raid by anti-Fascists. Flower filchers were busy. The undertaking staff took the body to an upstairs room. In single line 150 persons a minute passed the coffin, but they were hurried along by strong-arm men. At midnight on August 25 this macaber pageant was stopped by Ullman, Valentino's manager. It was a great show for the newspapers. On the first day the reporters drank $273 worth of Campbell's bootleg booze. Campbell thought this was a shade high, and thereafter he served them cheaper booze. But after it was all over Campbell gave each reporter covering the story a personal coffin plate, inscribed with the recipient's name, birth date, and a blank space for another date. The gifts carried with them a certificate promising a fancy funeral "on the house." Up to 1935 only one of these notes on Charon had been cashed.

The actual funeral was postponed until August 30

to give some important mourners a chance to get to New York. Pola Negri came in on the 29th. She hurried to Campbell's. The coffin was opened. For five minutes she stood rigid. She knelt, said the "Litany of the Dead," and then threw her arms above her head and collapsed. Later, at the Ambassador, she had pulled herself together enough to answer the questions of reporters. She said:

"My love for Valentino was the greatest love of my life. I shall never forget him. I loved him, not as one artist loves another, but as a woman loves a man."

The funeral was held in the little green and gold actors' chapel in the Roman Catholic Church of St. Malachy in West Forty-ninth Street. Five hundred friends were admitted; 100,000 were in the crowd outside. Mary Pickford, Pola Negri and Texas Guinan were sobbing. Jean Acker, the sheik's first wife, collapsed and was revived by "Dr. Weyman," a notorious celebrity hunter who had established a first-aid station outside. It was a shambles.

On September 2, Pola Negri, Mr. and Mrs. Ullman, Rudolph's brother, Alberto, and a few newspapermen, accompanied the body of the actor on the train trip back to Hollywood. There were demonstrations in Chicago and other cities. Campbell, thoughtful mortician, had equipped the compartment car with

whisky. Two cases of champagne were taken aboard at El Paso.

Even in Hollywood, a young girl was found hiding in the undertaker's chapel; she confessed that she had been there all night and most of the day, hoping to see "her Rudy." The poor fellow was never destined for a decent burial. His body was placed in a borrowed crypt, lent for the occasion by his discoverer, June Mathis. A year later Miss Mathis dropped dead in a New York theater. The Valentino body remained in the crypt, and it was not until 1933 that the sheik's brother, Alberto, who inherited one-third of the million-dollar estate, reimbursed the Mathis family.

In the summer of 1935 Alberto Valentino, his wife, and his 19-year-old son, were living in Rudolph's old place in Hollywood. The plaster was falling off the walls. There was a "ouija-board typewriter" which interpreted daily messages from Rudolph, riding his fiery stallion over the heavenly sands. In a dark room was a picture of Rudy. He had a turban on his head. A fresh rose was stuck each day through the canvas at the mouth.

TROUBADOUR OF THE NUDE

EARL CARROLL, who always had a song in his heart and a keen eye for nakedness, was born January 23, 1892, in a cottage on the north side of Pittsburgh. He was precocious and rather winsome as a boy; even when he grew older and lost some of his hair, in the days when reformers and critics united in denouncing him as the producer of the smuttiest musical shows in history, Carroll remained a curiously engaging and persuasive fellow.

The young Carroll left school early and got a job in a Pittsburgh theater as a program boy. He passed as much time as possible backstage, which is said to have annoyed the manager. When he was sixteen years old he felt some vague stirrings in his breast; he started for the Orient with $18. He worked on a paper in Hongkong, sold Bibles in China, and pitched for a baseball team in Japan. He returned to Pittsburgh when he learned of the death of his grandfather, and worked for a time as a box-office man in a theater there.

He wanted to be a song writer. He came to New York and got a job pasting up clippings in the Feist music publishing house. He lived in a hall bedroom and tried to write. He finally got the ear of Enrico

Caruso, and they collaborated on "Dreams of Long Ago," a pretty good effort. Tin Pan Alley began to notice the young man. Then he wrote such things as "Send Me a Kiss By Wireless," and "Give Me All Your Love, Dear, Or Else Give Me None." He was doing better. Next he turned out the book and lyrics for "So Long Letty," a success in which the tall Charlotte Greenwood starred. He formed a profitable association with Oliver Morosco. He wrote "The Pretty Mrs. Smith," in which Fritzi Scheff played, and also "Canary Cottage" and "The Love Mill." Broadway said he had a great future. In October, 1916, at the Little Church Around the Corner, he married Marcelle Houtabat, a motion picture actress from Biarritz, France.

Soon after his wedding he built one of the first, if not the first, of the New York penthouses. It was atop a twenty-one story building at Seventh Avenue and Forty-ninth Street. Fairly dripping with sentiment, he said: "I couldn't see myself taking Marcelle into a house, four walls set on the earth with a lot of smoke blowing over it." His wife chimed in with this: "So he built this heaven-kissed place, where all I need do is put my head out of my boudoir window and let cloud-mist curl my hair." A reporter in the New York *Sun* once wrote: "Mr. Carroll's garden is truly a poet's heaven. His rooftop is New York's Mountain of Parnassus."

When the United States entered the war, Carroll joined the aviation corps. He went to ground school at Austin, Texas, and later flew as a lieutenant in the fields at Dallas and Fort Worth. In those cities he was exceedingly popular, appearing at all manner of social functions, singing his songs and delighting the simple descendants of the pioneers. He never got abroad.

In 1920 he took his savings and staged his own play, "The Lady of the Lamp," which had something to do with China. The Orient always fascinated him. He admitted he knew of no Chinese legend or tradition corresponding to the theme of the play, and said:

"The story of the play is entirely original. It was written in less than six weeks. The turn of the plot in the third act came as a tremendous surprise to me while I was writing it. I had no idea how the Emperor of the Manchus would make his dramatic entrance until it was revealed to me with the same wonder that strikes the audience as the truth is unfolded there in the imperial garden of Changtu."

Audiences, however, did not sufficiently share Carroll's wonderment. Another of his plays, "Daddy Dumplings," didn't do so well. In this period he was in favor of clean, romantic stage productions. He said:

"My faith is in the public. I believe there are still

some good, clean, sweet, wholesome, homeloving people left in the world whose hearts are not so callous that they cannot appreciate an evening's entertainment that doesn't have a georgette nightie, a folding-bed, or a semi-nude woman occupying the stage."

This fine faith was due to be shaken. Soon he embarked upon the production of shows which caused much eyebrow-lifting. He obtained the financial backing of William R. Edrington, a rich Texas oil man, who had somehow become fascinated by Carroll. The young producer, who always had a real talent for costuming and lighting effects, was hailed as a dangerous rival to Florenz Ziegfeld and George White. With the production of his second "Vanities" he encountered trouble. He used the radio twice a day to issue a call for young and inexperienced girls to apply for jobs. He stipulated that they must have "good figures, pretty faces and neat ankles" and that they must exhibit themselves before him in bathing suits. If accepted, they would be paid $40 a week. Hundreds of girls answered the call every day. To mothers who complained and asked him if he could not find enough girls on Broadway for his chorus, he replied:

"I am looking for fresh ones. They get old in a few weeks."

He listed the qualifications in the order of their importance as follows:

"First, figure, because we can't change the figure if it isn't acceptable. Second, face, because we can improve on the face. Lastly, merit, because merit doesn't count."

The mothers insisted on sending their protest against his use of the radio to Herbert Hoover, at that time Secretary of Commerce. All this merely added to the publicity. One of the features of this edition of the "Vanities" was the "Pendulum Number" in which Kathryn Ray served as a human pendulum, entirely naked except for a slender sequin band. There was much criticism from the conservatives. Carroll was finally arrested on a charge of exhibiting indecent posters in the lobby of his theater. He insisted that they were "art pure and simple." He was held for trial in Special Sessions. He declined to put up $300 bail pending trial and insisted upon being locked up in the Tombs as a martyr to his art. He said he wanted to "focus attention on self-appointed censors."

Carroll's stay in the Tombs brought him more publicity. He told of the interesting characters he met there, including a goofy Negro, Yellow Charleston, who had murdered Barron Wilkins, a Harlem night life figure. Carroll once sent to the Ritz-Carlton for duck en casserole and other costly dishes and shared the food with six Negro gamblers. At the end of a week Carroll decided he had been a martyr long

enough; his brother put up the $300 bail and Carroll walked out, describing his stay in the Tombs as "a terrible experience."

In 1925 Carroll was in Baltimore in connection with a forthcoming production when he suffered what was described as a heart attack. He was taken to the Johns Hopkins, where Dr. W. R. Thayer said there was nothing the matter with him except "a terrible attack of publicity mania."

In that same year, rehearsing a new musical show, he happened upon a small restaurant near the theater which was doing very little business. He struck a bargain with the proprietor to allow his chorus girls to troop into the restaurant in their bloomers, bathing suits and other abbreviated rehearsal costumes for lunch and dinner. The restaurant immediately had a rush of patrons and Carroll got some more publicity.

It was in 1926 that Carroll got into the most serious difficulties. Countess Vera Cathcart, who had been detained by immigration authorities because of the charges of "moral turpitude" involving her trip to South Africa with the Earl of Craven, finally was permitted to land. Carroll had announced that he would have her play the lead in her play, "Ashes of Love," which she had written around her own experiences. A big party was staged at the theater, at which the Countess and Edrington were the principal guests. At the height of the merriment a bathtub

was drawn to the center of the stage. Joyce Hawley, a chorus girl looking for a job, was led out, clad only in a chemise and shoes, which she discarded while Carroll held a cloak in front of her. She got into the tub which, according to some accounts, was filled with wine. According to the stories, Carroll dipped out a glassful and called out, "Gentlemen, the line forms to the right."

The next day the tabloids came out with descriptions of the party. It was said that it had surpassed Henry Barnum Seeley's famous party in 1896, when a naked girl rose from a great pie. Carroll then began telling every one that the party had been perfectly respectable. He said:

"I gave an anniversary party, including the cast of the 'Vanities' and the stage hands of the theater. There were about 200 guests. The party was as orderly and decorous as any affair ever given anywhere. It might have been held in a church for all the revelry there was among the guests. It was a party which any man, even a minister, might have attended with his wife."

At first there was a tendency among officials to let the matter drop, but the agitation continued, and Carroll finally was called before the Federal Grand Jury, which was interested principally in whether real wine had been in the tub. Carroll, who swore that no girl had got into the bathtub and that no in-

toxicating liquor had been served with his knowledge, was indicted for perjury.

At the trial, Philip Payne, then managing editor of the New York *Daily Mirror*, who had been one of the guests, testified that Carroll told him before the party, "I'm going to put on a wow of a stunt. I'm going to have a girl take a bath in a tub of wine." Payne and other witnesses told of how Miss Hawley had appeared and entered the tub. Miss Hawley, 17 years old, whose real name was Teresa Daugelos, testified that she had been offered from $700 to $1,000 to take the bath. She said Carroll's representative told her, "You're broke and if you don't do it somebody else will." She said she had been "plied with drinks" on the night of the party, and that Carroll then came to her and said, "All right, Baby."

"I was behind the wings," she testified, "and got undressed except for my chemise and shoes. Then Carroll came up with an opera cloak and guided me to the tub. There was liquid in the tub which I saw poured in from green bottles five minutes before. I took off my chemise and shoes and got into the tub."

She verified the story about Carroll inviting the gentlemen to "line up on the right." She said she started to cry, and that Carroll finally had the tub removed. She went on:

"I got out, dried myself and put on my clothes and came back to the stage crying. Carroll came up to

me and said, 'Damn it, hold your head up or get off the stage.' He cursed me."

The girl said she had been promised $700, but that when she asked for it, Carroll advised her to go to Pittsburgh. She said she never got the money. The jury found Carroll guilty of perjury in saying there had been no bath taken on the stage, though he was adjudged truthful in his statement that the liquor in the tub was not intoxicating. Many notables, including Irvin S. Cobb, testified as to Carroll's good character. Editorial comment praised the verdict. The New York *World* said:

"It is true that occasions may arise when perjury to protect the innocent is honorable but it is not honorable unless the witness perjures himself like a gentleman. That is what Mr. Carroll failed to do. At no stage of the current episode did he conduct himself like a gentleman and there lies the reason not only for his conviction but for popular approval of his conviction.

"To begin with, Mr. Carroll held a vulgar party, offering the kind of entertainment that gentlemen do not offer to their friends. As a climax to the party he took a girl of seventeen whom he had previously made drunk, stripped off her clothes and plunged her into a tub of wine, and on top of the dubious chivalry of this he cursed at her when she began to snuffle and commanded her to be quiet or leave. But the cheap-

ness of Mr. Carroll's taste did not stop there. Lest a little publicity be lost he invited newspaper reporters and bade them go as far as they liked in describing the wondrous things that they saw. . . . Mr. Carroll is convicted of perjury. His real crime is obnoxious vulgarity. He got it in the neck where he has had it coming to him for some time."

The producer was fined $2,000 and sentenced to a year and a day in the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta. He appealed the verdict and sentence. While the appeal was pending a dispatch from London quoted his rival, George White, as saying: "Look at the 'Vanities' for instance, and you'd better look quick. As things are going it may be padlocked before you get across. New York won't stand that sort of a revue much longer."

Carroll, indignant, replied:

"George White's tactless condemnation of my work in the theater is the first public expression of those unseen hands which have been working to remove me from the field of competition. Even if it were true that the 'Vanities' should be padlocked and that New York would not stand for that sort of revue much longer, surely it reveals a great lack of the human touch to broadcast such an opinion at a time when I need friends so badly."

Carroll lost his appeal and the United States Supreme Court refused to review the case. He was

due to start for Atlanta on April 1, 1927, but obtained a ten-day extension so that he could observe his annual custom of placing flowers on his mother's grave in Pittsburgh. Then he started for Atlanta. He was removed from the train in a coma and taken to the hospital in Greenville, South Carolina. His wife was sent for. He regained partial consciousness, and his wife collapsed when she saw him. He remained in the hospital two months. Friends said he would die if forced to enter the penitentiary, but when he finally got there he perked up immediately. The prison physicians said the ailment had been "largely imaginary." The prison routine benefited him physically. He was sent to the prison honor farm and finally paroled on October 17. Just before leaving for prison he had experienced a reversion back to his earlier mood for all that is clean and sweet. He produced a play called "What Ann Brought Home." In a program note addressing the audience as "Ye Goode People of Newe Yorke," he said:

"This show is clean, sweet and wholesome entertainment, full of hundreds of chuckles and hearty laughs and a few tears. You can give your patronage to this worthwhile, wholesome play named 'What Ann Brought Home' and we guarantee a thoroughly enjoyable evening, or you can neglect it and let it run the sad, usual course of clean plays—a good house opening, a fair house the second night, a

half portion house the third night and then the camphor and moth balls."

As soon as he got out of prison Carroll issued a typewritten statement which said in part:

"Those who feel I should be severely punished for my misguided gesture of chivalry may rest positively in the assurance that I have suffered, that I have undergone an irreparable loss of self-respect, a realization of unworthiness such as each and every man feels when the door of a prison clangs behind him.

"Being besides, hypersensitive, I have endured the most acute mental agony at being fingerprinted for future identification, at being photographed for the Rogues' Gallery, and I never watched the red of each setting sun through the bars of my window without seeing written there in those iron shadows the loss of my most priceless heritage—American citizenship."

As a large part of his time in Atlanta was passed on the honor farm, where he slept in a cottage that housed the farm office, it is unlikely that he had to see the red sun through iron bars very often.

Free again, Carroll went back to work. He produced "Fioretta," with Dorothy Knapp, prize beauty pageant winner, as the leading woman. The backer of the show, Mrs. Anne W. Penfield, widow of a former Ambassador to Austria, was accused by Miss Knapp in a suit for $250,000 of having her dis-

charged. In her reply Mrs. Penfield said that Miss Knapp could neither sing, dance nor act and that she had been engaged solely because of Carroll's great affection for her.

There was more trouble in 1930. Carroll, Faith Bacon, Jimmy Savo and Kay Carroll, who were in the new "Vanities," were arrested for giving an indecent performance. Faith Bacon was accused of performing a fan dance with no covering at all except two large fans which she manipulated; Savo and Miss Carroll were held for their scene in a skit called "A Window at Merl's" in which Savo, taking the part of a window dresser, removed some of the clothing of Miss Carroll, who appeared as a living model. At about this time the Catholic Theater Movement distributed at St. Patrick's Cathedral a bulletin stating that the show was "a production speciously claiming to be artistic but which in the words of a prominent critic is meant to be nude and leering and close to the mood of the gutter."

The case against Carroll and his players was transferred to General Sessions, and the Grand Jury refused to indict. As a result of the publicity, this edition of the "Vanities" played more than 200 times and was highly prosperous. Carroll's "Sketch Book" was raided by Chicago police in 1931; twenty-nine members of the cast were arrested but soon released. Critics of Carroll's shows usually admitted that he

had a high talent for effects, but they generally disliked his productions. Percy Hammond said of the 1928 "Vanities" that it was "the nakedest review that these brazen eyes have ever beheld . . . mere hip, thigh, bosom and abdomen show." He said of the 1931 "Vanities" that it was similar to its predecessors, "alternating mire with beauty, filth with elegance." He added: "Scores of unashamed and female beauties proudly unscreen their sacred charms at one moment, and at the next a hideous obscenity is performed by the men in the cast . . . Mr. Carroll has been jailed for misdemeanors less obnoxious than those he performs in some of the dull and disgusting sketches of the present 'Vanities.' "

The admiring oil man, Edrington, had backed Carroll not only in many shows but also had built for him the swanky Earl Carroll Theater, at Seventh Avenue and Fiftieth Street. In 1932 Carroll lost the theater because he couldn't pay the rent. Edrington filed a petition in bankruptcy in Texas; the bulk of his liabilities were notes he had indorsed for Carroll. A little later Edrington died. Trustees for creditors took over the 1932 edition of the "Vanities." In the months following Carroll, without substantial financial backing, stayed more or less in the background. He is seen occasionally around the night spots, and he often goes, alone and hatless, to the better prize-fights.

He still dreams of gorgeous productions, the central idea of which he once put in these words:

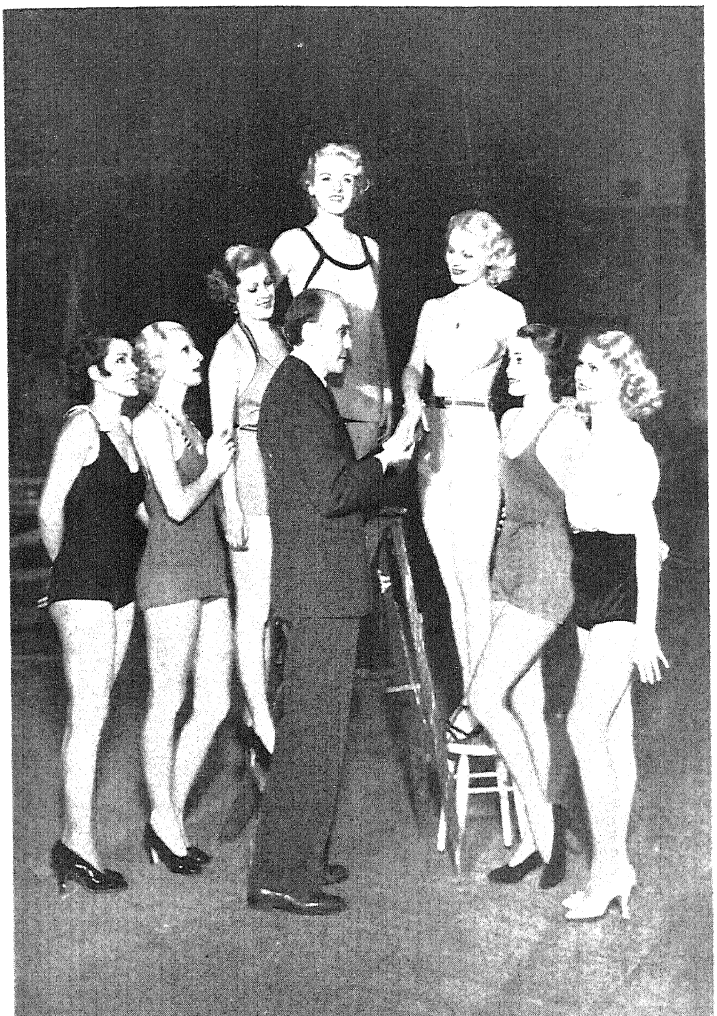
"In exalting the American girl we show her in her most lovely mood, which is really herself—sans costume, sans silk manufacturer, sans shoemaker. All we rely on is the hairdresser, pearl manufacturer and the heaven-sent smile."

Carroll and his wife, Marcelle, for whom he built the bungalow in the clouds, have long been estranged.

SEX COMES TO AMERICA

BEFORE the rise of the lush Mae West, sex in the United States was treated either with extreme seriousness, even to the point of dolor, or it was laughed at and razzed. Mae West, by adding a slightly burlesque overtone to the by-play between the sexes, made everybody feel more comfortable—except the censors, who felt rather vaguely that there was something wrong in her technique, though for the life of them they never made it clear whether it was because they took her acting seriously or as something amusing.

Miss West can invest the simple phrase, "How do you do?" with a sexy quality which is the distilled essence of all the bordellos of all time. One of her best tricks is the way she eyes a man, beginning by staring at his shoes and gradually allowing her gaze to wander up to his neck and face. With her small-waisted figure, her undulating hippy strut, her nasal whine and her meaty lips, she has made sex a thing gorgeously panoplied, as it was in the brave and bawdy days of that old minstrel of the boudoir, King Solomon. There are more stories about her, most of them off-color, than ever were told about Pat and Mike. She has taken what is known as woman's priceless



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THE MASTER AT WORK

Earl Carroll, very fussy about feminine types, picking out girls for the screen production of "Murder at the Vanities."

possession, added a few circus touches, and put a laugh in the libido.

Notwithstanding the impression one gets from her pictures and stage get-up, Miss West is a rather small woman. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs about 120 pounds. The most she ever weighed was 136, when she went on a cream and pastry diet to build up for the part of Diamond Lil. She eats almost anything—chopped raw steak, kippered herring and home-made pie. She is full of vitality and practically immune to fatigue. She does exercises and rides a stationary bicycle in her Hollywood apartment, but doesn't go in for sports. Broadway knew her hair as a brassy gold, but now it is platinum white and very fluffy.

Her Hollywood apartment is typical of her character. Her specially constructed front door is of the speakeasy type; visitors are carefully squinted at through a grilled slit by a butler. The color scheme of the apartment is white and gold. All the furniture, including a large grand piano, is white. The drawing-room contains several white sofas upholstered in cloth of gold. Thick bearskin rugs cover the floors. Numerous ash trays in the form of golden swans are scattered about on little tables. Dozens of mirrors are used as wall decorations. She has a gold dinner set from which she and her brother Jack, who lives with her, dine often, served by a Negro butler and maid.

The other occupants of the apartment are a monkey named Junior and a small Chihuahua dog.

An oversized bed dominates the bedroom. It is white and frilly, with a regal canopy, and stands on a dais carpeted with another white bearskin. A huge mirror is imbedded inside the canopy so she can survey her famous figure as she lies outstretched in one of her favorite black lace nightgowns.

During her "Sex" and "Diamond Lil" days in New York, her bed was of carved wood with a velveteen canopy of green and gold attached to a six-pointed coronet. A tall pier glass stood opposite the foot of the bed and was adorned with a crest designed by Mae, which bore the legend, "Mae West, Sex, Diamond Lil." She passes most of her spare time in bed and composes most of her dramatic masterpieces there. She used to write scenarios in longhand, but now she calls in a stenographer and dictates. She is said to have a keen appreciation of her body, and likes to stretch out full length in a warm, rose-scented tub and soak. She is particular about her clothes; the skirts must be instep length to bring out the curve of her hips. Her dresses must be tight in the right places, and low-necked. Because of an eccentricity in dressing (she combs her hair and puts on her hat before her dress) her street clothes are made with slits and buttons on the shoulders and down the back. She

likes heavy-scented Oriental perfumes, high-heeled satin pumps and wide-brimmed hats.

Miss West is known as an exceptionally shrewd business woman. Her contract calls for two pictures a year, and contains a provision that she must approve all her scenarios. Thus she approves the scenarios written by herself, which she sells for high prices. She never takes a vacation; as soon as one picture is finished she starts on another.

Like the character "Diamond Lil," Miss West is fond of jewelry. For years she delighted in displaying her glittering collection. Her pet piece was a large pendant in the form of a champagne bottle covered with blue-white diamonds. One night in September, 1934, three men with guns stopped her automobile and robbed her of her diamonds, worth $17,000, including the champagne bottle, and $4,400 in cash. One of the robbers, Edward Friedman, was caught, convicted and sentenced to twelve years in San Quentin prison. Friedman's uncaught pals have threatened to throw acid in her face, so she is guarded wherever she goes. The guards even follow her to the Catholic church near her home, where she goes almost every morning. The religious touch in her nature is illustrated also by a vigil light in her apartment which is never extinguished.

Miss West likes to go to prize-fights, and follows the work of the pugilists with the eye of an expert. Her

father was Battling Jack West, a Brooklyn middleweight. Between fights in the summer he worked as a bouncer in a Coney Island dance hall, and in the winter he threw out the rowdy ones at Fox's Folly in Brooklyn. Miss West's mother was Matilda Dilker West, a French actress reputedly of Jewish blood, who died in 1930. Battling Jack, who became a chiropractor, died in Hollywood in 1934. Miss West is fond of fighters, and tries to give as many of them as possible parts in her productions.

At the prize-fights Miss West is usually accompanied by James Timony, a large red-faced man who has been associated with her since 1926. From time to time somebody starts the rumor that Timony and Miss West are married, but there has never been any proof of a wedding. Timony, a Broadway lawyer with theatrical interests, organized the Morals Production Company, which produced the play "Sex." It was pretty well known at the time that the principal financial backer was Owen Madden, New York's veteran racketeer, but he naturally remained in the background. Owney was a great admirer of Miss West's playwriting ability, and with his friends regarded her as an authentic artist. In 1927 Miss West, Timony and Charles W. Morganstern, associated with the production, were indicted for staging an indecent performance, "Sex." At the trial Timony took a rosary from his pocket and fingered the beads in

prayer. It was no use. With Miss West and Morganstern he was fined $500 and sentenced to ten days in jail.

The private life of Miss West has been the subject of many legends and conflicting rumors. In the spring of 1935 a boondoggler in the Middle West, going through some old records, found that she had been married in 1911 to a fellow actor, Frank Wallace. Now, there was a Frank Wallace who played with Miss West as a singing waiter in "Diamond Lil," but he died in 1933. Another Frank Wallace, who said he was the original bridegroom, turned up on Broadway. He was a vaudeville actor and broke. For a few weeks he tried to cash in on the glamorous fact that he had once been the husband of Mae West, and then he dropped back into obscurity.

Miss West, although confronted with the evidence, steadfastly denied that she had ever been married to Wallace. When pressed about her private life, she takes one of Jimmy Walker's phrases and says, "I'll match my private life with any woman's." She is known for flip remarks. It is said that once, when refusing an invitation to attend a luncheon given by the Los Angeles Minute Men, she said: "I like a man who takes his time." Once she became irritated at the gossip about her and wrote this letter to the New York *Times:*

"Because 'The Constant Sinner' is but another in a

string of hits I have turned out—my batting average being 1,000 in this respect—and because my plays have dealt with sex and the dregs of humanity, some persons see fit to assume that I write vividly about such subjects because I know them by experience. . . . Nobody ever saw me in the dives I am supposed to know so intimately. . . . The reason is I never was in one. Nobody ever sees me in night clubs or cabarets anywhere. Even if I cared for night life, which I don't, I wouldn't have time to indulge myself in it. People who know their Broadway will bear me out that there is no star on the stage to-day who is less of an exhibitionist, or who shows herself less in public places than myself. I am, in fact, retiring by nature, in my private life to the point of shyness. I even do all my shopping by telephone, because I cannot stand the attention other shoppers give me in a store. I am not upstage or conceited, or anything like that, as any one who knows me will agree, but it is averse to my nature to feel myself being pointed out in public as a celebrity. . . . I do not drink. I do not smoke. I have my books, my writings, my friends—that is my private life."

Miss West really became famous as a motion picture star by her entrance line in "Night After Night." A hat check girl remarked, as she entered wearing more diamonds than clothes, "Goodness, what lovely diamonds." Miss West's comeback was, "Goodness

had nothing to do with it, dearie." Hollywood was inclined to be snooty toward her at first, but at the première of her picture "I'm No Angel," even the most high-toned stars turned out. This grand opening was described over two radio stations. Miss West, in a silver lace gown closely set with crystal beads and trimmed with yards of white fox, swished her hips and outstrutted them all.

The West library, of which she is proud, is a small collection of books composed entirely of the more elementary erotica and the lives of famous courtesans. Fiction does not interest her, for, as she says, she can write her own. As a child, known as Mary Jane West then, she was coached by her actress mother, but had little schooling. At the age of six she appeared in a Brooklyn stock company. As a youngster she played Little Eva, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Little Willie in "East Lynn," and between acts she sometimes said, "Father, Dear Father, Come Home With Me Now!" By 1911 she was appearing in small parts on Broadway. From 1913 to 1918 she did burlesque and vaudeville, where her singing, dancing and figure were appreciated. Sometimes she sang off-color songs. When she appeared with Ed Wynn in "Sometime," she showed the walk which was to make her famous and rich. By 1926 she figured it was time she amounted to something. She appeared as Margy LaMonte in "Sex," of which she was both heroine and

author. The high points were a seduction scene and one of Miss West's shimmy dances in a skin tight gold dress.

One night in 1927, when Mayor Walker was out of town, the Acting Mayor, Joseph V. McKee, caused raids upon "The Captive," "The Virgin Man," and "Sex." After Miss West's conviction she was sent to Welfare Island and forced to put on the regulation coarse blue cotton dress, heavy shoes, cotton stockings and long underwear. The fuzzy prison underwear was the worst; it almost drove her wild. She wrote a poem about the underwear and dedicated it to Warden Schleth. After her release she did some benevolent work for the prisoners, and Warden Schleth remembers her as "just a wholesome woman trying to serve ten days." She had closed "Sex" voluntarily; the opus had drawn 300,000 paid admissions.

The next sensation was "Diamond Lil," in 1928. Like most of the other West masterpieces, it was about a bad woman who got what she wanted, with sex triumphant and unrepentant. The philosophy underlying the stories is that "any dame that can't outsmart a man ought to have her head examined." All was very well, but she got into trouble when she put on "Pleasure Man," a play which dealt with homosexuality. It was too much for Mayor Walker, and a raid was ordered. The trial of Miss West and her accomplices

in General Sessions was amusing, but the jury failed to agree, and the District Attorney gave up.

In Hollywood Miss West, following the same old formula, has been the despair of the censors. It is probable that her picture, "She Done Him Wrong," was directly responsible for the organization of the powerful Legion of Decency, which worried the motion picture bosses.

In "I'm No Angel" one of the songs carried the line "Nobody Can Do It Like That Dallas Man," which was changed to "No One Can Love Like That Dallas Man." Another West picture had the original title, "It Ain't no Sin," which was changed by the censors to "Belle of the Nineties." A picture called "Goin' To Town," was harmless enough to pacify the censors; it was elegant stuff, but not dirty.

Miss West says that in making her pictures she "always thinks of the kiddies" by putting in a scene they will like, such as the time she lassoed a man and shot through his hat. She says:

"I know now what they want and what they don't want. I've found out that the things that the censors think are bad, I think are all right, and I've learned that there are a number of things that I shy at that they see nothing wrong in. I'm supposed to be a good woman and my fans don't like to see me in those kind of pictures."

Miss West's fan mail is tremendous. A large part

of it is unprintable. The rest comes largely from the lovelorn and from women and girls who want to develop sex appeal. Sometimes Miss West defines sex appeal as "the radiation of an attractive personality." Usually Miss West replies to the seekers after wisdom with the simple advice: "The best way to hold a man is in your arms." Which would seem to settle that.

PAN IN THE PULPIT

AIMEE SEMPLE McPHERSON is the most successful evangelist of her time, far surpassing Billy Sunday, the Rev. J. Frank Norris and the late Fundamentalist bellwether, the Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton. To her thousands of followers at Angelus Temple in Los Angeles and the branch "lighthouses" she is "God's Little Girl," who can do no wrong. By putting some sex appeal in the old-fashioned revival brand of salvation, embellishing it all with colored lights, brass bands and the Hollywood tone, she keeps her flock in a constant state of excited admiration. She has sex appeal. Once a reporter for the New York *Times,* a journal which ordinarily ignores sex, rushed into his office after an interview with Aimee and announced:

"My soul may belong to Adolph S. Ochs, but my body belongs to Aimee Semple McPherson."

Much of the woman's life, as well as her religion, has been directed by sex impulses. During the 1920's America became familiar with her red-gold hair, luminous brown eyes, large sensuous mouth and carefully cut wide-sleeved dresses. Her voice effects were those of an accomplished actress; she was, and is, the Duse of the Mourners' Bench.

Aimee was born October 9, 1890, on a farm near Ingersoll, Ontario, Canada. Her mother, Mrs. Minnie Kennedy, had been a Salvation Army lassie before her marriage to an ineffectual middle-aged farmer. As a child Aimee was coached by "Ma" Kennedy in the Salvation Army tactics and the stern doctrines of fundamentalism. She had little schooling, but didn't need it. She was molded by nature for the pulpit. At the age of seventeen she became aware of inner forces which were to propel her toward both success and scandal. As she describes it: "A vigorous, young evangelist came to the little town, and his name was Robert Semple. He had curly brown hair and a beautiful face, and he upset me." This Semple, a former boilermaker, conducted his revival in camp meeting style before a congregation which was given to talking in unknown tongues, moaning, groaning and foaming at the mouth. Aimee was converted, and a few weeks later she and Semple were married.

For two years the couple traveled. Semple did the preaching and Aimee helped with boosting. They managed to make a living. On a trip to China, where many souls were waiting to be saved, Semple died in a ward in a Hongkong hospital. A month later Aimee became the mother of a daughter, Roberta Semple. The widow arrived in San Francisco with a layette for the baby and $65 in cash, the proceeds of a collection she had taken up among the passengers.

Thenceforth, whenever she needed money, she took up a collection. By September, 1921, she had built the Angelus Temple at a cost of a half a million dollars. She owned several houses and a radio station, and was said to possess a personal fortune of more than $600,000.

After the China adventure Aimee went to New York where "Ma" Kennedy had rejoined the Salvation Army. At a meeting she became acquainted with Harold McPherson, a wholesome young grocery salesman. They were married, and in 1915 their son, Rolph McPherson, was born. The couple set out on an evangelical tour; one night in 1916 Aimee took the baby in her arms, Roberta by the hand, and left McPherson. Calling herself "Sister McPherson," she left the children with "Ma" and fared forth with a second-hand automobile and a moth-eaten tent to preach the gospel. By 1918 she had arrived in Los Angeles with $100 in cash, an automobile as good as new, and the philosophy of what was to become famous as the Four Square Gospel, which is a belief in four things: Divine Healing, Baptism of the Holy Spirit, the Premillennial Coming of the Lord, and Repentance of Sin.

The first plank in this far from startling creed was the most important at first. Southern California, which is said to have more neurotics, schizophrenics and assorted invalids than any spot in the world, was

ideal for her talents. By creating a state of emotional exaltation and mass hysteria she performed many "cures." One testimonial, from a Mrs. Lois M. Shepherd of Iowa, follows:

"When Mrs. McPherson came in I was lying there weak and white. I had fainted since I had been in the coliseum, but, praise the Lord, when Sister McPherson came in and smiled at me, and kneeled down and took my hand, it seemed to me that the Lord had sent a messenger straight from Heaven. In a moment in answer to prayer, the Lord sent his mighty power through me. My pain was all gone. My strength came flowing back with a rush and I was raised from the cot. I have never had a pain since, praise the Lord. I have never felt like this before."

Even Dr. John Roach Straton, who had much in common with Aimee, gave her credit for having partly cured his wife of deafness during a revival in Philadelphia in 1926. Mrs. Straton explained that she, and not Mrs. McPherson, was to blame for the failure of a complete cure. Another testimonial came from Mrs. J. A. Nicholson of Los Angeles, who wrote:

"I had a cancer under the arm and also back of my shoulders. It was so bad I couldn't raise my arm. Not only that but I had dropsy, heart trouble, tumor and a rupture. Six months ago yesterday I was prayed for on this platform by Sister Alford (one of Aimee's troupe of 'angels') and was healed in-

stantly. The cancer is all melted now. I wasn't able to be up only part of the time and now I can do all my own work."

One of these cancer "cures" led Aimee into difficulties. A Mrs. Catharine McAdams believed that Sister Aimee had cured her of cancer. She gave Aimee real estate valued at $16,000 and made a will leaving to the evangelist most of her $30,000 estate. Then the woman died of cancer. The will was set aside by the Superior Court as "having been made under a morbid delusion." But such setbacks were few. Attendants are proud of the Five Hundred Room at the Temple, the walls of which are lined with crutches, braces, wheelchairs and other proofs of the power of faith healing.

Aimee had sense enough to know that she couldn't depend entirely on faith healing. She set about to appeal to the moderately well-to-do. She soft-pedaled the horrors of hell, frowned on noisy converts, disapproved of attacks of the "jerks," and introduced pleasant entertainment features. She did not accept a salary, but one collection a month was set aside for her personal use, in addition to birthday "offerings" and special donations.

The great temple was dedicated in 1923. It is set in Echo Park, a large oblong plot landscaped with a small lake, willows, palm trees and cypresses. The auditorium, designed by Aimee, is a large white build-

ing topped with a round dome and two radio masts. The round side of the building is decorated with eight stained glass windows, flanked by Corinthian columns. The inside of the dome is painted blue. The Temple has 5,300 upholstered opera chairs, first and second balconies, carpeted aisles and an organ eighty feet high. A wide platform is broken up into tiers to accommodate the silver band, the choir, a group of ministers and workers, and whatever stage effects may have been planned. Back of the pulpit is a mural depicting the coming of the Lord. Colored curtains conceal the baptismal font, where, on Tuesday nights, from fifty to 150 converts are baptized at a time. The Corridor of Angels, on the upper mezzanine, is a show spot. It is decorated with flowers, sixty mirrors, deep carpets, lamps of alabaster, wicker furniture, and curtained windows, each presided over by a guardian angel. A real lifeboat stands at the entrance to the church. In it are placed food, clothing and gifts for the poor.

The radio station KSFG and the watch tower occupy the top floor. Platoons of church members, working in two-hour shifts, offer prayers day and night in the tower. Aimee likes stunning allegorical effects. In June, 1929, she preached on "Eternity Bound on the F. S. & H. G. Railway." Dressed in her favorite white gown, short skirt and flowing sleeves, with a railroad conductor's cap on her head

and waving a lighted lantern, she invited the flock to board "the Father, Son and Holy Ghost Limited for Gloryland." Back of her were two miniature railroads lighted up. One heaven-bound train went upward; the other, hell-bound, took the winding decline. The upbound train made stops at Calvary Junction, Jordan's Banks, Mount Zion's Upper Room, the Heavenly Fields, and at last rolled into Grand Central Terminal. The other choo-choo paused at Jazzville, Procrastination Town, Earthbound Possessions, and then plunged into the pit of hell, while red flame shot up and burned brightly.

At a typical revival meeting ushers greeted every arrival with a hearty "God bless you!" The Bohemian Band played. The white-robed choir marched down the aisles singing. Powerful lights on the platform flared up. The house lights were dimmed. The reception committee and Sister's bodyguard of fourteen girls in white dresses and rose capes came down the aisle. Then came Sister herself. Some one gave her a bouquet of flowers while flashlight photographs were taken. There was group singing with mass handclapping and handkerchief waving. Sister preached for forty minutes while the congregation laughed and wept with her. She pulled out an empty chair and asked the audience to believe that Christ was sitting in it. She knelt and sat on the floor beside the chair, doing impersonations in different voices of various

types of persons appearing before the Lord. Then, pale with earnestness, she made her appeal:

"Come, come to Jesus just as you are. Come with your load of sin. Come with your burdens and your cares. He is able and he is willing to break your every fetter. He will wash you whiter than the driven snow. He will banish your darkness and sorrow. He will fill your life with sunshine and victory. He will fill your home with glory and peace. Come just as you are. Come to Jesus."

Then the chorus rang out. Men and women groped their way toward Aimee and went to their knees. Some wept; others shook hands congratulating each other on having found salvation.

All this work, effective though it was, never would have made Aimee an international figure if it had not been for an extremely peculiar adventure in 1926. On May 18 of that year Aimee, accompanied by her secretary, Emma Schaeffer, drove to Venice Beach, Santa Monica, for a swim. She sent Emma on some errands, and then, clad in a green bathing suit, she stepped into the surf and disappeared. What had happened? At first it was believed she had been drowned. "Ma" Kennedy went to the Temple and announced "Sister McPherson is with Jesus. Pray for her." Great lamentations went up. Bands of converts stormed the altar. For seventeen days and nights crowds watched at the beach. Some wept, while

others knelt and prayed or sang hymns. One man said he had seen her image walking on the water. "Ma" rushed truckloads of coffee and picnic dinners to the beach for the mourners. Ed Harrison, a professional deep sea diver, was drowned while searching for the missing soul-saver. Robert Browning, a young follower of Aimee, swam far out crying, "I am going after her," and did not come back alive. Aviators flew low over the water. Sticks of dynamite were exploded in the seaweed. It was no use.

On June 4 "Ma" called the watchers from the beach and announced plans for a memorial service to be held June 20. More than 11,000 persons crowded into the Temple to contribute to a memorial collection. Estimates on the amount taken in range from $15,000 to $41,000. Aimee's empty chair stood on the platform beneath a full-length portrait of her.

The rest of the world was not so credulous. Gossip was going around about Aimee and the radio operator at the Temple, a tall, sharp-featured young man named Kenneth G. Ormiston. Testimony later was brought out that in 1925 Aimee had at intervals occupied a room at the Ambassador Hotel and had been visited by Ormiston. After Aimee's disappearance newspaper men began searching for a man and a woman in a blue sedan bearing Ormiston's license plates.

A curious situation developed. It seems that on May 4, two weeks before the vanishing act, a man

giving the name of "George McIntyre," later identified by witnesses as Ormiston, rented a furnished cottage in Carmel for a period of three months. He said he and his wife would move in on the night of May 18 or early on the morning of the 19th. For ten days "Mr. and Mrs. McIntyre" lived in seclusion. A neighbor observed a green bathing suit hung out to dry. H. C. Benedict, owner of the cottage, was introduced to "Mrs. McIntyre," who, he said, looked exactly like Aimee Semple McPherson. Handwritten grocery lists were later found outside the cottage and identified by experts as having been written by her.

On May 27 Ormiston appeared briefly at Venice Beach, apparently to stop rumors that he and Aimee had vanished together. He identified himself to a local detective and accompanied him to Los Angeles for further questioning. At a police station the questioning became hot; Ormiston offered a polite excuse for leaving the room, and disappeared. By the morning of May 29 the Carmel cottage was deserted. Benedict, the owner, received a note with a rent check from "McIntyre" which had been posted at Las Salinas. It said he and his wife had been called to New York by the illness of his wife's mother. A couple, later identified as Ormiston and Aimee, registered at a hotel in San Luis Obispo as "Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gibson." On the 29th the couple was stopped by a Santa Barbara reporter, who thought he recog-

nized them, but "Gibson" convinced the reporter that he was mistaken. About June 1 Aimee was seen in Tucson, Arizona. On June 22 an automobile resembling Ormiston's was seen on the outskirts of Agua Prieta. On the morning of June 23 Aimee staggered into Agua Prieta from the desert, babbling that she had been kidnaped and held for ransom. She was taken to a hospital in Douglas, Arizona, where she told a story of having been lured from the beach to pray for a sick baby, then chloroformed and held captive in a shack in Mexicali by two men and a woman. Her shoes were unscuffed and her gingham dress fairly fresh.

The District Attorney and the newspapers doubted her story. It seemed impossible for a woman to dive into the ocean and come up in the desert. Nevertheless, her followers believed her, and welcomed her back home with ceremonies described as "more detailed and lavish than those which attended the visits of President Wilson, King Albert of Belgium or former President Taft." She was carried through the streets of Los Angeles in a rose-decked wicker chair.

The Grand Jury began an investigation into the disappearance, an inquiry which lasted from July until late in September. It was finally decided to hold Aimee, "Ma," Ormiston and Mrs. Lorraine Weisman-Sielaff for trial on charges of criminal conspiracy to obstruct justice, and procuring false witnesses. Mrs.

Weisman-Sielaff had said that Aimee and "Ma" had offered her $5,000 to swear that she had been the woman at Carmel. Ormiston, meanwhile, couldn't be found. He checked out of a hotel in New York just a step ahead of investigators, leaving behind a trunk containing a collection of Aimee's finery.

The District Attorney was troubled by the mysterious disappearance of important evidence. His case was getting weaker all the time. Orrniston finally was found in Harrisburg, Pa., and went voluntarily to Los Angeles. He said the "Miss X" of the Carmel cottage was not Aimee but a trained nurse from Seattle. On top of this Mrs. Weisman-Sielaff recanted her testimony. The case went up in smoke.

The hearings boomed business at the Temple. More than 1,000 converts had been taken into the church in less than a year. When the charges against her were dropped, she set out on a country-wide revival tour. In New York she was popular. In addition to preaching, she visited night clubs with reporters and attended a dinner for executives of the *Graphic*. The tour ended in July, 1927, when Aimee hurried back to the Temple to investigate the conduct of "Ma," who had been acting up. Aimee fired "Ma" as business manager of the Temple, and then began a long series of rows between the two.

In 1930 "Ma" had her face lifted, and the next year was married to the Rev. Guy F. Hudson, com-

monly known as "What-a-Man." Then "Ma" read in a paper that her husband had neglected to divorce his first wife and was being sought as a bigamist. "Ma" had her marriage annulled, the first Mrs. Hudson got a divorce, the bigamy charges were dropped, and then "Ma" and "What-a-Man" were remarried by a justice of the peace at Boulder Dam on a wooden platform 1,000 feet above the Colorado River. "He's mine again!" cried "Ma," as a mighty dynamite blast boomed out as a salute to the newlyweds.

This marriage did not last long. In June, 1932, "Ma" filed suit for divorce against "What-a-Man," complaining that he was "just a vagabond lover." She said he owed her $4,200 and that his demands for money had ruined "the old sock" as she called her bankroll.

Love came again to Aimee in September, 1931, when she was married in Yuma, Arizona, to David Hutton, a fat baritone soloist who performed in the Temple choir. Two days after the marriage Hutton was sued for $25,000 damages in a breach of promise action brought by Myrtle St. Pierre, a nurse. The jury awarded $5,000 to Miss St. Pierre. Aimee fainted when she heard the news and remained in a state of collapse for weeks. In January, 1933, Aimee went to Europe alone. In June, Hutton received a cable which read: "Darling boy, nine-pound son. Doing splendidly. Understand press inquisitive but keeping quiet.

Adoringly, Wife." Hutton said it was ridiculous to think that Aimee had had a baby. In Paris Aimee said that she had written the sensational cable "to learn how all her communications became public property." Hutton was fed up. He sued for divorce, and received a decree in March, 1934. Ousted from his job at the Temple, Hutton went on the vaudeville stage. In Hollywood and Seattle his appearance was greeted with showers of eggs.

Hearing that Hutton was to appear in Brooklyn, Aimee came to New York to fill a contract to preach five times a day at the Capitol Theater for $5,000 a week. She said she would "plant the cross of Jesus alongside the Blue Eagle of the NRA." This appearance was far from successful. New York was getting tired of Aimee, and was in no mood for revivals. The depression hit her hard. Collections fell off. There were many suits over breach of contract, taxes and real estate schemes, but Aimee still holds much of the esteem of her flock. She retains the honorary title of pastor and leader of the Temple, but she is no longer the czar. In 1934 Rheba Crawford Splivalo, known to the Salvation Army as "the Angel of Broadway," became the preaching pastor.

In 1935 Aimee made a trip around the world in which she combined shopping with soul-saving. The outstanding events of the tour were an audience with Mahatma Gandhi and her sermon delivered from Mars

Hill, near the Acropolis, as part of her "Save Greece" campaign. She planned to produce a sacred opera, "The Rich Man and Lazarus," which she had written, in the Hollywood Bowl. It would, she said, have a chorus of 1,000. The woman is unquenchable.

A STUDY IN CHARM

A LITTLE less than forty years ago Lucy Cotton was born in Houston, Texas. Her beauty, even as a child, was striking. She came to New York in 1916, a lovely young actress, and her success was immediate. She played in "Turn to the Right" at the Gaiety Theater in 1918; later, she was in "Up in Mabel's Room." She appeared with George Arliss in the motion picture, "The Devil," as well as in various other pictures and plays. At one time her name was up in electric lights on three theaters at once.

A tremendous boost toward fame was given the young woman by E. O. Hoppe, the London photographer and authority on what's what in feminine beauty, when he announced in the course of an interview that Lucy Cotton had "the most perfect profile I have seen in the United States."

While playing in "Turn to the Right" she attracted the attention of Edward Russell Thomas, rich sportsman and banker. He had been married twice before, and twice divorced; the panic of 1907 almost ruined him, but he had managed to recoup part of his fortune. They were married in Towson, Maryland, in 1924. Thomas, who had become publisher of

the New York *Morning Telegraph,* died July 1926. The wife was heartbroken, and the day after his death she was particularly upset because some of the obituaries had recalled some of Mr. Thomas's past adventures—notably the fact that he was the first man in the United States to kill a person with an automobile.

Since the death of Thomas, the former Lucy Cotton has been married three times, but she still insists on being known as Lucy Cotton Thomas. Upon his death she was elected president of the *Morning Telegraph* and *The Running Horse,* which had been merged a short time before. She was looked upon as a good deal of a curiosity, the "first woman publisher of a newspaper." She announced that she was "going to have the whole establishment at her fingertips," that the society columns of the paper would be "broadened," and that the paper would print light and chatty comment on the news which would attract all classes of readers.

"It's inspiring to be in the newspaper game," she told reporters as she left the editorial offices to be driven back in her automobile to the Thomas home in Fifth Avenue. "It has enough in it to keep one interested, just as the theater has, and in a few years I expect to be a veteran at the work I've just began."

In December of that year she went to Washington to see President Calvin Coolidge. After the interview

she declined to say what they had talked about, but she did seek to correct the popular impression that Coolidge was a cold and taciturn fellow. She said:

"Why, he grows in mental stature before your eyes! He radiated a warmth of feeling and he was most gracious to me."

Outside the White House she posed for newspaper photographers, and later laughingly retraced her steps for a group of photographers who had arrived late. That same day she met Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce. She explained that she had gone to Washington to get in intimate touch with the hub of the national government, and that she wanted her paper to play a better part in the affairs of the nation. The paper then, as now, was devoted almost exclusively to horse racing and theatrical affairs. She also said something about wanting the paper to do more "for the betterment of mankind."

Two months after the Washington trip she was married to Colonel Lytton Ament, head of the claims department of the United States Veterans Bureau, and the newspaper went right ahead printing news of horses and actors and ignoring foreign and national affairs. In May, 1930, the lady publisher divorced Colonel Ament in Reno. She alleged that the Colonel had been "indifferent, domineering and dictatorial and very unpleasant during bridge games." She said he had told her the second night after they had been

married in Towson, Maryland, that "no one could tolerate her except for what they could get out of her."

She got the divorce. To show her appreciation she gave a party in Reno at which Judge George A. Bartlett, who gave her the decree, was guest of honor. Her husband's attorney was also a guest.

After less than a year she admitted to the press that she had been secretly married to Charles Hann, Jr., a lawyer who once played tackle on the Harvard football team. That marriage also had taken place in Towson, and the Rev. F. D. Clark, who performed the ceremony, was the same sky pilot who officiated at her wedding to Colonel Ament.

This marriage was not successful either. In February, 1932, she obtained a Reno divorce from Hann. Soon there were rumors linking her name with that of William M. F. Magraw, a former newspaper man who had become head of an underground sprinkler company. On February 20, 1933, she summoned reporters to her ten-room suite at the Pierre and announced that she and Magraw had been married. She said:

"I was in my charming cabana at the Lido Country Club playing bridge, and Mrs. George McLaughlin, a very prominent woman, said to me, 'I have met a man I feel sure you would be so congenial with. I want to introduce you.'

"He was such a charming companion! He has so many qualities of my late husband, Mr. E. R. Thomas. He has traveled all over the world. He is interested in the arts and music and all the things I adore. And finally love blossomed. It's just been one of those beautiful friendships from the very start."

It also developed that she had been urged to marry Magraw by her daughter, who was then almost eight years old. This child, by Mr. Thomas, was christened Lucy but called Lucetta by her mother.

"Oh, Mother, marry Billy Magraw," Mrs. Thomas said her daughter urged.

"We were married and I don't want to tell you where," continued Mrs. Thomas (or Magraw), "but I will tell you this. I wore a purple lace dress and purple lace hat and my sables—they're Russian sables—"

At this point one of the young women reporters present appeared to be choking. The bride gazed reflectively at the young woman and went on, "I almost forgot. I wore purple slippers."

Meanwhile the *Morning Telegraph* had been sold to a syndicate. Mrs. Thomas had given up the idea of becoming "a veteran at the newspaper game" and of bettering mankind through the horsey press. She said she was going to dedicate her life to music and art. She said she intended to install two radios in each room of her suite at the Pierre and move her electric

organ from the Thomas home at 995 Fifth Avenue.

"I'm a great lover of music," she said. "Aside from my artistic endeavors I am also psychic and a mentalist. I am quite an inventor. I dream about them at night and then get up and invent things. I have to turn my thoughts away from inventions or I would be busy with them all the time. I have invented a lipstick, a beaded bag, a cigarette lighter and a cigar case."

Magraw, the fourth husband, was described as a descendant of an old Baltimore family, a graduate of the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, who had once published an English language newspaper in Japan. At the session with the press at which his marriage was announced, Mrs. Thomas confided that she was to appear as Miss America at a pageant to be staged by the Midwinter Dance Association. Some question arose over whether Mrs. Thomas's planned costume, an American flag, was appropriate, but she disposed of that argument.

"The controversy is nothing," she said. "You understand I want to impersonate America in my own way. That is all."

A month or two later she organized a Victor Herbert Memorial group, with herself as president and her husband as vice-president and treasurer. It was, she said, "a stupendous idea." The group gave a con-

cert at the Metropolitan Opera House for needy musicians.

Mr. Thomas had left a large estate. A short time before her marriage to Magraw Mrs. Thomas had decided to sue for her one-third dower interest in the estate in preference to abiding by the terms of the will, under which the executors were directed to set aside sufficient property to yield her an income of $35,000 a year, and under which the residuary estate was left in trust for her until she remarried. Her suit for collecting the dower interest was settled out of court; Mrs. Thomas received $1,099,000. Several hundred thousand dollars of the estate went, under the terms of the will, to Thomas' second wife, from whom he had been divorced. There was more cash coming, however. The courts awarded her $3,000 a month for the support of her daughter Lucetta, this amount coming from a trust estate left to Lucetta by her grandfather, General Samuel A. Thomas, a Southern railroad man. Several times Mrs. Thomas went to court trying to get more money.

Life went along swimmingly, albeit rather sedately, until March, 1934, when Mrs. Thomas announced that she was angry at the hairdressers. In revolt against their dictatorial methods, she said she had had all her hair cut off and would thereafter wear wigs of various hues to match her gowns. On that occasion

her husband, the sprinkler magnate Magraw, spoke for her as follows:

"Mrs. Thomas has a small, oval face and perfect nose, which are lovely regardless of her hair, but she intends to let it grow until it is long enough to curl again. For color she will wear transformations. She has a silver platinum wig now. In it she looks like Marie Antoinette. If she wants to wear red, green or purple hair, it is all one with me, for I know she will choose whatever shade will best enhance her perfect features."

Two months later Mrs. Thomas gave a birthday party for Lucetta in her suite at the Pierre. A buffet supper with punch, delicately spiked, was served. There was a musical and operatic recital and dancing. Six hundred guests attended, each paying $2.50. The proceeds from the party, she said, would go to Frank Bishop, a pianist, who played several selections at the party.

Mrs. Thomas, in white lace gown and silver wig, swept up and down the corridors of her suite and appeared to enjoy the party. Meanwhile Lucetta, after having had her picture taken, had gone upstairs, where she was romping with some children of her own age until her mother suddenly appeared and commanded them to "stop that running!"

"The ceiling," she cried, "is coming down in the room below. Great masterpieces are being played and

the plaster is falling on the piano." Lucetta and her little pals quieted down and played a game called "Truth and Consequences." Then Lucetta was put to bed and Mrs. Thomas went downstairs to greet Mrs. S. Stanwood Menken, Condé Nast, Baron von Lowenfeld and others.

In June, 1934, Mrs. Thomas announced that she and Magraw had been so tremendously impressed by the physique and ring artistry of Steve Hamas, at that time a promising heavyweight fighter, that they had decided to take him under their wing, promote him and get him "favorable publicity." Magraw explained that they hoped to have Hamas work out on their roof terrace at the Pierre and at their winter place in Florida. All he and Mrs. Thomas planned to take in return, he said, was 20 per cent of his profit over his usual profit, "in other words 20 per cent of whatever good we could do him." This scheme failed when Charley Harvey, an old-time prize-fight manager who already had Hamas under contract, flatly declared he could see no reason for cutting Park Avenue in on his racket. The next year Harvey took Hamas to Germany, where Max Schmeling gave him a terrible beating. Poor Hamas couldn't have been much worse off if he had stuck with Mrs. Thomas.

In 1933 Mrs. Thomas was defendant in a messy suit brought in Supreme Court by Mrs. Viola Raphael, a former companion, who charged slander

and asked $150,000. She said Mrs. Thomas had said of her:

"Mrs. Raphael is dishonest and a low, common woman, not fit to be a mother. I took her out of the gutter and now she can go back."

Mrs. Raphael, who had a son, alleged that Mrs. Thomas's statements had so upset her husband, Louis Nevin Raphael, that he had died of a heart attack. Mrs. Raphael was represented by William J. Rapp, a law partner of Mrs. Thomas's former husband, Charles Hann, Jr. Mrs. Thomas, examined before trial, was asked if she had ever discussed Mrs. Raphael's character with Charles Hann, Jr.

"With whom?" she asked. "I don't seem to catch the name."

"With Charles Hann, Jr.," repeated the lawyer. "You ought to remember him. He used to be your husband."

"Oh yes, of course," smiled Mrs. Thomas. "No, I certainly never discussed Mrs. Raphael with Mr. Hann."

At this time Mrs. Thomas had a suit pending to recover $40,000 in jewelry and other articles which she said Hann had retained after their divorce but which Hann said had been gifts. An affidavit put in by his partner, Rapp, stated that Mrs. Thomas used alcohol to excess, made Hann's life unbearable, and

that she had burned his cheek with a cigarette while he slept.

Another lawsuit involving Mrs. Thomas was one in which Haas Soeurs, Inc., Fifth Avenue gown dealers, obtained a judgment of $4,761 for gowns and hats which, it was alleged, Mrs. Thomas had bought but never paid for. Mrs. Thomas denied receiving the gowns and submitted bills which she said she had paid to the company for sauterne, sherry, rye and Scotch. Lawyers for the plaintiff accused her of "trying to becloud the issue by bringing a bootlegger into the picture who has no connection with the plaintiff's high class establishment." The court threw out Mrs. Thomas's defense and found for the plaintiff.

One of the most important announcements by Mrs. Thomas was in October, 1934, when she announced that she "had been travelling through the Red Sea of doubt and uncertainty but now I have reached the other shore." She was attired in a black chiffon evening gown cut very low, with a black and gray coiffure and an enormous pearl ring set in platinum on the fourth finger of each hand. Translated, her announcement was that she had acquired the Deauville Casino at Miami Beach, Florida, and planned to make it a center of culture and luxury for customers at $50 a day. She went on:

"In Deauville I shall truly be able to express my personality. I shall make it the greatest center of

culture and luxury of any resort in the world. Through it I shall be able to express my love for art and, above all, to help the worthy and needy artist. Every week there will be an entertainment with beautiful music, wonderful colored motion pictures, magnificent stage productions—all by wonderful artists." As she talked the electrical organ in the next room was playing selections from Wagner. She went on to describe the 100-foot diving board, the 165-foot pool with nine filters, the casino and the cabana for her daughter's police dog. She added:

"My greatest jewel is my daughter. She will live with us there and we will make it our permanent residence. To be a mother is my greatest pride and joy, and I speak from the soul. It is peculiarly fitting that I should have invested in Deauville as Mr. Thomas did so much in developing Hialeah Park and other properties. I will try to make Deauville an everlasting monument to him."

Magraw, she said, would look after the business details of the venture, but she added that "he looks to me to be the spiritual director of the enterprise."

The next word about the Florida project was on February 11, 1935, when a dispatch from Florida informed the curious that Mrs. Thomas, Magraw, State Senator Hayes Lewis of Florida and various others had been indicted for conducting gambling operations at Deauville Casino. William F. ("Big Bill")

Dwyer, the genial sportsman who once served a term in Atlanta for bootlegging, was indicted at the same time for the same offense at another resort. Senator Lewis was tried first and acquitted. Three weeks later the charges against Mrs. Thomas and the others were quashed at the request of the County Solicitor.

A little later Charles Rosenbaum, New York lawyer, obtained a judgment in New York against Mrs. Thomas for $13,575 for legal services rendered in connection with the purchase of the Deauville Casino for $200,000. He obtained a warrant of attachment against Mrs. Thomas's account at the Irving Trust Company. The deputy sheriff who attempted to serve the attachment was informed at the bank that the account was overdrawn $151.34. The great cultural and artistic enterprise was a complete flop.

PASSION FANNER

SALLY RAND (real name, Helen Gould Beck) made a fortune by recognizing the old truth that the average American is starved for the sight of gleaming white flesh. Her pet explanation of her success is: "I never made any money until I took off my pants." As a showman and a personality, she is comparable to Gertrude Hoffman and Annette Kellerman at their best, and the basis of the appeal of those two estimable women was the same as Miss Rand's—all realized that most men feel that they have been somewhat gypped in the matter of white space.

Miss Rand, fan dancer and bubble tosser, is about thirty years old. She is of Scotch, Irish and Dutch descent, and was born in Hickory County, Missouri. At one time she was a leader in the Christian Endeavor Society at the Jackson Avenue Christian Church in Kansas City, Missouri, but that was a long time ago. Her mother lives on an orange farm in California. Miss Rand sent her a tractor for a birthday present. The dancer also has a younger brother whom, she says, she is "fanning through college."

This dancing aphrodisiac of the peasants is a fraction more than five feet tall. She weighs a little less

than 120 pounds, and has small shoulders and breasts. Statisticians say that her bust is 31¾ inches, waist 23¾, and hips 37. From the waist down her proportions are spacious and curved enough to delight any longshoreman or hog-raiser. She is not regarded as beautiful, and her appearance on the street in ordinary clothing never stops traffic. The famous white skin is not particularly astonishing in the daylight, but at night everything is different—the white body glistens under the lights and the crowd goes wild. Her make-up whitener is reputed to be a substance similar to plaster of Paris, which goes on easily, hardens, and is rather difficult to remove.

She hates corsets; indeed she often has declared that she "likes to be as naked as possible." She upset the officials of a New York advertising agency which had enlisted her aid in boosting the corset industry by her tendency, amounting almost to a mania, of undressing upon the slightest provocation. Nevertheless she does not believe in the cult of nudism. She says:

"I am against organized nudism. I think the nudist people are selling the public a bill of goods that they are foolish to pay for. Why, it shouldn't cost anybody anything to go naked. There was a nudist camp out on the West Coast, and their lawyer came and offered me a big sum to go out there and indorse it. Did I give him a tongue lashing? I ask you. The offer shocked me. I knew that if I indorsed, a lot of

fat old men would join the cult just to see me dance without my fans. It made me sick to think that my lovely dance should be confused with such things. The nudists tell you that your moral fiber is made stronger if you go naked, but all the nudists I ever saw had scratches all over their rear ends where they had been sitting down on thorns."

Although she may not be beautiful, Miss Rand makes up for that defect by being so shrewd that she has won the admiration of many business executives. She is much in demand as a speaker at meetings of business men, who genuinely admire her brain. She knows how to make a dollar go far. She is scrupulously honest and prompt in all her business dealings. In her conversations and public utterances she apparently never thinks of herself as an ordinary "stripper." She will admit, with little urging, that she is a cultured person and something of a wit. She throws out literary allusions, odd facts and dates fresh from the encyclopedia and the *World Almanac,* and stray quotations from Dr. Eliot's shelf. She has moments when she appears to take culture seriously. For example she sponsored a highly artistic dance recital at the Guild Theater in New York by one Kohana, a slithery young exotic. She said:

"Somebody has to foot the bills for the really advanced dancer, the ripened artist for whom the public is not ripe. No matter what rôle life had cast me

in, the dance would have been my avocation. I glory in the opportunity to advance the art of the dance. Ten years ago Debussy was considered a charlatan, Ravel and Stravinsky madmen. To-day they are considered quite good musicians."

She lives well, and has a secretary, a Japanese personal maid and an Oriental butler-chauffeur. She is one of the really successful women of America. It took her a long time. At Christmas, 1919, she left school to become a cigarette girl in the Green Mill Café in Kansas City. She spent the summer of 1920 with a stock company, and came to New York to look for a show job. She worked in various clubs and restaurants, which, she said later, "proved entirely unsatisfactory from the standpoint of environment." She went to Chicago, where she worked at the Marigold Gardens at night and posed at an art institute during the day. In the summer of 1922 she went to Kansas City to see her family. Gus Edwards and his troupe were playing there and signed her on. The act broke up in New York. She almost starved, but finally got a chance to appear in "Aphrodite" in a floor show which Lew Leslie was putting on in a cabaret. During 1923 she did her "Aphrodite" dances in vaudeville. Next she went to Hollywood. Starting as an extra, she became one of Mack Sennett's bathing girls, then with the Christie Comedies, and next with Cecil B. DeMille. By 1927 she ap-

peared set for a brilliant career in the pictures. She had an important part in the highly religious "King of Kings," and months later in "Getting Gertie's Garter." In 1929 she was named a "Wampas Baby Star," but then, for some reason never clearly explained, she was branded a failure. Late in 1929 she was dancing in a floor show in a night club in Miami, Florida.

Her fortune became worse. She danced in small-time cabarets in western cities, with short turns in vaudeville. In 1933, she says, she found herself "very depleted financially," and decided that "drastic action was necessary." She had read about the approaching World's Fair in Chicago, so she went there. She says: "On the opening night of the fair I appeared as Lady Godiva in the Streets of Paris in the audacious belief that it was a long time since anybody had seen a white horse. This was really a sort of ballyhoo for the fan dance which followed."

The dance became popular. It was a stirring thing to the visitors from the country; to hundreds of thousands her dance marked an important emotional milestone. Pop-eyed with wonder, the customers leaned forward in their seats as all of the house lights, including the bulbs in the orchestra pit, were darkened. Out of the darkness came the soft strains of "The Birth of Passion," Miss Rand's music. The curtains parted on a black velvet-draped staged bathed in

soft blue moonlight. At the head of a flight of black velvet-covered stairs stood Sally, ostensibly clad only in a pair of openwork sandals and a coat of white powder. She clutched two enormous white feather fans over strategic points of her anatomy. She descended the stairs and began her act.

To sophisticated eyes this fan dancing was old stuff. Burlesque queens had pulled strip acts for years. Even in the higher realms of the theater, Maude Allen's "Dance of the Seven Veils" in Hammerstein's production of "Salome" amounted to the same thing. But to the visitors to Chicago Sally's fan dance was the ultimate in daring. They particularly loved the ending, when Sally remounted the stairs, threw her fans high over her head, and for one blinding moment stood revealed in all her white flesh.

It wasn't long before Miss Rand was the big attraction of the fair. Her original salary was only $125 a week, but the publicity made her a fortune. After the fair closed, a dancing engagement in a Chicago theater brought her more notoriety. She was arrested three times in one day for offending public morals. Each time she was arrested she went to the police station, posted $500 bail and returned to the theater to do her act. The authorities were angry. She was tried quickly, convicted and sentenced to pay a fine of $200 or serve a year in prison. Just when things looked worst, she was snatched from the shadow of

jail by a tender-hearted juror, James L. Meyer, who reversed his decision. Mr. Meyer said that he had voted for conviction on the understanding that the dancer would not be imprisoned. Moreover, he had been suffering from a headache on the day he voted for conviction and was in a hurry to get home. Judge Joseph H. McGary cut the sentence to ten days.

Miss Rand appealed her case, and the appellate court finally cleared her of the stigma of indecency. She came to New York to appear in a stage show at the Paramount Theater. Sidney S. Levine had just been appointed Commissioner of Licenses, and his first act was to view Sally Rand. He said he found her "repulsive to common decency and immediately dangerous to public morals." Levine said that in his five trips to Paris he had never seen anything like Sally's act. He became practical, however, and said he would revoke the license of the theater if Sally didn't put on some pants. He wrote: "I cannot permit another performance of this act by this actress unless the private parts of her anatomy are clad in proper opaque raiment."

Miss Rand insisted that she had always been a modest girl, and always wore something in her stage appearance. She exhibited a triangle of net covered by a transparent strip of chiffon, so small that it could be packed in a pocketbook. She complained of "the

harsh fate of the artist in America." Levine placed snoopers in the wings of the theater to see that his pants edict was carried out. Sally solved the problem by appearing in a pair of antique beruffled panties and a camisole trimmed with blue ribbon—garments of the period of about 1880. Levine was satisfied, but Sally wasn't. She got even at her final performance at which, instead of the net triangle, two pieces of white crêpe were pasted with tape to her hips. After the show, referring to Commissioner Levine, she said: "Does he care about my body? Does he care that my body is bleeding from the torture of this crêpe? Does he care that he has made an obscene vulgar thing of something artistic and beautiful?" There was no answer.

Miss Rand, discussing her brushes with the law, calls them accidents and says it took quite a bit of maneuvering to turn them to her own advantage. Miss Rand appears to be unable to make up her mind about her "art." Sometimes she insists it is not in the least salacious, describing her dance as "a white bird in flight, fluttering, climbing up into the moonlight." But once she told a reporter from *Variety*:

"I don't consider my dancing to be of prime importance, and I keep that in mind when selling my act to a theater agent or booker. My only thought is the box office and I talk box office and nothing else. The important point is that I draw business into a

theater. If I happen to entertain the people once they are inside, that is another matter. The big thing is to get them in, and I do get them in, and that's my sales argument."

The little woman's fame grew in 1934 and 1935. Her Rotary Club speech, "Bubbles Become Big Business," which she has delivered in many parts of the United States, has been reported in the press as solemnly as any pronouncement by Charles M. Schwab at the Iron and Steel Institute dinner.

After she went in for bubble dancing, Sally learned that some of her more ribald admirers often laid bets on the possibility of the bubble bursting. A disaster overtook her once, and was reported as follows by the Associated Press:

"The other night Sally was doing an admirable job of dancing behind the balloon when suddenly it blew away, and there was Sally all alone. 'I was pertrified, just petrified,' she said. 'For a minute I didn't know what to do. Thank goodness a breeze came along and wafted it back.' By the next night she had everything under control, with the aid of stage mechanics. That is she did until—boom—and the balloon was gone out of the reach of friendly breezes or human hands. And what did Sally do? She ran for dear life. The explosion, she thinks, was the work of some uncouth person with a pin stuck in the end of a cane."

Since this harrowing experience Miss Rand keeps several blown-up balloons in her dressing room for emergency use. She holds that her bubble dance is "more sculptural" than her old fan dance, but she is sure that she can still do "better things choreographically." She was sensible enough to take dancing lessons after she became famous.

Her approach to men is unemotional and there is no cloying sensuousness about her. Nor is she impressed by a bankroll. In 1935 her agents said she was "definitely one of the big attractions of the country." She works on a percentage basis with a minimum guarantee. She goes to the box office every night after her last appearance on the stage and checks over the receipts. She pockets from 50 to 60 per cent of the gross. Deducting 10 per cent for her agent's commission and allowing for traveling expenses and the salary of her troupe, Miss Rand in 1935 was making between $5,000 and $6,000 a week. Her troupe consisted of twelve chorus girls, a comedy monologist, a team of acrobats, an orchestra leader, a technician and an expert publicity man. Dave Lipton, her press agent, has been a great help. Between them, he and Sally have prepared stories and interviews to meet every situation. She even has an interview ready for embarrassed reporters for high school papers in which she asks herself questions they would never dare put to her. She also has acquired a technique for handling

pastors and members of the W.C.T.U. and other reforming bodies. As a result, there has been little complaint from any of the smaller towns. She and her agent purposely picked her itinerary, as the agent says, "to lead through towns like Zanesville, Ohio, which are pretty well starved for flesh."

Experts in show business said that Miss Rand would not be what is known as "a hot weather attraction," but she fooled them. In the sweltering mid-West they liked her just as well as they did in New York on a cold winter night at the Paradise Restaurant. Her private life is said to have been fairly unexciting, although the basis of her popularity in the smaller towns is that those who come to gape at her believe in their hearts that she is 100 per cent sinful. She says she has been engaged three times but never married.

It appears probable that she will remain popular until withered by age, or until the yearning apple-knockers of the provinces cease their moony worship of alabaster torsos.

Even the children know her. They bounce their balls to the tune of:

"Sally Rand has lost her fan,
Give it back, you nas-ty man!"

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

BERNARD A. McFADDEN was born on August 16, 1868, near Mill Springs, Missouri, the son of John R. McFadden and his wife, Elizabeth Miller McFadden. Later, as chief caterer to sex-starved Americans, and as the leading minnesinger of the curves, muscles and other interesting sections of the human body, he changed his name to Bernarr Macfadden. He took the new name, he explained, because the picturesque appealed to him and he wanted "something out of the ordinary."

Many hoity-toity Americans smile at the messages of Macfadden; they taunt him with the epithet "body-lover"; they are amazed at his skepticism of the germ theory of disease; they allege that his preoccupation with the wonders of the human body is a mask for an appeal to pruriency. Nevertheless Macfadden has been highly honored by his fellows. In 1928, when the going was good, he had built up a $15,000,000 business, controlling thirteen magazines and ten daily newspapers, with a combined circulation of more than 220,000,000. In 1931 he bought the magazine *Liberty,* with huge circulation. His net income in 1928 was $1,839,848.79.

Macfadden's parents died before he was eight years

old. He was bound out to a farmer in Missouri and worked on a farm for eight or ten years. His mother had died of tuberculosis; the little boy overheard older people saying that he also was doomed, that he had the disease and could not survive. It is probable that this early fear, coupled with the knowledge that he began life with a weak body, was responsible for his almost fanatical devotion to body building. Anyhow, when he was about sixteen he ran off to St. Louis and joined a gymnasium. Later he went to Chicago and took up Græco-Roman wrestling. In later years, after he had come to New York, founded what he called the science of physicultopathy, he would boast to his children that he had entered a wrestling tournament in Chicago and defeated in succession the lightweight, welterweight and heavyweight champions of that city.

In 1899, at the suggestion of a friend who knew a smattering of Greek, Macfadden called himself a "kinistherapist" and came to New York. Actually he was headed for Boston, at that time recognized as the cultural center of the United States. He knew he was somewhat deficient in education. Great thoughts burned within him, and he wanted to learn how to express his thoughts in language that would attract attention.

He never made the journey to Boston. New York was too lush a field. After a brief period as a rubber

in a Manhattan gymnasium he opened a "studio of health" of his own in which his clients, most of whom were fat men, ran around naked keeping toy balloons in the air by blowing at them. This procedure, according to "the Professor," reduced their weight and improved their wind. He said:

"I first blow the balloons up and then I toss them in the air. It's great exercise. After a half hour of it I give them a shower and rub-down. The balloons cost only fifteen cents a gross."

With the money made from his wheezy fat men he was able to exploit a pulley exercising machine he had invented in Chicago. He issued pamphlets boosting this machine, and soon added health messages to the advertising matter. The pamphlets were illustrated with nude or near-nude photographs of Macfadden in classical poses. These little booklets were the beginning of a successful publication, the magazine *Physical Culture*. After the magazine was established, and well on its way to the 500,000 circulation mark it eventually attained, "art" studies of Macfadden continued to ornament its pages. Enlarged copies of these studies of the Macfadden torso and biceps were hung in his offices.

Almost at the outset of his publishing career Macfadden had trouble with the authorities. In 1901 the police of Washington, D. C., suppressed his posters with which he was advertising a physical culture ex-

hibition. These pictures would cause no comment to-day, but they were shocking to the taste of that period, as they showed young women in bloomers or black tights.

In 1905 Macfadden was arrested on the complaint of Anthony Comstock for displaying posters of men and women in union suits in advertising a beauty show in Madison Square Garden. He was found guilty in the Court of Special Sessions, but sentence was suspended. Meanwhile he had founded a colony which he called Physical Culture City, near Spottswood, New Jersey, where men and women went about in scant attire, subsisting mainly on vegetables and nuts. These colonists were looked upon with some suspicion by the older residents of that section.

In 1907, again on the complaint of Anthony Comstock, Federal men arrested Macfadden on the charge that his magazine contained text and illustrations that constituted improper literature, and that he was using the mails to distribute obscene literature. He was convicted, fined $2,000 and sentenced to two years in prison. He had to pay the fine, but the prison sentence was remitted by President William Howard Taft. The specific story for which Macfadden had been indicted was called "Growing to Manhood" and was in the nature of a warning to young men against immoral practices. George W. Wickersham, United States Attorney-General, at whose sug-

gestion Taft remitted the prison sentence, said that the advice and deductions to be made from the story were wholesome, but that some of the narrative was decidedly improper reading and was calculated to promote rather than retard evil habits.

Physical Culture City didn't last long. Macfadden moved his publication offices to New York City. The World War, which gave a great impetus to the idea of physical fitness, helped the sale of the magazine. Readers sent in letters describing their ailments and seeking advice. It was not long before some of the customers were telling not only of their physical ailments but of their domestic difficulties. Macfadden, by prize contests, encouraged people to write in telling of their sex troubles, marital discords and psychic upheavals. Thus was born his most profitable enterprise, *True Story Magazine,* which in a short time reached a circulation of 2,000,000.

The publisher used to hire as members of the staff people recruited from the station in life to which the readers belonged—that is, barbers, stenographers, clerks and chauffeurs. When they showed signs of becoming literary, or "arty," or of becoming anything except the simple souls they were supposed to be, they were fired. Once an associate editor went into a barber shop and was surprised when the barber called him by name.

"I've seen you up in the office," said the barber. "I used to be on the staff of *True Story*."

The stories were badly written, which was exactly what Macfadden wanted. They sounded more genuine that way. Occasionally professional writers turned in stories for the magazine. An affidavit was required from the author that the story was based on actual happenings. It was also alleged that a committee of clergymen passed on and approved the stories before they were printed. Despite these precautions Macfadden once ran into trouble in the shape of $500,000 worth of libel suits when a story called "The Revealing Kiss," used the names of eight men and women living in Scranton, Pennsylvania, and ascribed to them actions which were highly scandalous. Apparently some Scranton word-painter was paying back a grudge.

Despite all his insistent preaching about the beauty and dignity of sex and other human relationships, Macfadden had considerable marital difficulties himself. His first wife, Marguerite Moore, whom he married in Hoboken in 1903, and from whom he was separated two years later, sued him for divorce in Chicago in 1911, charging desertion. In 1912 he married Mary Williamson of Yorkshire, England, who sued him in 1932 to enforce a separation agreement under which he had agreed to pay her $15,000 a year. In 1933 Macfadden sued her for divorce, naming two core-

spondents, one of them a Danish baron. Mrs. Macfadden in turn accused him of misconduct with a woman in the Physical Culture Hotel at Dansville, New York. Macfadden contended that his wife had weaned their six children away from his doctrines of physical culture, and that she encouraged them to stay up late, smoke to excess, drink intoxicating liquor and visit gaudy speakeasies.

A few years before, photographs of his four daughters frequently had appeared in his publications. These young women were exhibited in person on the platform as fine specimens of American womanhood when the Master lectured on physical training. His two oldest daughters gave an exhibition dance at a meeting sponsored by their father to protest the so-called Clean Books Bill. Statues of his daughters also were dotted about the Macfadden house at Nyack, New York.

In March, 1934, while the divorce proceedings were pending, Macfadden was sued for $100,000 by one S. C. Adams, who charged that the publisher had stolen the affections of his wife, Abbie Reinhardt Adams. In June of that year Macfadden and his wife dropped their infidelity charges against each other on his agreement to make up arrears of $13,568 under the separation agreement, and to continue thereafter to pay her $15,000 a year.

Macfadden started the New York *Evening Graphic*

in 1924, the first issue of this astonishing daily appearing on September 15. The New York Public Library has in its files only the copies from that day to October 31, 1924. After that the librarians decided that the *Graphic* was too hot to handle. Once the *Graphic* had a new managing editor, who, in trying to make the paper conform to the standards of journalism as he had known them, sought to remove the photographs of nude show girls from the front page of the Saturday rotogravure section. He also wanted to abandon the Lonely Hearts' Ball, sponsored by the paper, and to throw out a column of medical advice written by a man whose medical training had been received from Macfadden's physical culture courses. This new editor wanted to clean up the news stories generally; he didn't last long. Any divorce, it appeared, was more important than a national election or a war, and love was the greatest thing in the world.

In 1926 Earl Carroll, theatrical producer, sued the *Graphic* for $1,000,000 because of the paper's "exposure" of an Atlantic City bathing beauty contest. One of the arguments was that naked, or virtually naked, women were "art" when their pictures appeared in the Macfadden publications, but that they became "orgy victims" when mentioned in connection with Carroll. In 1927 John S. Sumner, of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, had

summonses issued for Macfadden, his right-hand man, Emile Gauvreau, and his circulation manager, Otis A. Scattergood. The three were called upon to answer the charge that they had violated a section of the penal code which made it a misdemeanor to publish and distribute a newspaper "made principally of criminal news, police reports of criminal deeds, or stories of deeds of bloodshed, lust and crime."

Macfadden and his adjutants were held for Special Sessions. Max D. Steuer, the great mouthpiece for those who find themselves in a tight spot, was engaged as defense counsel. The charges were finally dismissed. However, Justice Healey said in the decision:

"We might find that the pictures and perhaps the printed matter might be, in the opinion of some, disgusting and perhaps not what we believe should be printed in a paper in the city of New York or any other place. But still it does not come under the law in our opinion and therefore on all the grounds, the Macfadden Publications, Inc., will be acquitted and discharged. We leave that publication to the good judgment of this city of New York and their fellows in the newspaper world."

Despite this adverse publicity and general censure, a dinner was tendered to Macfadden in October, 1927, among the speakers who extolled the publisher being Mayor James J. Walker and United States Senator Royal S. Copeland. The toastmaster was Murray

Hulbert, who later was appointed a Federal Judge. The following January, however, a civic reception and dinner which had been planned for Macfadden in Montreal was cancelled as a protest against the continued admission of his periodicals into Canada when similar publications from England were barred as "questionable." Macfadden often defended his policies and tastes. Once, in an interview, he said:

"Every time any one wants to condemn a story for its frankness they call it a sex story. That is no criticism at all. There is nothing wrong with sex stories. No romance ever existed that wasn't a sex story. No marriage is ever performed that doesn't involve a sex story. It's only prudery to point a forbidding finger at sex. You can't do anything about such an attitude. You can only lift sex to its proper dignity."

He had been criticized for the composite photographs, called "composographs," which were printed in the *Graphic* to illustrate various trials and scandals. Most of these pictures were posed for by employes of the paper. For a time Macfadden defended these illustrations, but finally admitted that they had been a mistake. Some of the pictures showed husbands in pajamas shooting wives in underwear; bandits being hanged, certain incidents in the life of Harry Thaw, and "Daddy" Browning going "Woof! Woof!" at his bride. Macfadden made the following comment on the Browning case:

"To some newspapers a case of this kind is a glorious opportunity. They feast upon its abnormal features. They twist and turn in every way to bring out its lascivious character. And intelligent people who read the lines—and between the lines—are disgusted beyond words. The *Graphic* may have played up the case while it was news. But it has never stooped to wallow knee-deep in the mire and filth that a certain phase of the case represented." A little after this high-minded pronouncement the *Graphic* was advertising:

"Don't fail to read to-morrow's *Graphic*. An installment that thrills and stuns! A story that fairly pierces the heart, and reveals Ruth Snyder's last thoughts on earth; that pulses the blood as it discloses her final letters. Think of it! A woman's final thoughts just before she is clutched in the deadly snare that sears and burns and FRIES—AND KILLS! Her very last words! Exclusively in to-morrow's *Graphic*."

On another occasion Macfadden wrote: "You have to dramatize the news and features that you present in such a manner as will not only interest your readers but will have an uplifting influence mentally, morally and spiritually." Headings of various articles in this uplift campaign included such as these:

"Unmarried Mother Publicly Shamed by Court Order."

"I Did Not Marry My Brother."

"Stick to Women, They're Safer Than Horses."

"Tots Tortured by Cult to Drive Out Devil."

"Let's Be Lesbians Urges Cult Woman."

"Three Women Lashed In Nude Orgy."

"White Sweetie Exposes Secret of Alice Kip's Weird Love Power."

At the beginning the *Graphic* launched a contest which for months gave them an excuse to print the pictures of shapely young girls and men in bathing suits or scanty wrappings. The campaign, "to encourage the wedding of the physically fit," sought to ferret out ten American Apollos and ten American Dianas. If any of the couples married, the paper promised to give them $1,000 as a wedding present and $100 for each child born in the first five years after marriage. Many pictures were printed, but the scheme died out. There were too few Apollos. A typical Macfadden editorial follows:

"Vitality first of all means endurance and the ability to live long. It naturally indicates functional and organic vigor. You cannot be vital unless the organs of the body are possessed of at least a normal degree of strength and are performing their functions harmoniously and satisfactorily.

"To be vital means that you are full of vim and energy, that you possess that enviable characteristic known as vivacity. It means that you are vibrating,

pulsating with life in all its most attractive forms. For life, energy, vitality—call it what you will—in all its manifestations will always be found attractive.

"No one belittles the importance of success. Every one is guided to a large extent by the desire to succeed. The emotions and instincts that come to one when thoroughly developed, with the vital forces surging within, are decidedly different from those which influence one when lacking in stamina. Many who have grown beyond adult age are still undeveloped as far as physical condition and vigor are concerned, and this lack of physical development or vitality means immaturity—incompleteness. It means that one is short on manhood or womanhood. This statement that one's personality under such circumstances is not completely brought out may seem strange to some, but careful reasoning will soon verify its accuracy."

Macfadden often appeared worried about "lost manhood." In an editorial called "The Manhood Test," he wrote: "Honors to a student graduating with an emaciated physical organism are empty and meaningless. They are a fraud of the worst sort. Mental power is questionable in value unless it is backed by sturdy manhood and womanhood."

The *Graphic,* though it had a large circulation, was forced to suspend publication in 1932 because of lack

of advertising revenue. During its eight years of life it constantly amazed the citizens.

Several laudatory books and pamphlets on Macfadden have appeared, some written by his associates and others financed by him. The general idea to be obtained from these works is that Macfadden is a happy merger of a great, driving force and a rugged simplicity—that is, he combines the best traits of Napoleon and Lincoln.

He always liked to walk. For years, when he lived at Nyack, he delighted motorists by walking barefoot the twenty-seven miles to his office in New York. In the spring of 1935 he set out from New York with forty hikers to traverse the 325 miles to Dansville, N. Y., in seventeen days. The only food which he took along for them was cracked wheat, raisins and brown sugar. Among the starters were two grandmothers, an 83-year-old man, and a manufacturer of infants' wear who weighed 103 pounds and who often pled for a chance to strip and show his muscles. A few days out most of the hikers, including Macfadden, went along barefoot. At Scranton, Pennsylvania, two men who had got down to wearing only shorts and shoes were jailed for indecent exposure but soon released when Macfadden apologized for them. Thirty-eight of the hikers were in at the finish, which was made in fifteen days from New York.

Although he had great success in preaching his ideas

of love, vitality, manhood, exercise, social diseases, water on the brain, rupture, sex harmony and so forth, Macfadden once came a cropper in a fashion which has its comic overtones. The story is told by Emile Gauvreau, who for some years was editor of Macfadden's *Graphic*. One Saturday the rotogravure section carried the picture of a dog. Macfadden, perturbed, summoned Gauvreau, pointed out the picture and said that never again, in any circumstances, should the photograph of a dog be reproduced in the paper. The publisher seemed in considerable pain.

Gauvreau was puzzled, for in the past he had printed many pictures of dogs without interference from "the chief." He set about to find the reason for the sudden change in policy. He learned, he says, that Macfadden had a pet dog which he kept on his estate in Nyack. Watching the little fellow at play, Macfadden, it seems, reasoned thus: "If raw carrots, cracked wheat and that sort of thing are good for people, why wouldn't it be good for a dog?" The logic of the idea seemed inescapable, so for the next few days the poor dog was forced to worry along on the diet devised by the faddist. The dog stood it as long as it could, then revolted and bit Macfadden in the buttock—whether the left or right, Gauvreau does not remember.

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